

CANTVS.

THE SECOND SET
OF
MADRIGALES

TO
3. 4. 5. and 6. parts,
apt both for Voyals and
Voyces.

Newly Composed
BY
JOHN WILBYE.



LONDON:

Printed by Tho. Este alias Suddham, for Iohn
Browne, and are to be sold at his shop in
S. Dunstons Churchyard in Fleetstreet.

TO THE MOST NOBLE and Vertuous Lady, the Lady *Arbella Stuart.*

Madame.



THE deepe understanding you have in all the Arts, and
perticular excellency in this of Musicke, doth by a cer-
taine kinde of right, challenge the Dedication of the bet-
ter sort of Labours in that Facultie; especially in these
times when Musicke sits solitary among her sister Sci-
ences, and (but for your Honour) often wants the fortune
to be esteemed (for so shee is worthy) euen among the worthiest. But
besides that generall right, my true and zealous deuotion long since de-
sirous to expresse it selfe in any humble dutie to your Honour, and borne
up by the daily experience of your most Noble and singular disposition,
hath neuer thought vpon other Patron for this work, then your Honour,
whose neuer-failing Iudgement in the depth of Musicke, I do wish might
be pleased with some of these; which happinesse if they attaine, I know
not what iudgement can avow to mislike them. Howsoeuer they behaue
themselves, I humbly beseech your Honour, to beleue this truth; that
they are the sincere oblations of a heart euer prepared for your seruice.
And so with all humble and due reuerence done to your Honour, I be-
seech the Almighty to make you in all the passages of your life truly hap-
py, as you are in the worlds true opinion vertuous.

Your Honours most humbly

denoted and obliged:

JOHN WILBYE.

THE TABLE

Songs to 3. Voyces.

+ Come shepheard Swaynes that wont to heare me sing.	I
Flourish yee hillockes set with fragrant flowers.	II
+ Ah, cruell <i>Amarillis</i> since thou takst delight.	III
+ So light is Loue in matchlesse beautie shining.	IIII
+ As fayre as Morne, as fresh as May.	V
+ O what shall I doe, or whither shall I turne me?	VI
+ I liue, and yet me thinks I doe not breath.	VII
+ There is a Jewell which no Indian Mines can buy.	VIII

Risposta.

Songs to 4. Voyces.

W H E N <i>Cloris</i> heard of her <i>Aminas</i> dying.	IX
Happy streames whose trembling fall.	X
Change me O heauens into the Ruby stone.	XI
Loue not me for comely grace.	XII
Fly not so swift my Deere.	XIII
I loue alas, yet am not loued.	XIIII
As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues.	XV
Happy, oh happy he who not affecting.	XVI

Songs to 5. Voyces.

S W E E T hony sucking Bees.	First Part.	XVII
Yet sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get.	Second part.	XVIII
All pleasure is of this condition.		XIX
Off haue I vowde how deerly I did lone thee.		XX
+ Downe in a valley as <i>Alexis</i> trips.	First Part.	XXI
+ Hard Destinies are Loue and Beautie parted?	Second Part.	XXII
+ Weepe O mine eyes, my heart can take no rest.		XXIII
There where I saw her louely beautie painted.		XXIIII
Yee that doe liue in pleasures plenty.		XXV
A silly Siluan kissing heauen-borne fire.		XXVI

Songs to 6. Voyces.

O Wretched man why lou'st thou earthly life?		XXVII
Where most my thought,	First Part.	XXVIII
Dispightfull thus vnto my selfe I languish.	Second Part.	XXIX
Ah cannot sighes, nor teares.		XXX
+ Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares.		XXXI
+ Stay <i>Coridon</i> thou Swaine.		XXXII
Softly, O softly drop mine eyes.		XXXIII
+ Long haue I made these hills and vallies weary.		XXXIIII

FINIS.

C Ome shepheard swaynes that wont to heare me sing, Now sigh and
groane, Dead is my loue my hope, my ioy, ij. my spring, Dead, dead &
gone, dead is my loue, my hope, my ioy, my spring, O she that was your summers Queen your
dayes delight, is gone and will no more be scene, O cruell spight, Breake all your Pipes that
wont to sound with plea- fant cheere, And cast your selues vpon the ground to
waile my deere, to waile my deere, Come shepheard swaynes, Come Nymphs and all a roe,
Come Nymphs and all a roe, ij. to help me cry, Dead is my loue, ij.
Dead is my loue, ij. And seeing she is so, ij. loe
now I dye, loe now I dye.

F



A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes several eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and various rests. The ink is dark and the paper shows signs of age.

tun'd in notes of anguish. tun'd in notes, tun'd in notes, ij. ij. ij. of anguish.

AH, cruell *Amarillis*, ij.

since thou

takst delight, to heare the accents of a dolefull dittie, ij.

dit-

tie, of a dolefull dit- tie, To triumph, ij.

ij.

ij.

ij.

still without remorse or pittie, I loath this life, Death must my sorrowes right, ij.

And least vaine hope, ij.

my miseries renew, Come quickly

death, ij.

reave me of breath, (Ah) cruell *Amarillis*, ij.

ij.

Cruell *Amarillis*, *Amarillis*, cruell *Ama-rillis*, cruell a-dew, adew.



O light is loue, ij. in matchles beaurie shining, So light is loue in matchles



beaurie shi- ning, When she reuifits *Cypris* hallowed bowers, Two feeble doves harnest in



filken twi- ning, ij.

harnest in filken twi-



ning, can draw her Chariot midst the Paphian flowers, can draw her Chariot midst the



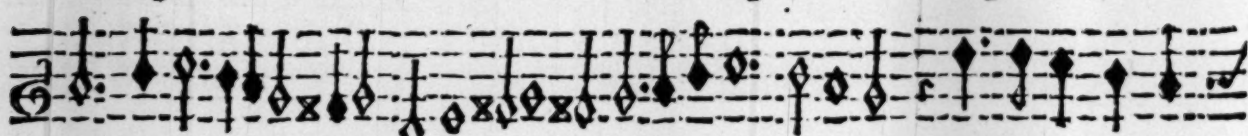
Paphian flowers, ij.

Lightnes to loue, ij.

how ill it fit-



teth? Light- nesse to loue how ill it fit- teth? lightnesse to loue, light- nesse to



loue how ill it fit- teth? so hea- uie on my hart she sitteth. Lightnes to loue how



ill it fit- teth? light- nes to loue, ij. how ill it fitteth? light- nes to loue,



ij.

ij.

how ill it fitteth? so heauy on my hart, (O) on my hart she sitteth.

A



S faire as morne, as fresh as May, A pretty grace in saying nay, ij.



Smil' it thou sweet hart ? ij.

then sing and say, Ta na na no,

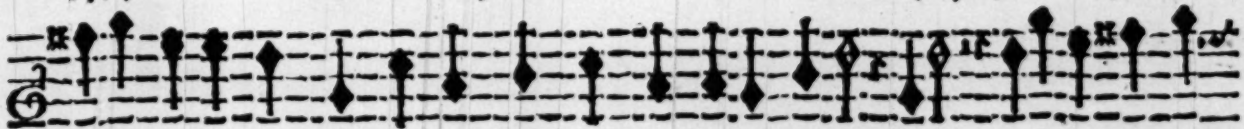


.. ij.

Ta na na na, &c.

But (O) ij.

ij. that



loue enchanting eye, Loe here my doubtful doome I try, But (O) ij. ij. that loue en-



chanting eye, Loe here my doubtfull doome I try, my doubt- full doome I try. Tell



me my sweet, liue I or dye ? ij.

Tell me my sweet, liue I or



dye ? ij.

ij.

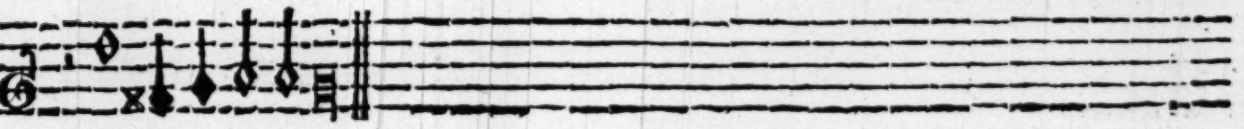
She smiles,

ij.



Fa la la, &c.

Ah, the frownes, Aye me,



Aye me I dye, I dye.



What shall I doe, or whether shall I turne me? Shall I make vnto her eyes?



ij.

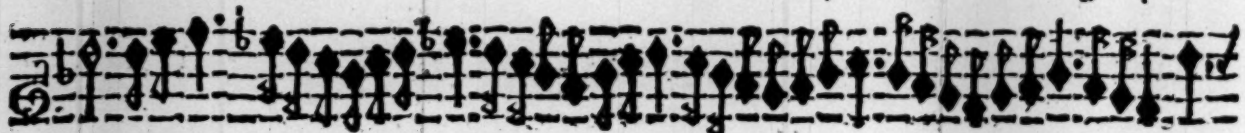
O no they'l burn me, Shall I scale vp my eies & speak my part: then



in a flood of tears, ij.

ij.

I drown my hart, for tears being stopt will



fwet, wil fwet;

will



swel for scope, though they o'reflow, loue, life, and hope, By beauties eye

Ile chuse to



dye. At thy feet I fall fayre Creature, rich in beautie, And for pity call, for pittie



call, O kill not loue and duty, ij.

ij.

ij.



Let thy smooth tongue fanne on my sence thy breath, to stay thine eies from burning



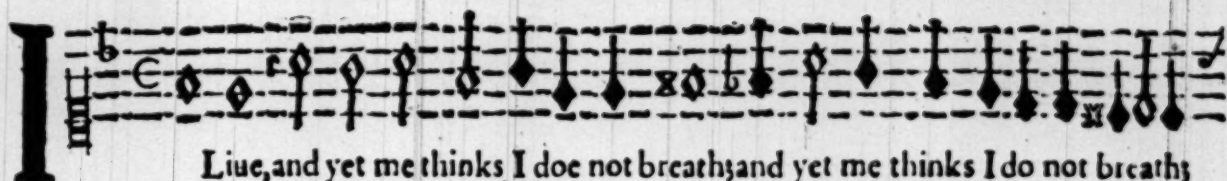
me to death.

But if mer- cy be exiled from a thing so fayre compiled,

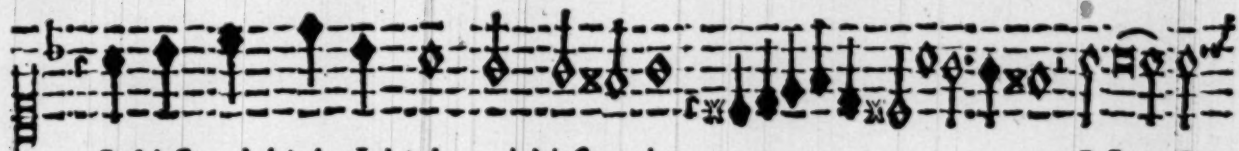
Of 3. voc.

VII.

CANTVS.

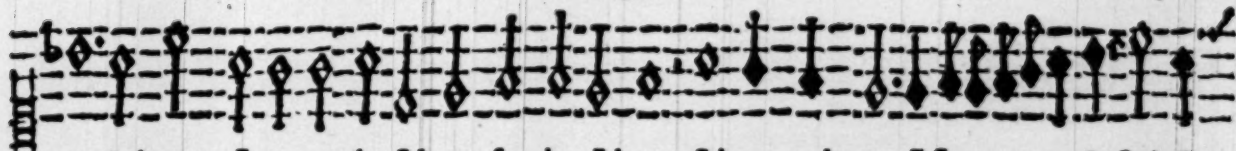


Liue, and yet me thinks I doe not breath; and yet me thinks I do not breath;



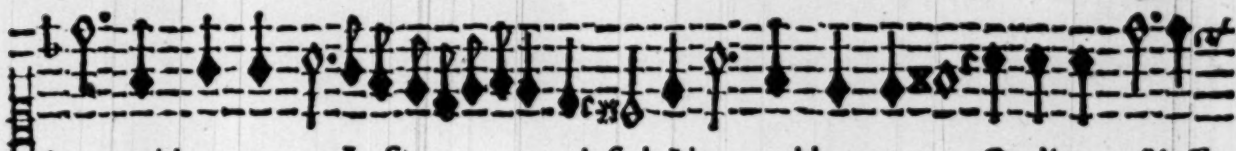
I thirst, and drinke; I drinke and thirst againe;

I sleep &



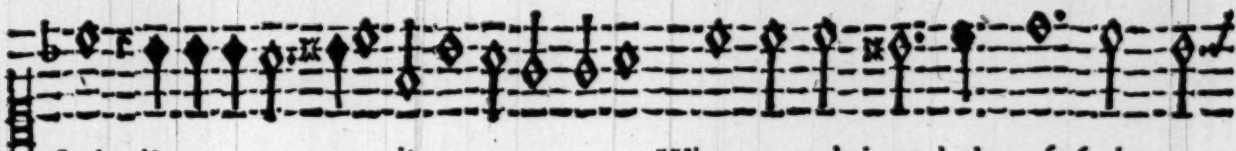
yet I dreame I am awake; I hope for that I haue; I haue and want, I sing

& sigh; I



loue and hate at once, I sing

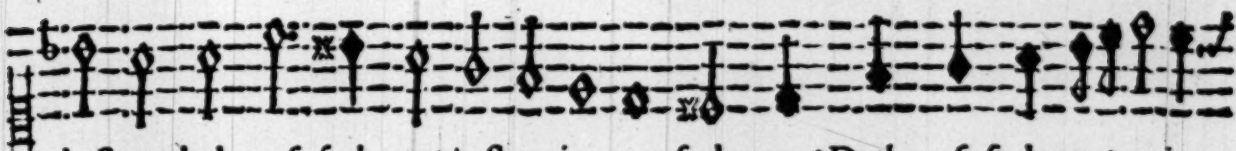
and sigh, I loue and hate at once, O tell me restlesse



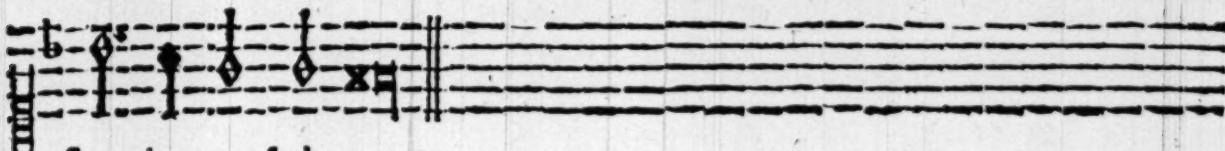
soule, ij.

ij.

What vnconth iarre doth cause such want



in store? doth cause such want in store, in peace such warre? Doth cause such want in



store, in peace such warre?



ij.

then patiently by thee Ile dye. Ile dye.



Here is a ieuell, there is a ieu-

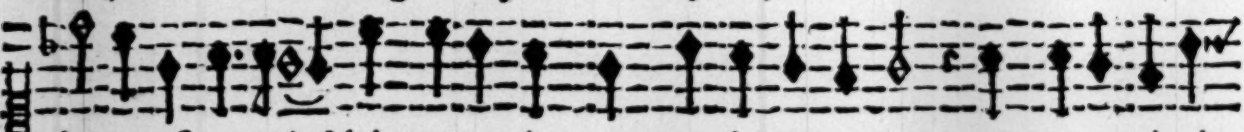
ell which no Indian mines can



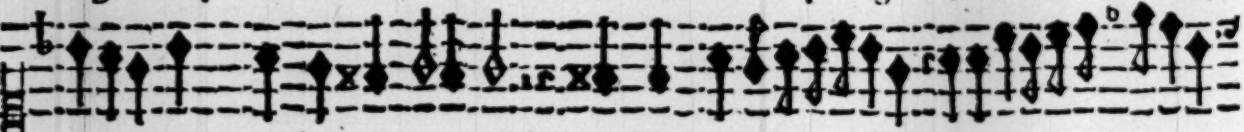
buy, no Chimick art can counterfait, It makes men rich in greatest po-uertie, It makes men



rich, it makes men rich in greatest pouer- tie, ij.



in greatest pouertie; Makes water wine; turnes wooden cups to gould; makes water wine, ij.



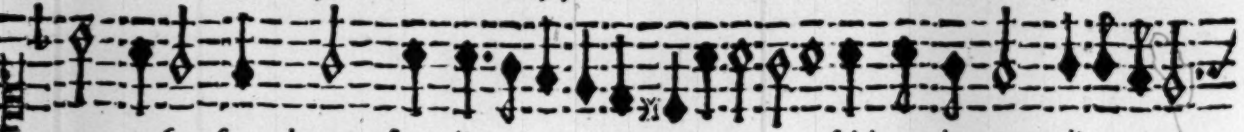
turnes wooden cups to gould, The homely whi- fte, ij.



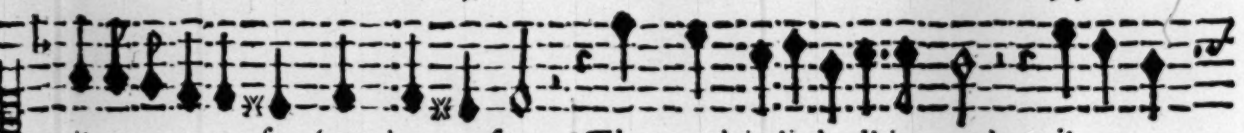
to sweet musicks straine, the homely whi- fte, ij. ij.



the homely whi- fte, ij. to sweet musicks straine, Seldome it



comes to few from heauen sent, ij. feldome it comes, ij.



ij. to few from heauen sent, That much in little all in naught ij.



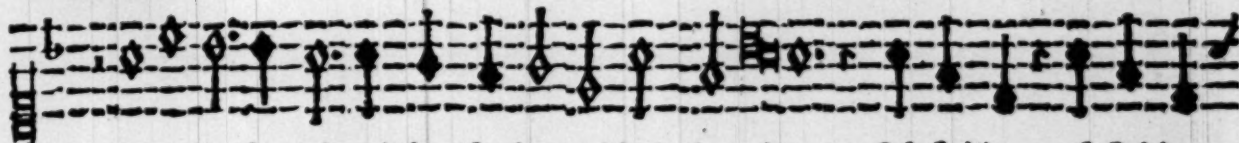
ij.

ij.

CONTENT.

Here endeth the songs of 3. parts.

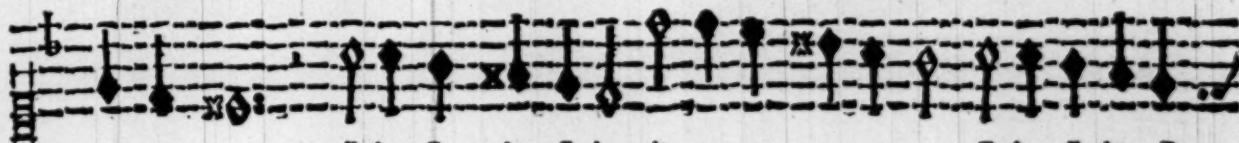
W

Hen *Cloris* heard of her *Amintas* dying, She griued,

ij. she griued then for her vnkinde de-nying, Oft fighting, oft fighting,

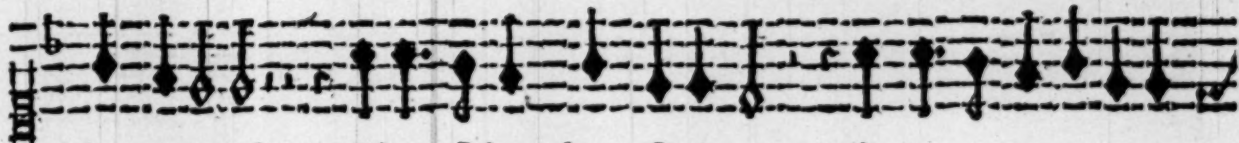
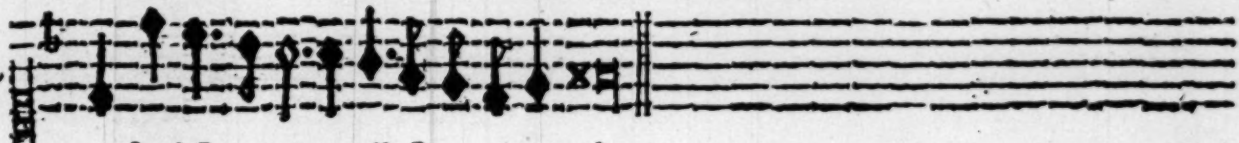


oft fighting fore and with a hart vnfay- ned, I dye, I dye, I dye, ij.



I dye, I dye, I dye, ij.

I dye, I dye, I

dye she thus complayned, Whom when *Amintas* spyed, then both forioy out cryed, I loue, I loue sweet *Cloris* eye, ij.And I *Amintas* till I dye.



Ap- py streames whose trembling fall,
 ij. with still murmure soft-
 ly glyding, Hap- py Birds whose chirping call, ij.
 with sweet melo-dy delight- ing, Hath mou'd her flin-tie and
 relentlesse hart, ij. to listen to your harmony,
 your harmo- ny, inchan- ted with your melody, ij.
 your me- lody, Sing on and carroll forth your glee,
 sing on, ij. sing on, She graunts you



leave, ij.

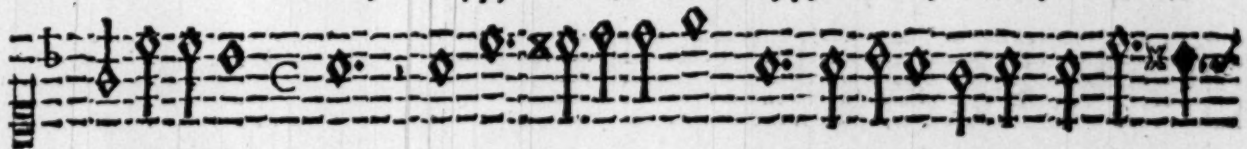
her rayes to see, She graunts you leave, ij.

her rayes



to

see, Happy were I, were I, happy were I, were I, could loue



but so delight

her,

But aye

alas, my loue doth still despight her. But aye a-



las, alas my loue doth still def-

pight her.



C



Hange me O heauens, ij.

ij.

into the Ruby



stone, That on my Loues faire locks doth hang in gold, that on my



Loues faire locks, that on my Loues faire locks doth hang in gold, Yet



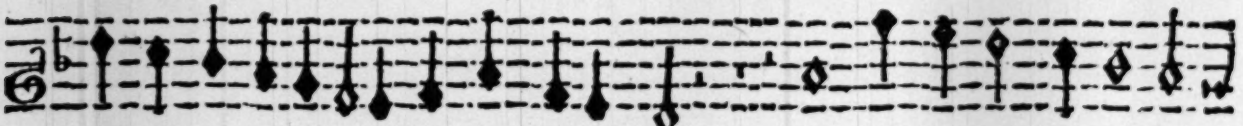
leau me speech to her to make my moane, yet leau me speech to her to make my



moane, to make my moan, ij.

to her to make my moane,

And giue me



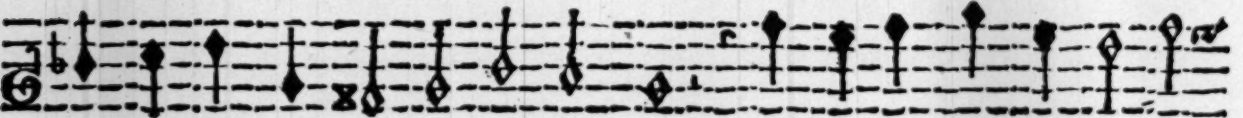
eies her beauties to be- hold, and giue me eyes, and giue me eyes her beauties



to behold, or if you will not make, ij.

my flesh a stone,

make

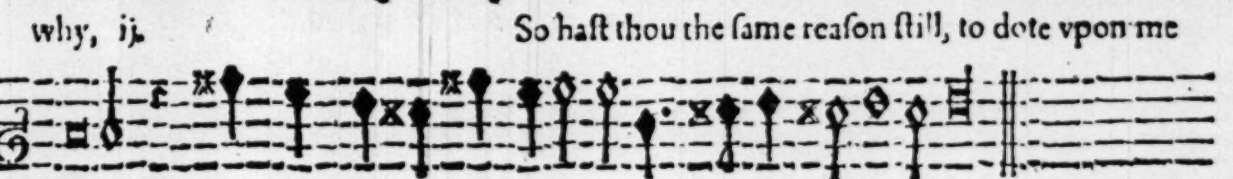
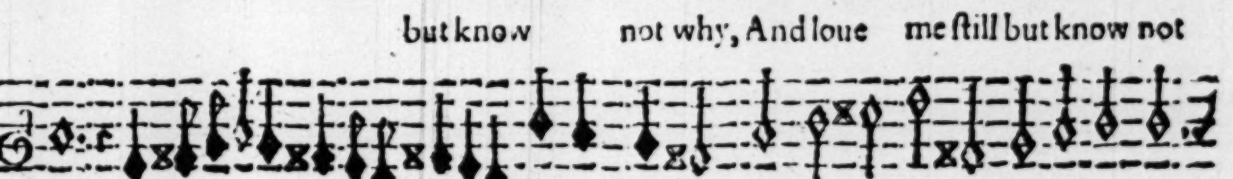
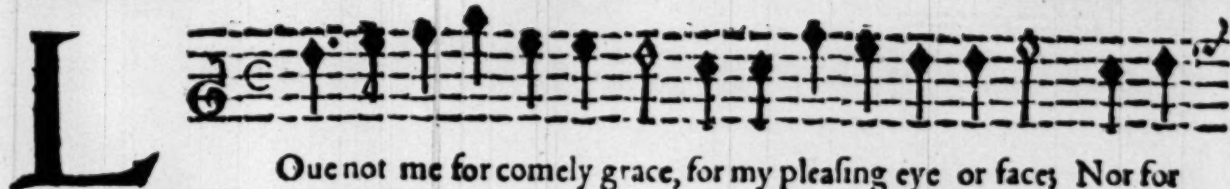


her hard heart seeme flesh, that now seems none. make her hard heart seem flesh, that



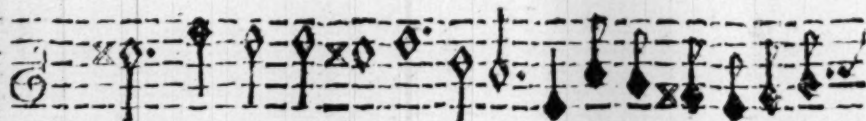
now seems none. make her, make her hard hart seem flesh that now seemes

none. }

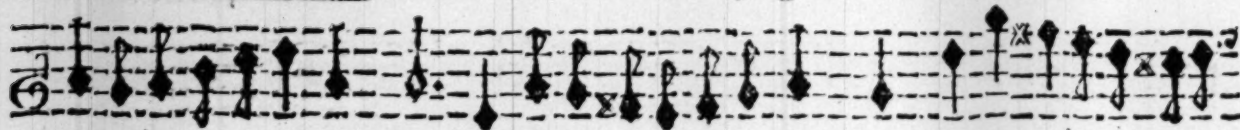




Lye not so swift my



deere, behold me dying, If not a smi-



ling glance, a smi-

ling glance, If not a smi-



ling glance for all my crying, Yet kill me with



thy frownes: The Satyres o're the lawnes full nimble daun-



cing, Friske it apace, apace, to view thy beauties glancing, Thy beauties



glancing, See how they coast the downes, ij.

See how they



coast the downes, Fayne wouldst thou turne and yeeld them their delight, ij.

Of 4. voc.

XIII.

CANTVS.



faine wouldst thou turne, and yeeld them their de-



light, ij.

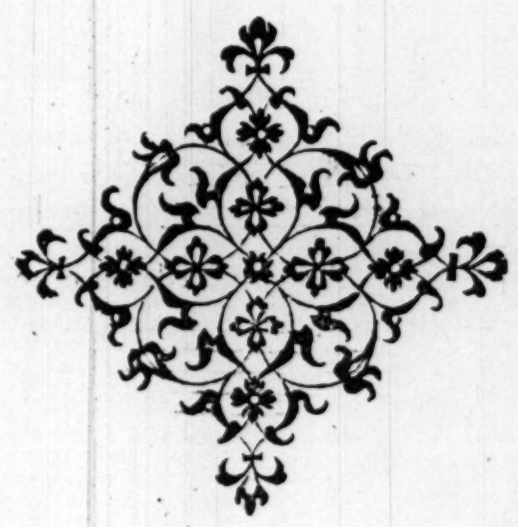
faine wouldst thou turne, fayne wouldst



thou turne and yeeld them their delight, but that thou fearst



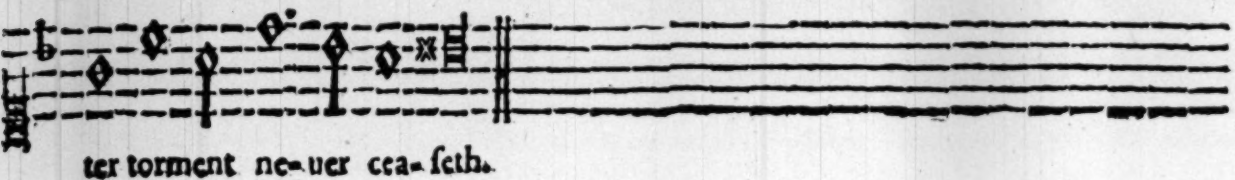
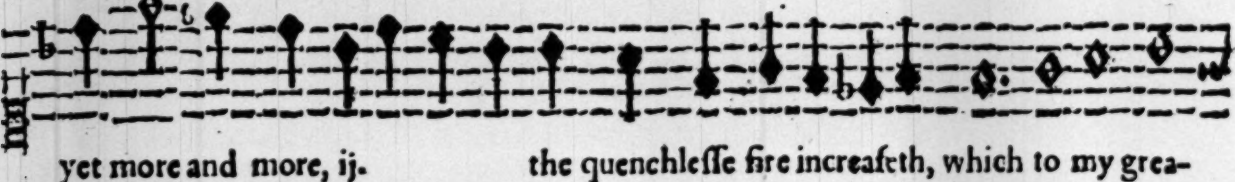
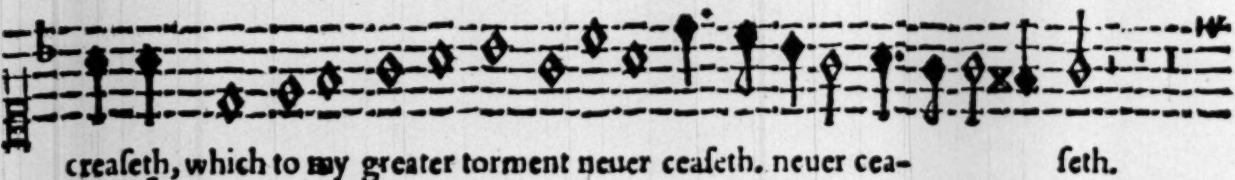
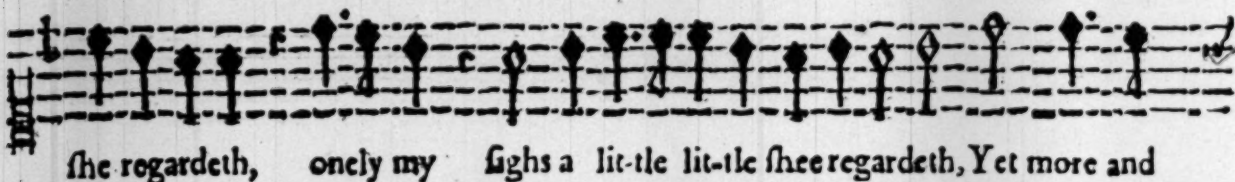
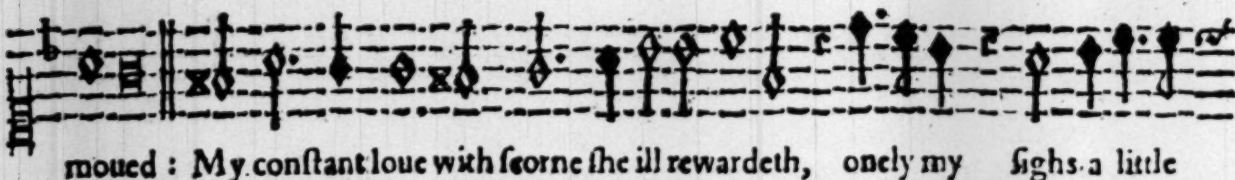
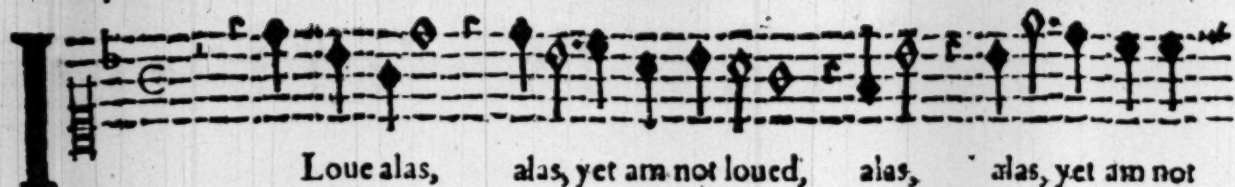
least I should steale a fight.



Of 4. voc.

XIII.

CANTVS.



A

S matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues, faire *Le-onilla*, faire*Le-o-nilla*, faire *Leo-nilla*, As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues, faire *Leonil-la*,

So thy fowre-sweet loues: ij.

For when young *Acons* eye thy proud harttames, for when young *Acons* eye, for when young *Acons* eye thy proud hart

tames, Thou dy'st in him, and li- uest in my flames. thou dyest

in him, and liuest in my flames. For when young *Acons* eye thyproud hart tames, for when young *Acons* eye thy proud hart tames, ij.

Thou dyest in him, and liuest in my flames. Thou



dyest in him, and liuest in my flames, and li-

uest in my flames.

D

H

Appy, oh happy he, who not affecting The endlesse toyles,

the end-

lesse toyles attending world-ly cares,

at- ten-

ding worldly cares, at-

tending world-ly

cares, With minde repol'd all discontents re-iect- ings In silent peace his

way to heauen pre-

pares : In silent peace, ij.

his way to heauen, in silent

peace his way to heauen prepares, ij.

Deeming his life a

Scene, the world a Stage, whereon man acts his wea-

ry Pilgrimage. Dee-

ming his life a

Scene, the world a Stage whereon man acts his wea-

ry

Pilgrimage. whereon man acts, whereon man acts his wea-ry Pilgrimage,

Here endeth the Songs of 4. parts.

S Weet hony sucking Bees, ij. why doe you still, ij.

ij. surfet on Roses, Pincks and Violets? As if the choysest Nectar lay

in them, wherwith you store, ij. ij. your curious Cabi-

nets: Ah, make your flight, Ah, make your flight, ij.

ij. to Melisuanias lips, there, there may you reuell in Am-

brosian cheere, Where smi- ling Ro- ses and sweet Lillies sits,

there may you reuell, keeping their Spring-tide, keeping their Spring-tide

graces, keeping their Spring-tide graces all the yeare. keeping their Spring-tide

gra-ces all the yeare, ij.

Y



Et Sweet take heed, all sweets are hart to get, sting not,



Ring not her soft lippes, Oh beware of that, ij.

ij.



ij.

Oh, oh beware of that, For if one fla-

ming dart come from her



eye, Come from her eye, ij.

was neuer dart so sharp, Ah then you dye, you



dye, ij.

For if one fla-

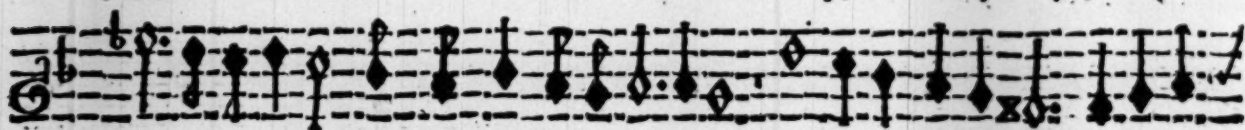
ming dart come from her



eye, ij.

ij.

was neuer dart so sharp, Ah then you dye, then you



dye, ij.

Ah then you dye, ij.

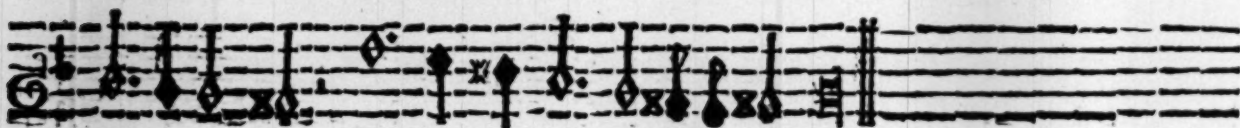
was neuer dart so sharp, ij.



Ah then you dye, ij.

ij.

ij.



ij.

Ah then you dye, Ah then you dye.



Al-pleasure is of this condition, It pricks men forward to fru-

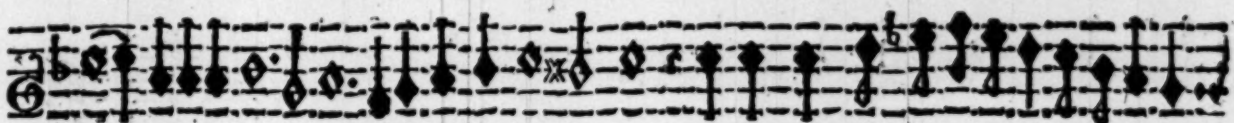


i- ti-on, ij. All

It pricks men for-



ward to fru-i- ti-on, But if enjoy'd then like the humming Bee, then like the humming



Bee, ij.

The honic be-ing shed away doth flee,

a.



way doth flee, But leaues a sting that wounds the inward hart,

But leaues a



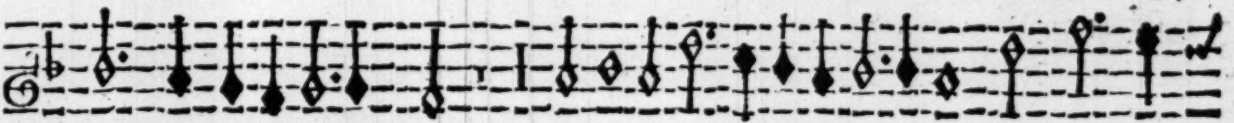
sting that wounds the inward hart, ij.

the



inward hart,

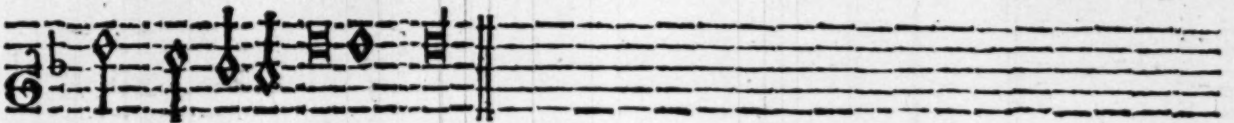
With gnawing griefe, and neuer ending smart. With gnawing



griefe, and neuer ending smart.

ij.

With gnawing



griefe, and neuer ending smart.

O



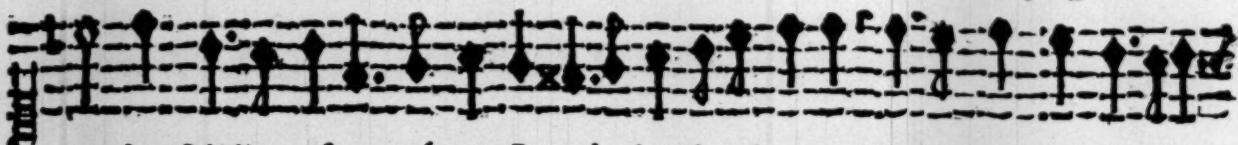
Et haue I vow'd how dearly I did loue thee, how deere



I did loue thee, And oft obseru'd thee with all willing dutie, ij.



Sighs I haue sent stil hoping to remoue thee, ij. stil hoping to re-



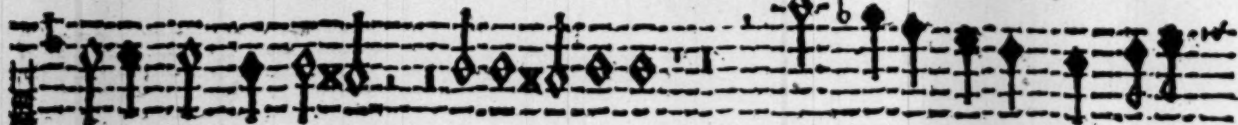
move thee: Millions of tears, of tears, I tendred to thy beautie, millions of teares, ij.



I tendred to thy beautie, Yet thou of sighs and filly teares regardlesse, yet



thou of sighs and filly teares regardlesse, suffrest my fee-ble



hart to pine with anguish, ij. Whilst all my barren hopes re-



turne re-ward-lesse, My bitter dayes doe wast, and I doe lan-



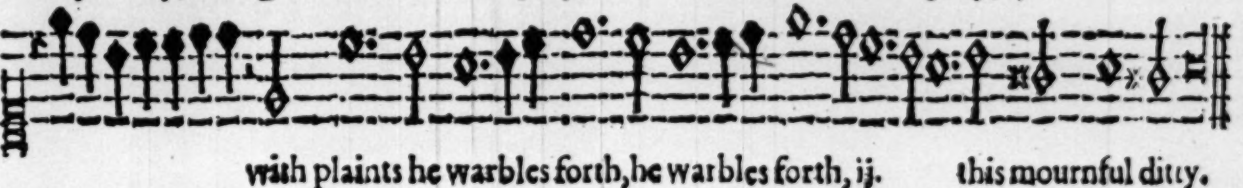
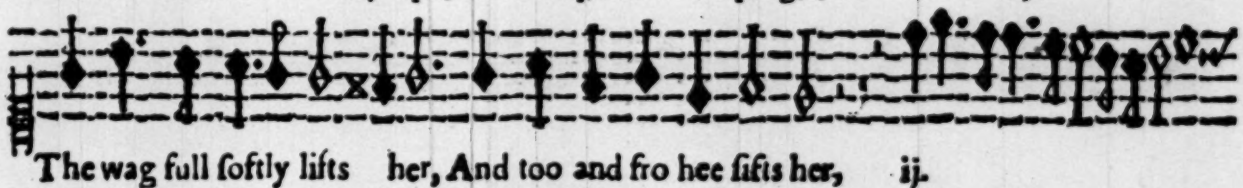
guish. My bitter dayes doe wast, and I doe languish, and I doe lan- guish.

Of 7. voc.

First part.

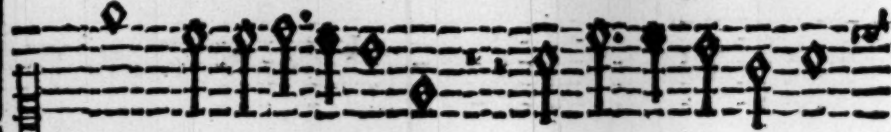
XXI.

CANTVS.





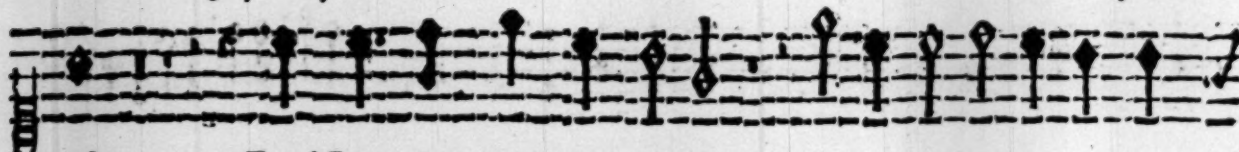
Ard Destinies are Loue and Beautie parted ?



Fayre Daphne so disdainfull ? ij.



Cupid thy shafts are too vniust- ly dar-



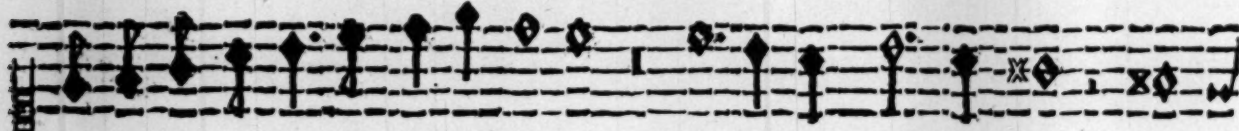
ted, Fond Loue thy wounds be painfull, ij.



But fith my louely Iewell is prou'd so coy and cru- ell, Ile liue and



fro- licke in her beauties treasure, Ile liue and fro-



licke in her beauties treasure, But languish, faint, and dye, ij.



ij.

But languish, faint and

Of s. voc.

XXII.

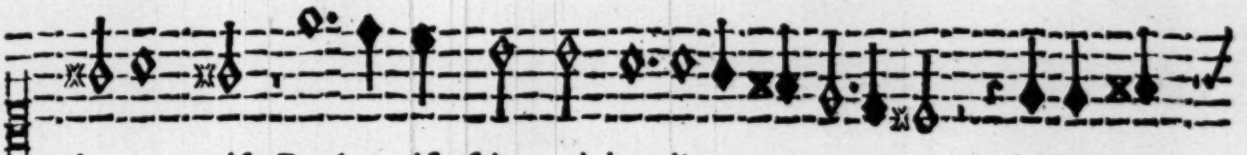
CANTVS.



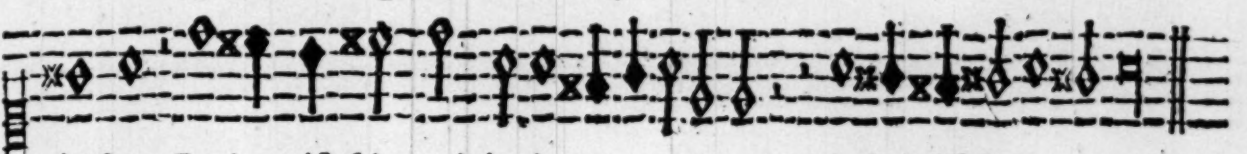
dye in her dis- plea- sure. Ile liue and fro- licke, in her beauties



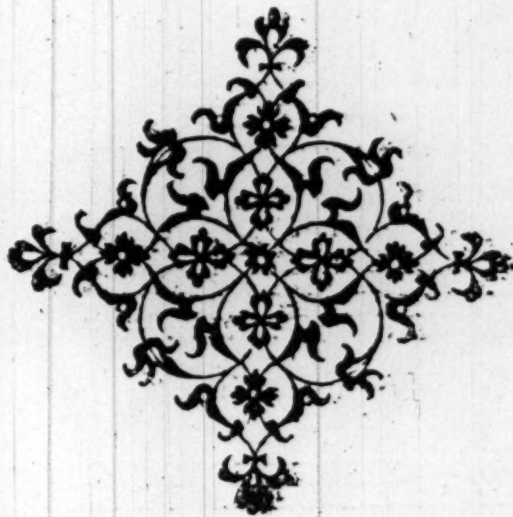
treasure, Ile liue and fro- licke in her beauties trea- sure, But



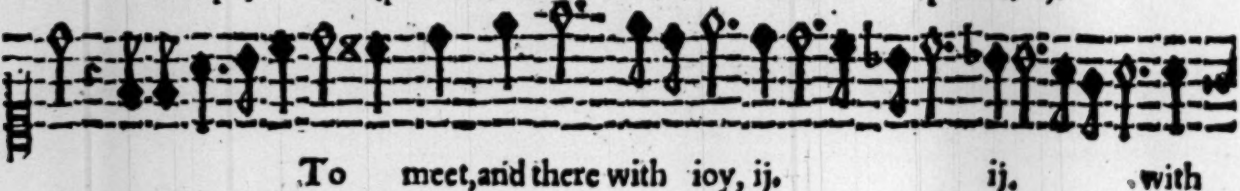
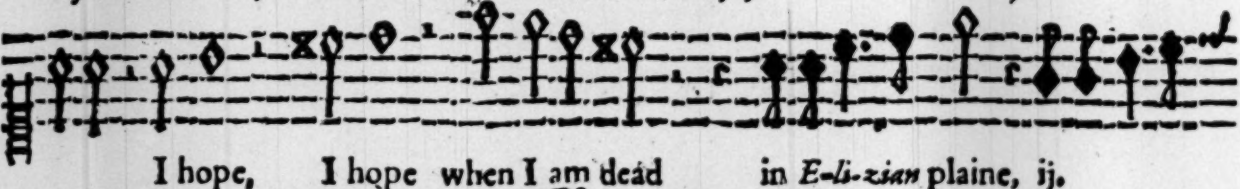
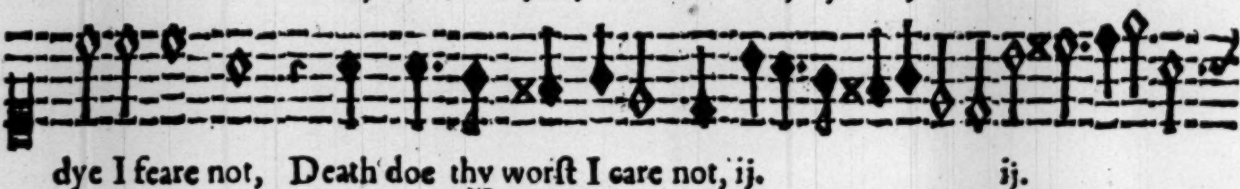
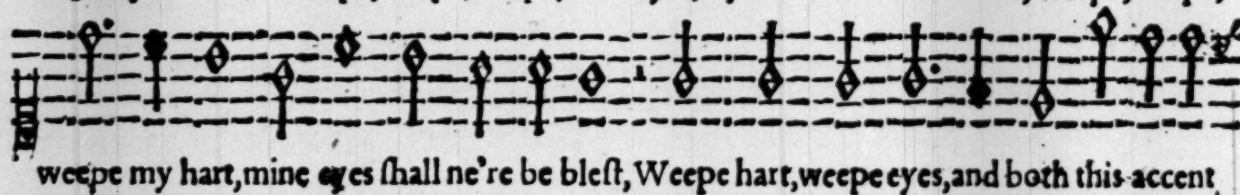
lan- guish, But languish, faint and dye, ij. in her dis-



pleasure. But languish faint and dye, ij. in her displea- sure.



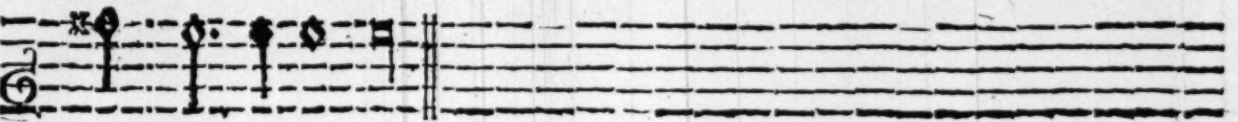
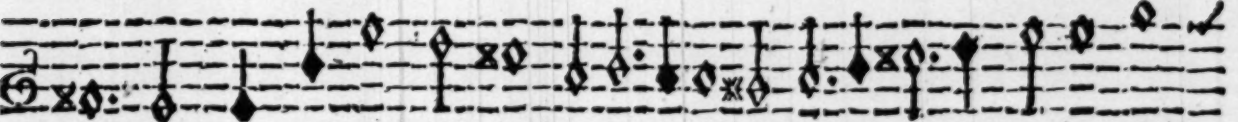
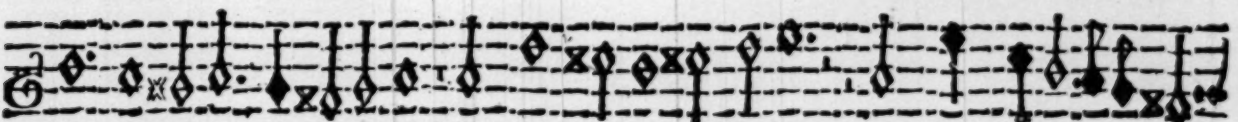
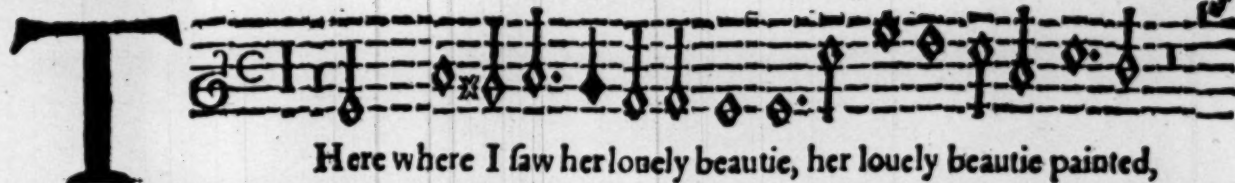
E



Of 5. voc.

XXIIII.

CANTVS.





Ye that doe liue in pleasures plen- ty,



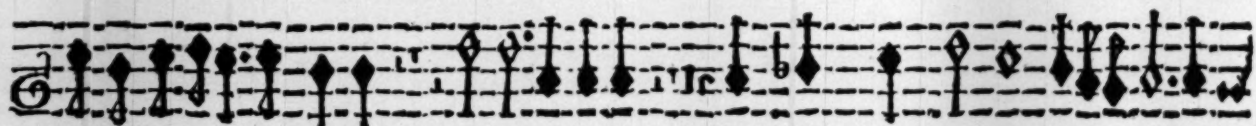
Yee that doe liue in pleasures plen- ty,



And dwell in Mu- sicks sweetest Ayres, Whose eyes are quicke, Whose



cares are dainty, Whose eyes are quicke, Whose cares are dainty, Whose



cares are dainty, ij. Not clogd with earth or world- ly



cares, or worldly cares, Come sing this song, made in *Amphions* praise,



Who now is dead, yet you his Fame can raise, Call him againe, let him not



dye, But liue in Musicks sweetest ^{breath.} birth, Place him in fayrest memory, And

Of 5. voc.

XXV.

CANTVS.



let him triumph ouer death, And let him tri- umph ouer death, O sweetly



sung, his liuing wish attend yee, ij. his

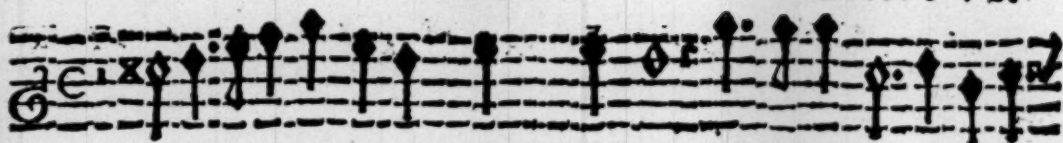
These were his words, the mirth of



heauen, God send yee. the mirth of heauen God send yee.



A



Silly Siluan, kissing heauen-borne fire, scorched his lips for his so



fond desire: I not so fond, but gaz'd, whilst such fire burned, And all my hart straight into

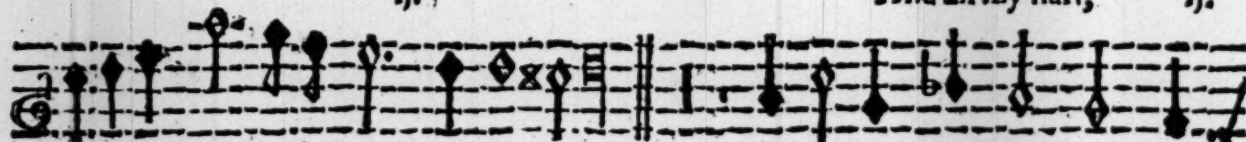


flames was turned: And all my hart straight into flames was turned, ij.



ij.

And all my hart, ij.



straight into flames was turned. His fire was stolne, and stolne things



goe amisse, ij.

But I alas vniustly, but I alas vniustly, ij.



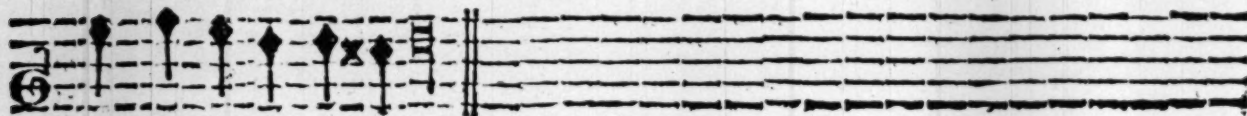
for to haue her her heauenly fire the Gods & graces gaue her, the



Gods and graces gaue her. ij.

ij.

the

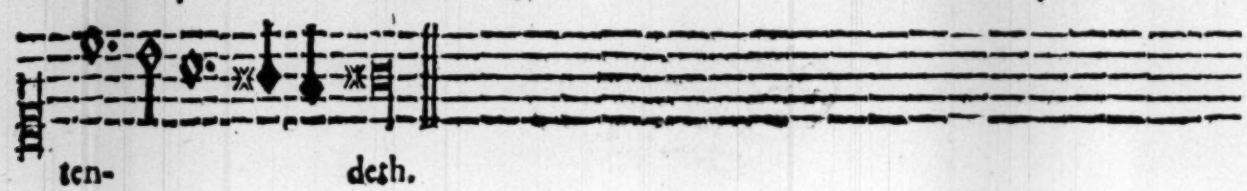
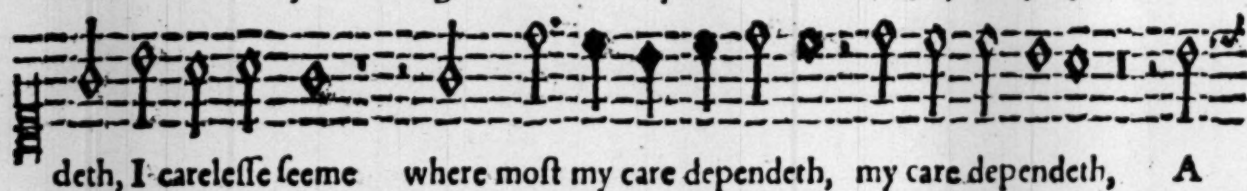
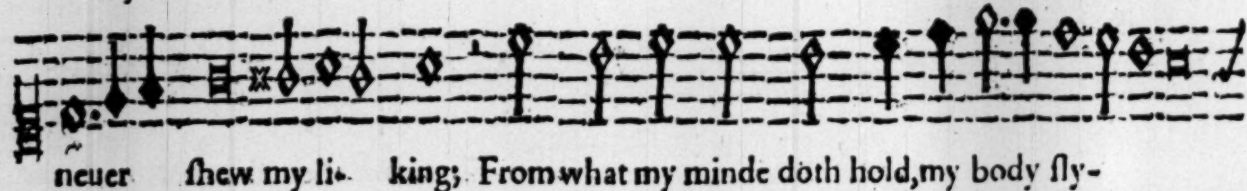
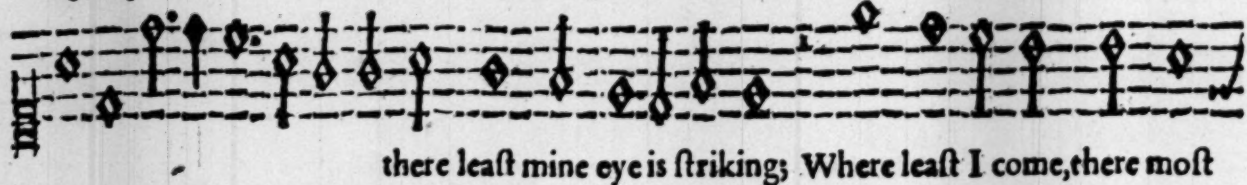
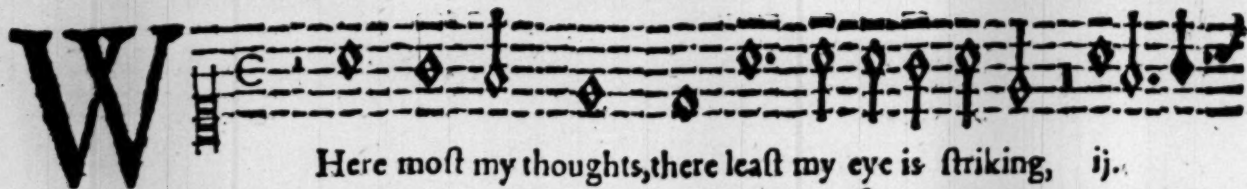


Gods and graces gaue her.

Here endeth the Songs of 5. parts.

O Wretched man, O wretched man, why lou'st thou
 earthly life? Which naught enioyes but cares and endlesse trouble? What pleasure
 here but breeds a world of griefe? What howers ease that anguish doth not double?
 No earthly ioyes but haue their discon-tents, but haue their discon-tents,
 Then loath that life, ij, which causeth such laments.





D If pightfull thus vnto my selfe I lan- guish, And in disdaine, my

selfe, my selfe from ioy I banish; These secret thoughts envraps me so in an- guish,

That life I hope will soone from body vanish, And to some rest will quickly be con-

uayed, will quickly be conuay- ed, And to some rest will quickly be conuay'd,

will quickly be con- uay'd, That on no ioy while so I liu'd hath stay'd. And

to some rest vwill quickly be conuayed, ij. vwill quickly be

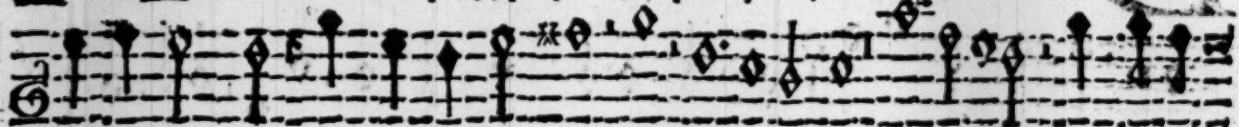
conuay- ed, And to some rest vwill quickly be conuay'd, and to some rest vwill

quickly be con- uayed; That on no ioy while so I liu'd hath stay-ed.

A



H cannot: To pittie, pittie me, to pit- ty me, Who more then life, then



life doe loue thee, then life doe loue thee, O, O, cruell fates, ij. See now a-



way shee's flying, ij.

And flye she will, and leaue me dying, and



flye she will, alas, a- las, alas, alas, and leaue me dy- ing, Farewell, fare-



well, farewell, most faire, farewell, farewell, yet more disdainfull, Was neuer grieve like



mine, nor death more painfull, O, O, cruell fates, ij. See now a-

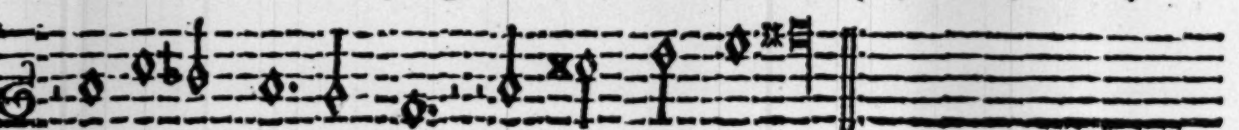


way shee's flying, ij.

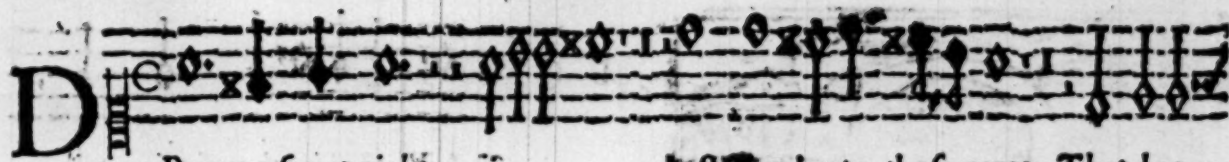
And flye shee will, ij, alas,



a- las, and leaue me dy-ing, Farewell, farewell, most fayre, farewell, farewell,



was ne- uer grieve like mine, nor death more painfull,



Draw on sweet night, ij.

Best friend vnto those cares, That do a-



rise from painfull melancholy, arise from painful me-lancholy My life so ill through

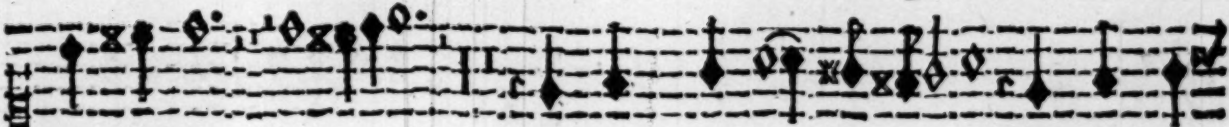


want of comfort fares, That vn-to thee, to thee, I consecrate it who- ly, ij.



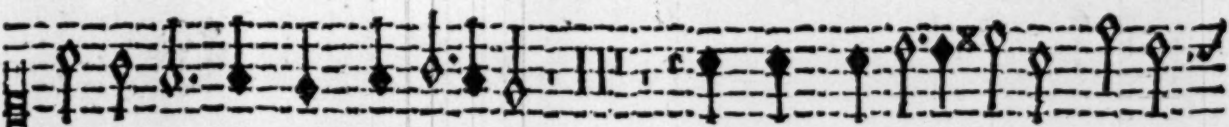
Sweet night draw on, ij.

O sweet night draw on, sweet



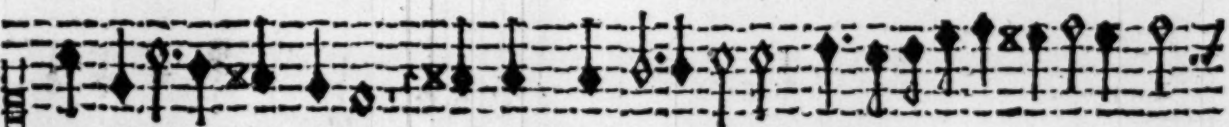
night draw on, ij.

my griefes when they be told To shades and



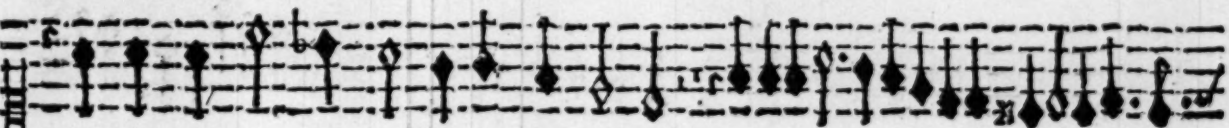
darknes, find some ease from pai- ning,

And while thou all in silence dost en-



fold, in silence dost enfold, & while thou all in silence dost en-

fold,



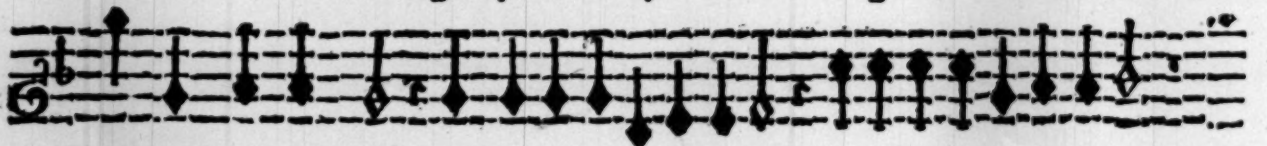
I then shall haue best time for my complaining. ij.

for



my complay-

ning. I then shall haue best time for my complaining.





For if thou follow her, ij. Sheele flye from



thee, ij. ij. sheele flye from thee, But



if thou flye from her, sheele fol- low thee. sheele follow



thee. sheele follow thee. ij. ij. ij. For if thou



follow her, ij. sheele flye from thee, from thee, But if thou



flye from her, ij. sheele fol-



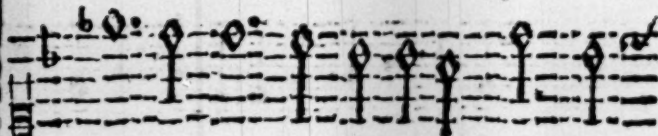
low thee. But if thou flye from her, sheele fol-



low thee. sheele follow thee. ij. sheele follow thee.



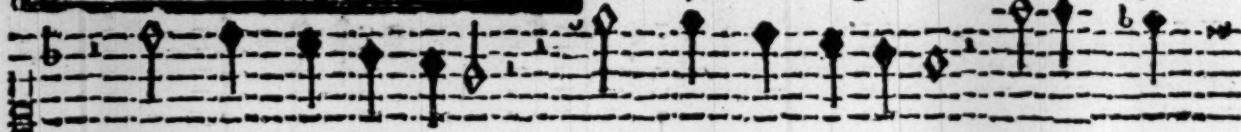
Ofily, ij. O softly,



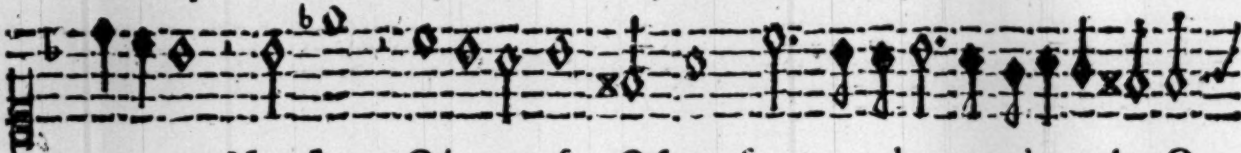
drop my eyes least you be dry, And make



my hart with griefe to melt and dye,



Now powre out teares apace, Now powre out teares apace, ij.



Now stay, O heauy case, O sowre sweet woe alas, woe alas, a- las, O



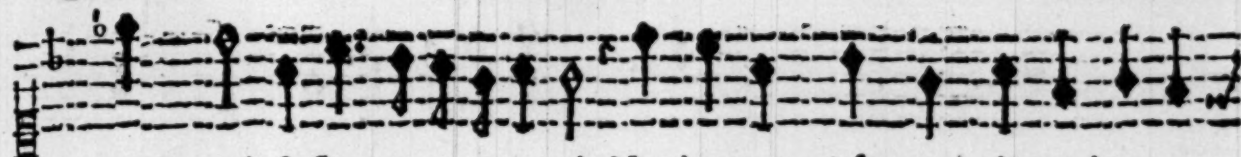
griefe, O ioy, why strue you so? Can griefes and ioyes, ij. at once,



in one poore hart consent? Then sigh and sing, reioyce, lament, ij.



lament, Aye me, Aye me, O passions strange and vi-olent, Was neuer



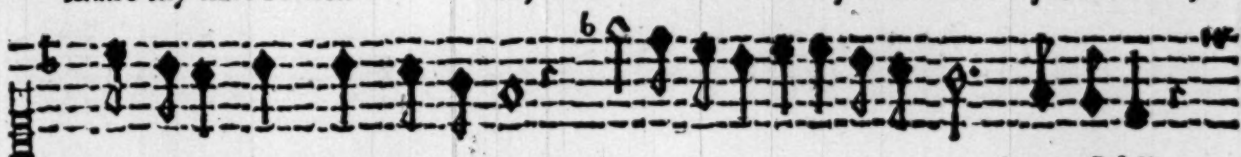
poore wretch so fore tormen- ted, Nor ioy, nor grieve, can make my hart con-



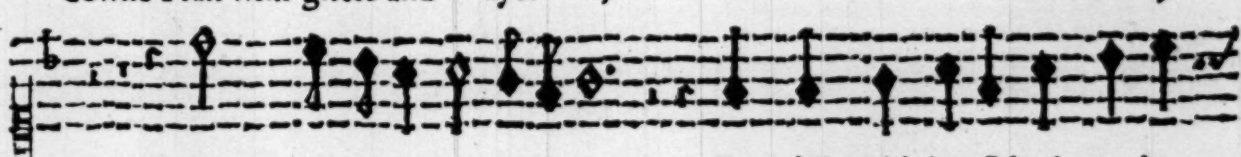
tented, Was neuer poore wretch so fore tormen- ted, Nor ioy, nor grieve can



make my hart conten- ted, For while with ioy I looke on hye, Downe,



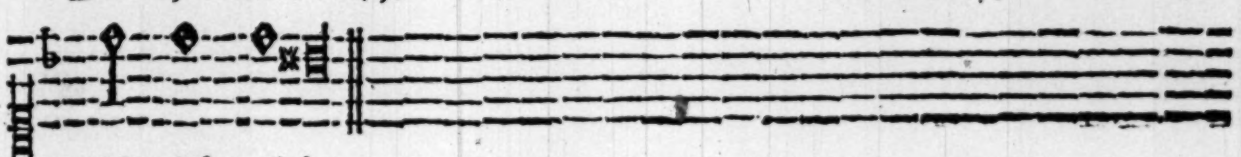
downe I fall with grieve and dye. ij. downe I fall,



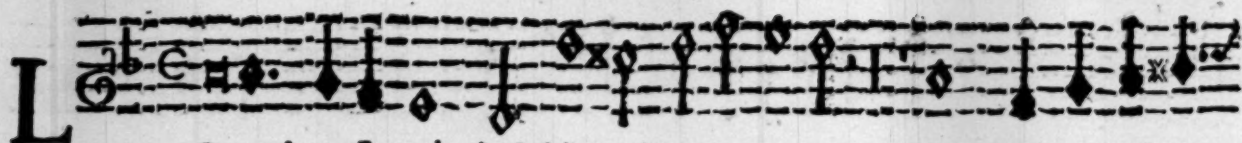
Downe, downe I fall, ij. For while with ioy I looke on hye,



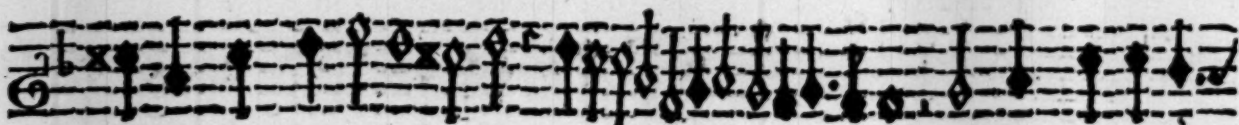
Downe, downe I fall, ij. Downe, downe I fall,



with grieve and dye.

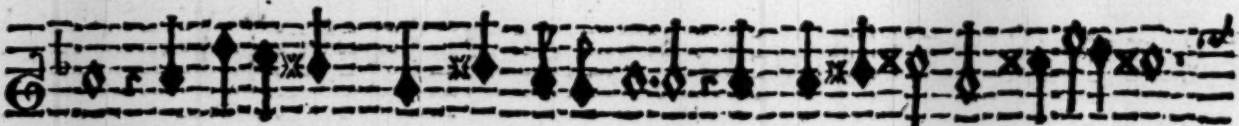


Ong haue I made these hils and vallies weary, With noyse of these my



shrikes & cryes that fill the aire, ij.

& cryes that fill the

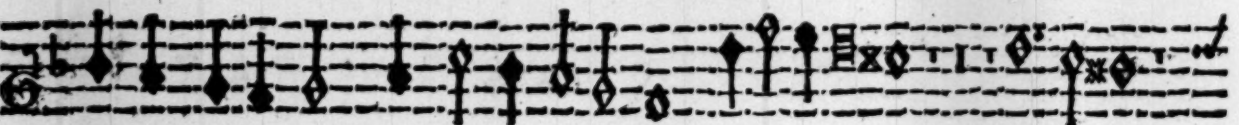


ayre, She onely who should make me mery heares not my prayer, That I a- las,

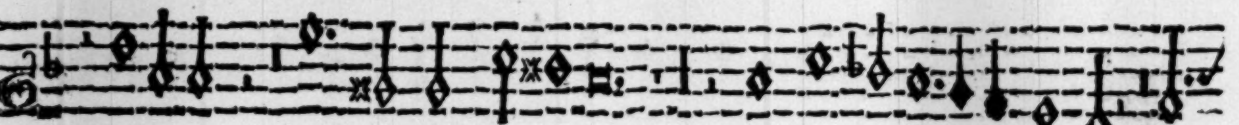


that I alas, alas, misfortunes sonne and heyre,

that I alas, alas, mis-



fortunes son & heyre, Hope in none other hope but in dis- paire, O vnkind,



ij.

O, vnkinde, and cruell,

Thendye I will to ease thee, ij.



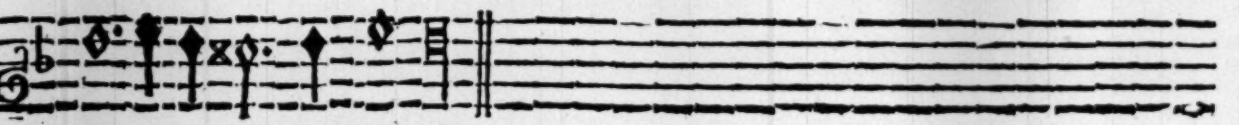
Yet if I dye, the world will thee controule, Loe here lyes one,



ij.

(Alas. poore soule)

A true lous Martyr. A



Martyr. A true lous Martyr.

FINIS.

2
189
ALTVS.

THE SECOND SET
OF
MADRIGALES

TO
3. 4. 5. and 6. parts,
apt both for Voyals and
Voyces.

Newly Composed
BY
IOHN WILBYE.



LONDON:
Printed by *Tho. Este alias Snodham*, for *Iohn Browne*, and are to be sold at his shop in
S. Dunstons Churchyard in Fleetstreet.

TO THE MOST NOBLE and Vertuous Lady, the Lady *Arbella Stuart.*

Madame.



THE deepe vnderstanding you haue in all the Arts, and perticular excellency in this of Musicke, doth by a certaine kinde of right, challenge the Dedication of the better sort of Labours in that Facultie; especially in these times when Musicke sits solitary among her sister Sciences, and (but for your Honour) often wants the fortune to be esteemed (for so shee is worthy) euen among the worthiest. But besides that generall right, my true and zealous deuotion long since desirous to expresse it selfe in any humble dutie to your Honour, and borne up by the daily experience of your most Noble and singular disposition, hath neuer thought vpon other Patron for this work, then your Honour, whose neuer-failing Iudgement in the depth of Musicke, I do wish might be pleased with some of these; which happinesse if they attaine, I know not what iudgement can avow to mislike them. Howsoeuer they behaue themselves, I humbly beseech your Honour, to belecue this truth; that they are the sincere oblations of a heart euer prepared for your seruice. And so with all humble and due reuerence done to your Honour, I beseech the Almighty to make you in all the passages of your life truely happy, as you are in the worlds true opinion vertuous.

Your Honours most humbly

denoted and obliged:

IOHN WILBYE.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. Voyces.

Come shepheard Swaynes that wont to heare me sing.	I
Flourish yee hillockes set with fragrant flowers.	II
Ah, cruell <i>Amarillis</i> since thou takst delight.	III
So light is Loue in matchlesse beautie shining.	IIII
As fayre as Morne, as fresh as May.	V
O what shall I doe, or whither shall I turne me?	VI
I liue, and yet me thinks I doe not breath.	VII
There is a Jewell which no Indian Mines can buy.	VIII
<i>Resposta.</i>	

Songs to 4. Voyces.

When <i>Cloris</i> heard of her <i>Aminas</i> dying.	IX
Happy streames whose trembling fall.	X
Change me O heauens into the Ruby stone.	XI
Loue not me for comely grace.	XII
Fly not so swift my Deere.	XIII
I loue alas, yet am not loued.	XIIII
As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues.	XV
Happy, oh happy he who not affecting.	XVI

Songs to 5. Voyces.

Sweet hony sucking Bees.	First Part.	XVII
Yet sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get.	Second part.	XVIII
All pleasure is of this condition.		XIX
Oft haue I vowde how deerly I did loue thee.		XX
Downe in a valley as <i>Alexis</i> trips.	First Part.	XXI
Hard Destinies are Loue and Beautie parted?	Second Part.	XXII
Weepe O mine eyes, my heart can take no rest.		XXIII
There where I saw her louely beautie painted.		XXIIII
Yee that doe liue in pleasures plenty.		XXV
A silly Siluan kissing heauen-borne fire.		XXVI

Songs to 6. Voyces.

O Wretched man why lou'st thou earthly life?		XXVII
Where most my thought,	First Part.	XXVIII
Dispightfull thus vnto my selfe I languish.	Second Part.	XXIX
Ah cannot sighes, nor teares.		XXX
Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares.		XXXI
Stay <i>Coridon</i> thou Swaine.		XXXII
Softly, O softly drop mine eyes.		XXXIII
Long haue I made these hills and vallies weary.		XXXIIII

FINIS.

C Ome shepheard swaynes that wont to heare me sing, Now sigh and
groan, Dead is my loue, my hope, my ioy, my spring, dead, dead & gone, dead is my loue, my
hope, my ioy, my spring, ij. O she that was your summers Queen your
dayes delight, is gone and will no more be seen, O cruell spight, Break all your Pipes that
wont to sound, break all your Pipes that wont to sound, that wont to sound with pleasant
cheere, And cast your selues vp- on the ground to waile my deere, to waile my deere,
Come shepheard swaynes, Come Nimphs and all a roe, Come Nymphs, Come
nymphs & all a roe, ij: to help me cry, Dead is my loue, ij. my loue, dead
is my loue, ij, my loue, And seeing she is so, ij. loe now I die. ij.

B

F

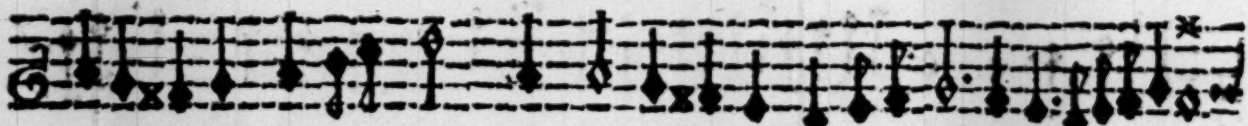


Lourish ye hillockes set with fragrant flow- ers, ij.



So gra-

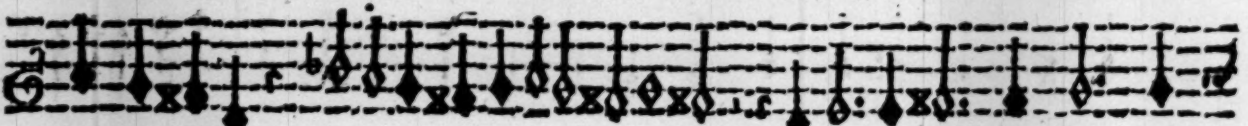
ced with her de-ity, whose eyes bedew you with, ij.



their pearled showers, whose eyes bedew you with their pearled showers



bewayling loues im-pi- ety: Happy yee are, be prodigall disposed, disdain not

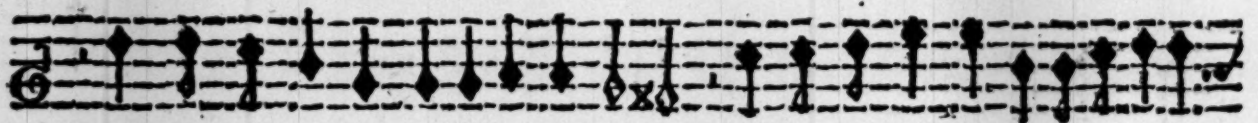


loues lamenting, ij.

Let me but kisse those steps where



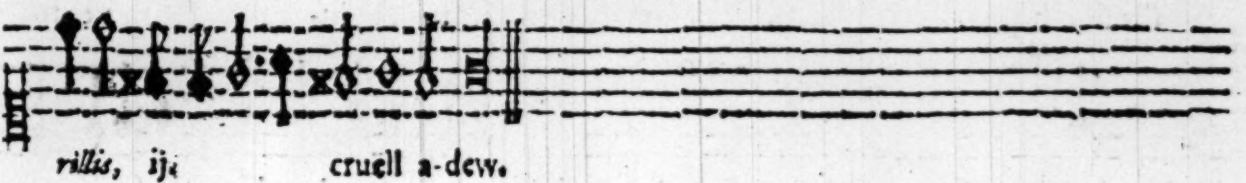
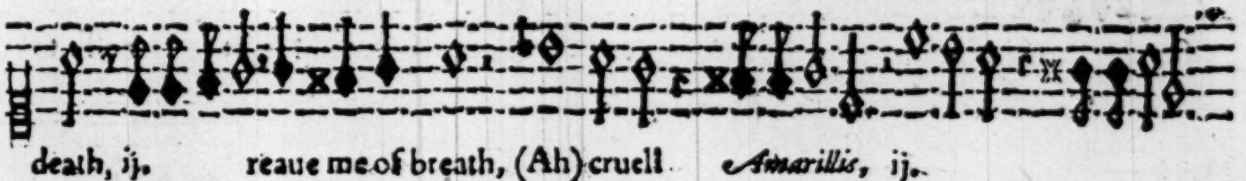
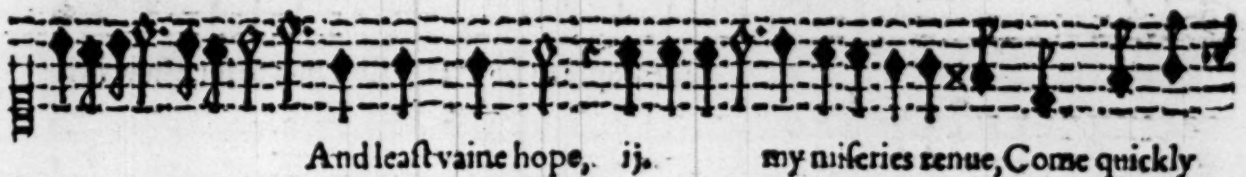
she repo- sed, to ease my harts tormenting, to ease my harts tormen- ting,



then while she flies me, here I lye and languish, sounding my sorrowes, ij.



.tun'd in notes of .anguish, tun'd in notes of anguish. in notes of an- guish.





O light is loue in matchles beautie shi- ning, So light is loue, ij. in match-



les beautie shining, When she reuisits *Cypria* hallowed bowers, Two feeble doves harnest



in silken twi- ning, ij.

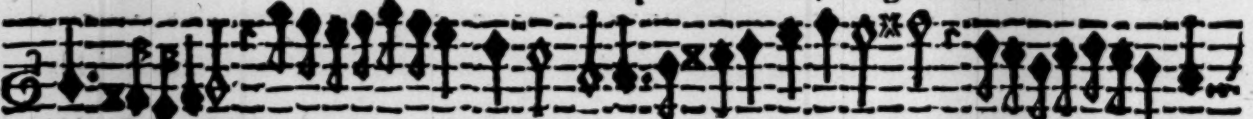
harnest in silken



twi- ning, in silken twining, can draw her Chariot midst the Paphian flowers, ij.

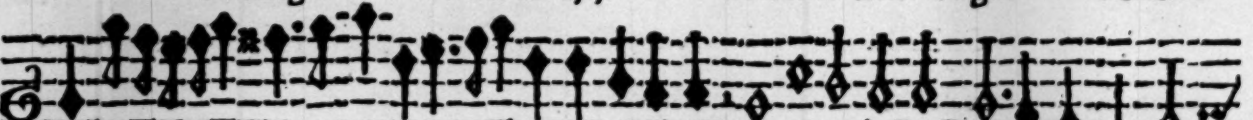


the Paphian flowers, Lightnes to loue how ill it



fit- teth? Light- nesse to loue, ij.

how ill it fitteth? light- nesse to



loue, ij.

ij.

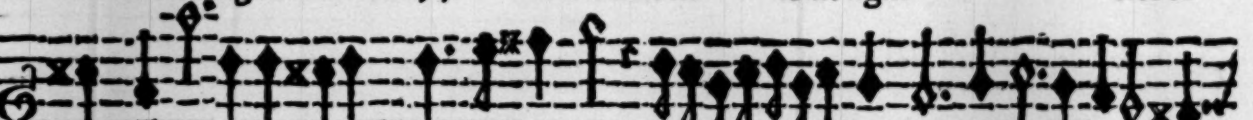
how ill it fitteth? so heauie on my hart, O on my hart



she fitteth. Lightnes to loue, ij.

how ill it fit- teth? light-

nes to



loue, how ill it fit- teth? lightnesse to loue, light-

nes to loue how ill it fit-



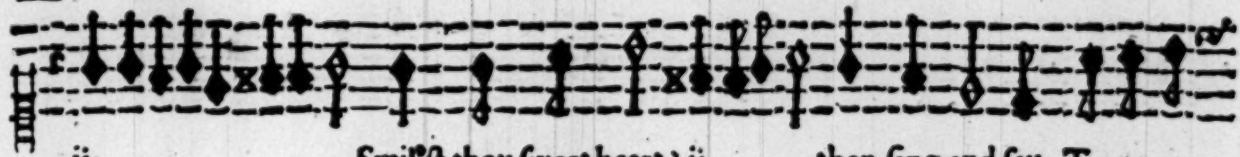
teth? so hea-

uy on my hart she fitteth.

A



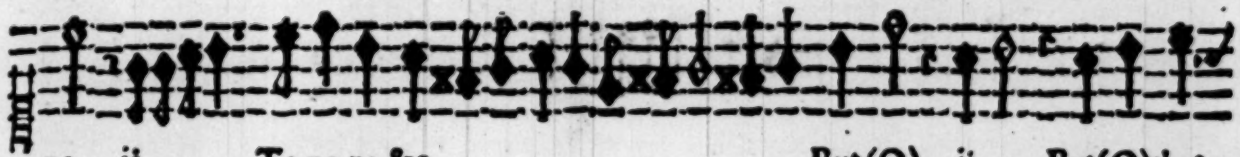
S faire as morne, as fresh as May, A pretty grace in saying nay,



ij.

Smil'st thou sweet heart ? ij.

then sing and say, Ta na na

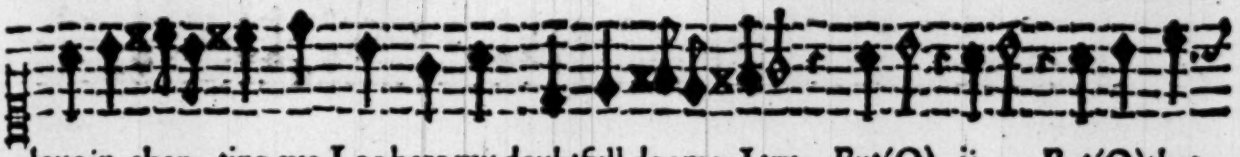


no, ij

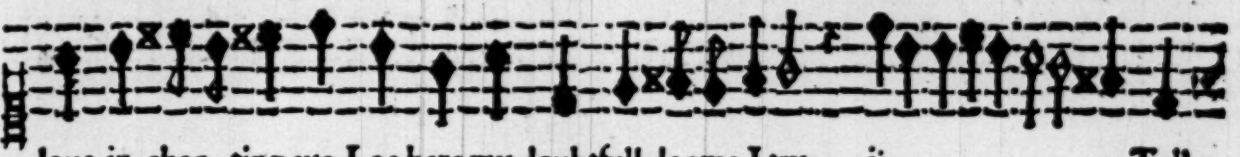
Ta na na, &c.

But(O) ij.

But(O) that



loue in-chan-ting eye, Loe here my doubtfull doome I try, But(O) ij. But(O) that



loue in-chan-ting eye, Loe here my doubtfull doome I try, ij.

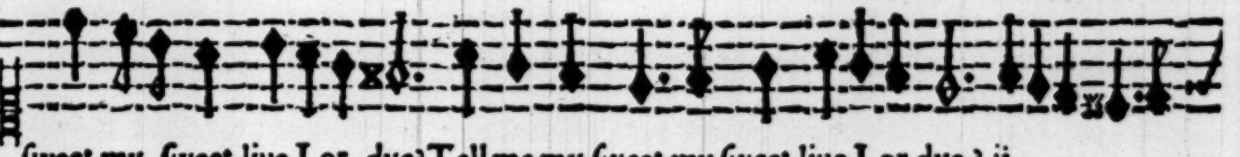
Tell



me my sweet, liue I

or dye ? ij.

liue I or dye ? Tell me my



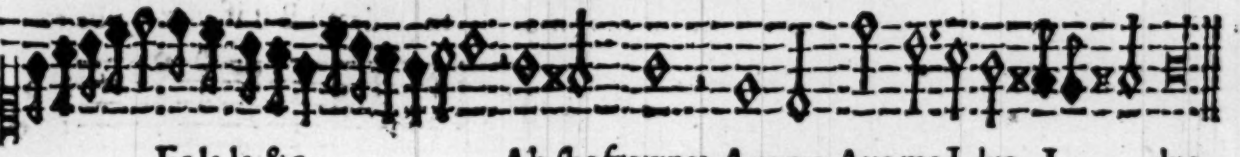
sweet, my sweet, liue I or dye ? Tell me my sweet, my sweet, liue I or dye ? ij.



ij.

liue I or dye ? She smiles,

ij.



Fa la la, &c.

Ah, she frownes, Aye me, Aye me I dye, I

dye.

Christe, du Schütz

to her. eyes?ij. Ono they'l burn me, Shall I scale vp my eies & speak my



part? then in a flood of tears, ij. I drown my hart, for tears being flopt will.

swel, will swel, will.

(swell for scope, though they o'reflow, loue, life, loue, life, and hope, By beauties eye Ile

chuse to dye. Ile chuse to dye. At thy feet I fult faire. Creature, rich in beau- tie,

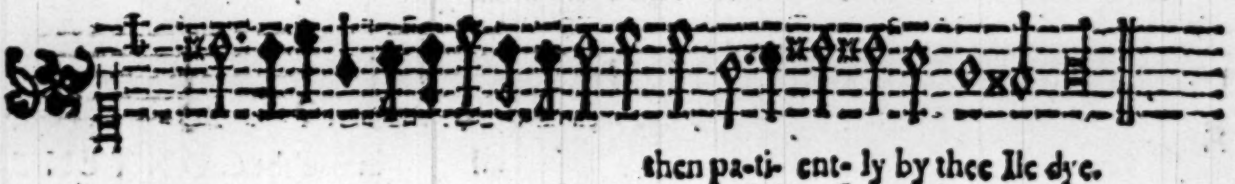
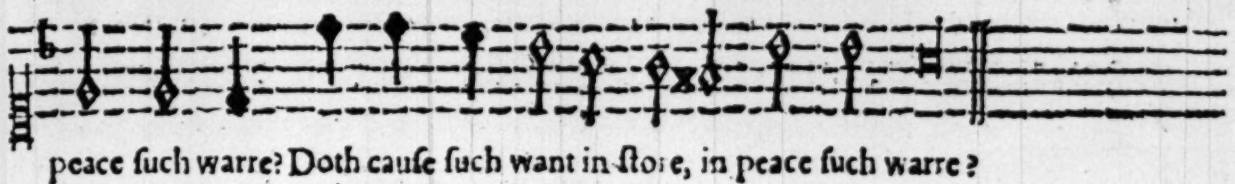
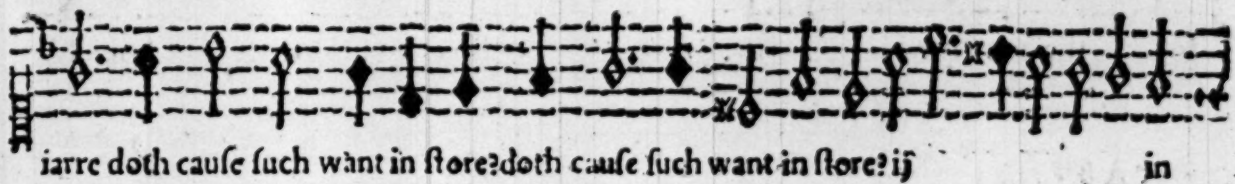
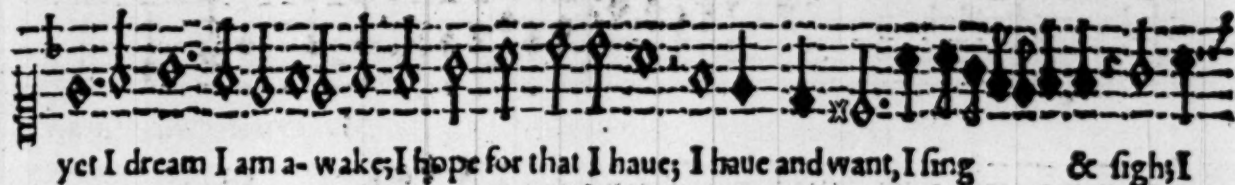
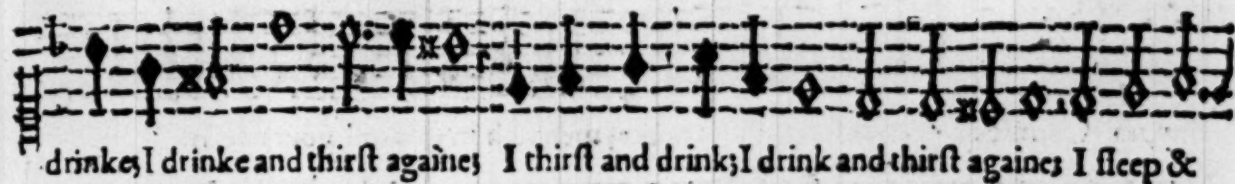
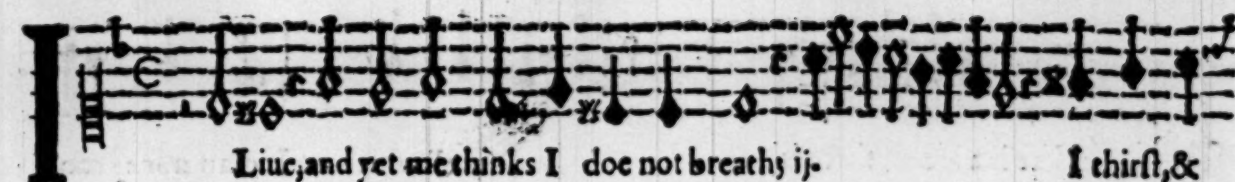
And for pittie call, O kill not loue and duty, O kill not loue and du. ty, ij.



 ik. ii. Let thy smooth tongue fanne on my sence

thy breath, to stay thine eyes from burning me to death. But if mer-cy be ex-

led from a thing so faire compie- led. it



T Here is a ieuell, there is a ieu- ell which no Indian mines can
 buy, no Chimick art can counterfait, It makes men rich in greatest pouertie, ij.
 ij. ij. Makes water wine; turnes
 wooden cups to gould; ij. ij. turnes wooden cups to
 gould, The homely whi- ffe, ij. the whistle, to sweet musicks
 straine, the homely whi- ffe, ij. to sweet musicks straine, the homely
 whi- ffe, ij. to sweet musicks straine, Seldome it comes; to few from
 heauen sent, ij. seldome it comes, ij. ij. to
 few from heauen sent, That much in little all in naught, ij.
 ij. ij. all in naught **CONTENT.**

Here endeth the songs of 3. parts.

W

Hen *Cloris* heard of her *Amintas* dying, She grieued, she

grieued, she grieued then for her vnkinde denying, for her vnkinde deny-

ing, Oft sighing, oft sighing, ij. fore and with a hart vnfayned, I dye, I

dye, I dye, ij.

I dye, I dye, I dye, ij.

I dye, I dye

she thus complayn'd, Whom when *Amintas* spyed; then both for ioy out cryed, I

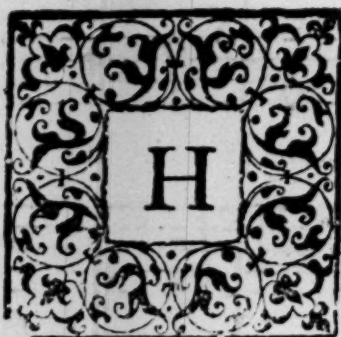
loue, I loue sweet *Cloris* eye,

I loue, I loue sweet *Cloris* eye;

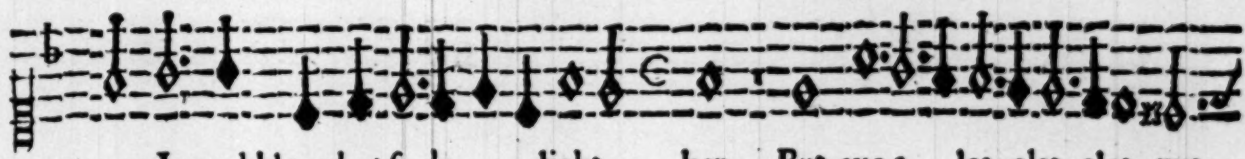
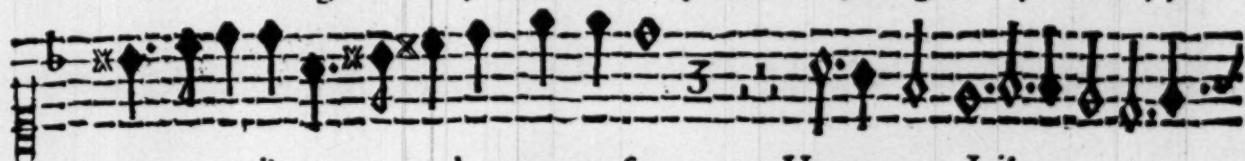
And

I.e. *min-*

tas till I dye.



Ap- py streames whose trembling fall,
 ij. with still murmure soft- ly
 glyding, Hap- py Birds whose chirping call, ij. with sweet
 melody delighting, Hath mou'd her flin-tie and relentlesse hart, ij.
 to listen to your harmony, And fit se-
 curely in these Downes a part, inchan- ted, inchan- ted
 with your me- lody, ij. your melody,
 Sing on and carroll forth your glee, sing on, sing on, ij.



C



Hange me O heanens, in- to the Ruby

stone, change me,



change me O heauens, ij.

the ruby stone, That on my

Loues faire



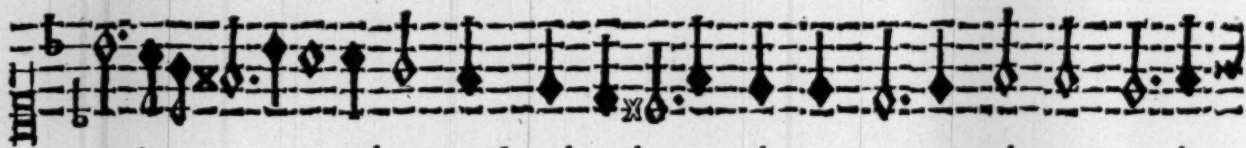
locks, ij.

doth hang

in gold, Yet leaue me speech to her to



make my moan, yet leaue me speech to her to make my moan, to make my moan, ij.



ij.

yet leaue me speech to her to make my moan, to make my moan, ij.



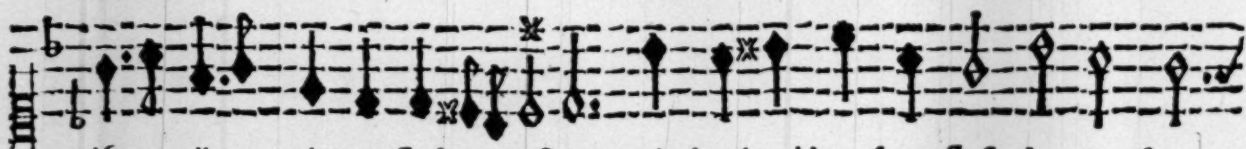
to her to make my moan, And giue me eies her beauties to behold, her beauties



to behold, ij. &

her beauties to behold,

my flesh a stone, or



if you wil not make my flesh

a stone, make her hard hart seem flesh, that now seems



none. make her, ij.

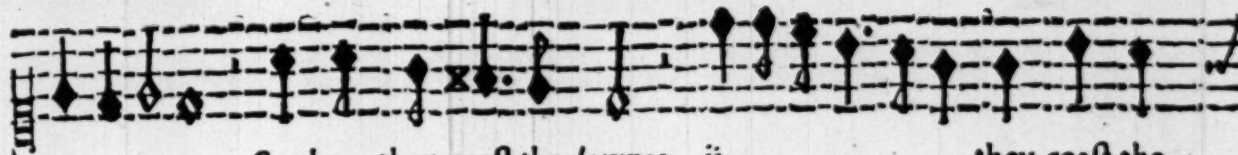
hard hart seem flesh, ij.

that now seems none. ij.

L Que not me for comely grace, for my plea- sing eye or face; Nor for any
outward part, no, nor for my constant heart: For those may faile, ij. those may
faile, ij. for those may faile or turne to ill, So thou and I shall se- uer: Keepe
therefore a true wo- mans eye, a-womans eye, keepe therefore a true
womans eye, a womans eye, keepe therefore a true wo- mans eye, ij.
And loue me still, but know not why; And loue me still, but know
not why, And loue me still but know not why, ij. ij.
not why, So hast thou the same reason still, ij.
to dote, to dote vp-on me euer. to dote vp- on me e- uer.

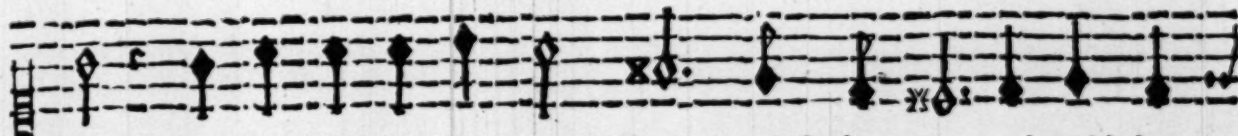


Lye not so swift my deere, so
 swift my deere, ij. behold me
 dying, If not a smi- ling glance, a
 smi- ling glance, If not a smi-
 ling glance for all my cry- ing, Yet kill me with thy frownes:
 ij. The Satyres o're the lawnes full nimbly daun-
 cing, the Satyres o're the lawnes full nimbly daun- cing,
 Friske it apace, to view thy beauties glancing, Thy beauties glan- cing, ij.



See how they coast the downes, ij.

they coast the



downes, See how they coast the downes, Fayne wouldst thou turne and yeeld them



their delight, and yeeld

them their delight, ij.

faine wouldst thou



turne, and yeeld them their de- light, ij.

ij.



them their de- light, but that thou fearst

least

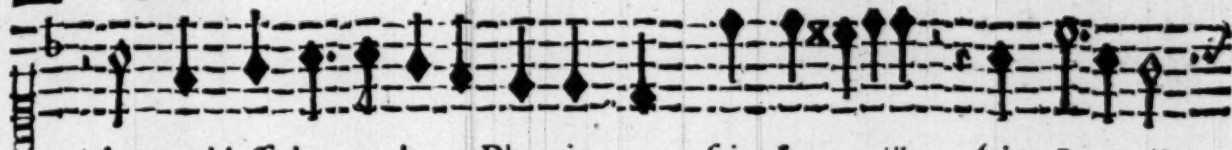


I should steale a fight. least I should steale a fight.



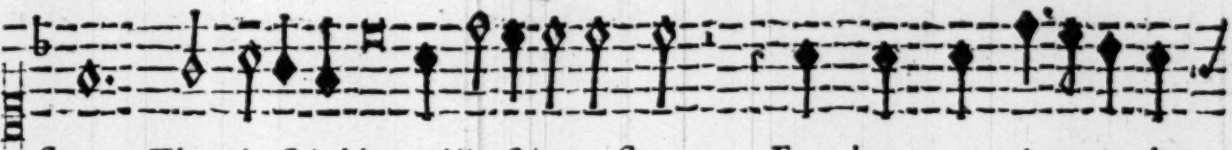
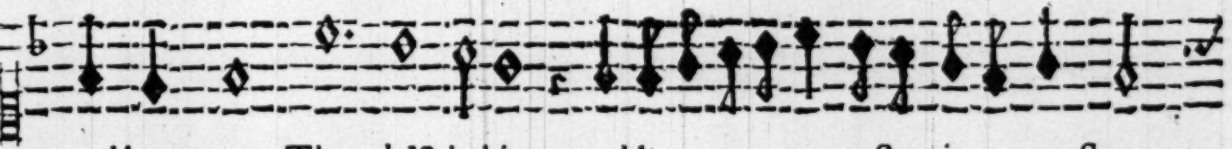
Loue alas, alas, yet am not loued, ij. alas, alas, yet am not
 lo- ued, For cruell she, to pittie, ij. ij. ij. ij.
 is not mo- ued: My constant loue with scorne she ill rewardeth, onely my sighs a
 little she re-gardeth, onely my sighs a lit-tle little shee regar- deth, Yet
 more and more, ij. yet more and more the quenchlesse fire increaseth, in-
 creaseth, which to my greater torment neuer ceaseth. which to my greater torment
 neuer ceaseth. yet more and more, ij. ij. yet more and
 more the quenchlesse fire increa- feth, which to my greater torment
 ne-uer cea- feth.

A

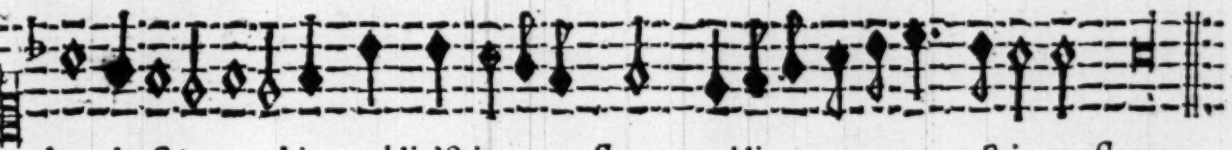
S matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues, faire *Leo-nil-la*,As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues, faire *Le-o-nilla*, faire *Le-o-nil-**la*, faire *Leo-nilla*, So thy fowre-sweet loues: ij.For when young *A-**cons* eye thy proud hart tames, for when young *Acons* eye thy proud hart

tames, ij.

Thou dyest in him, and liuest in my

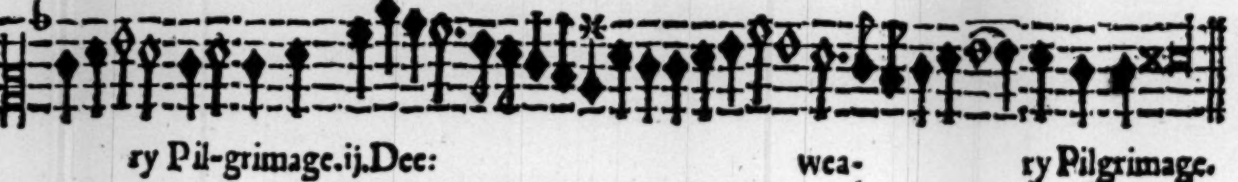
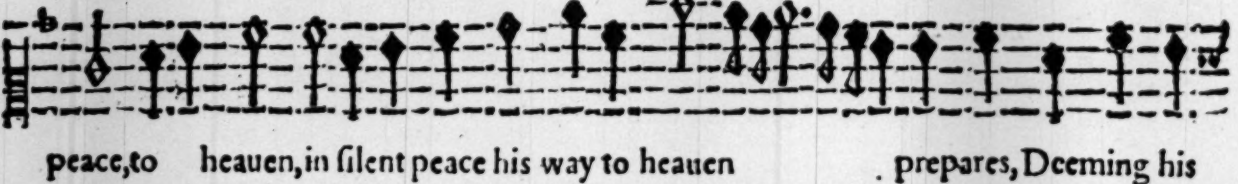
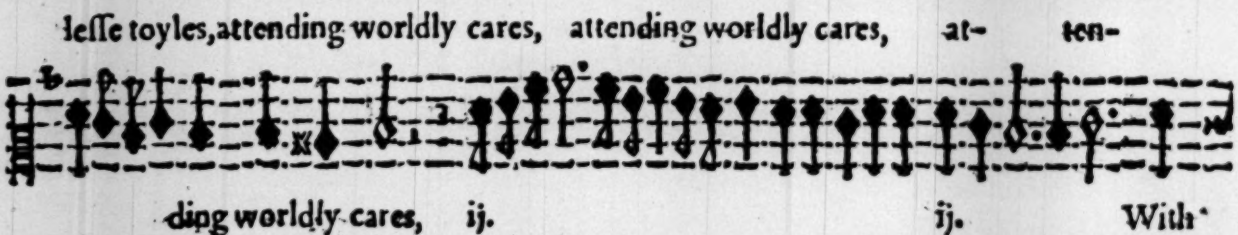
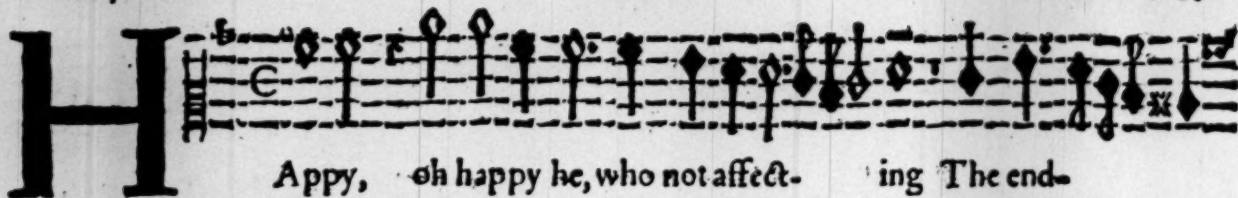
flames. Thou dyest in him, and liuest in my flames. For when young *Acons* eye thyproud hart tames, for when young *Acons* eye, for when young *Acons* eye thy

proud hart tames, Thou dy'st in him, and liuest in my flames.

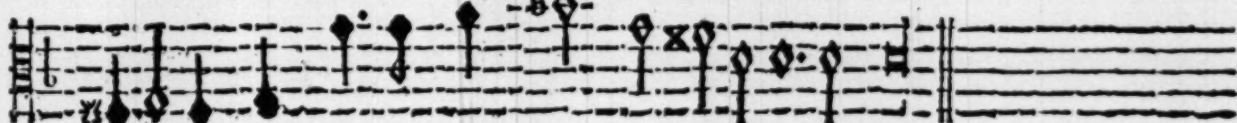
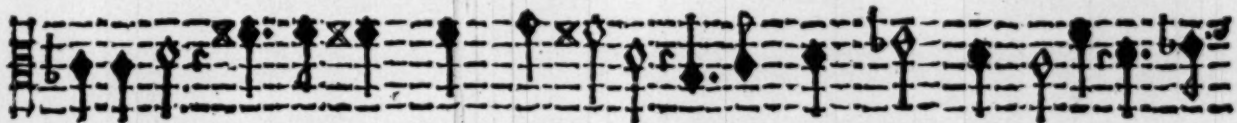
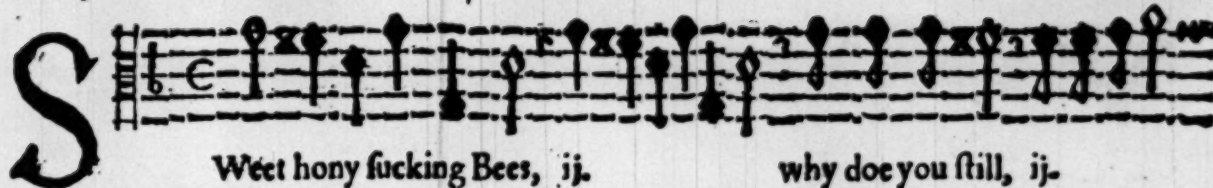


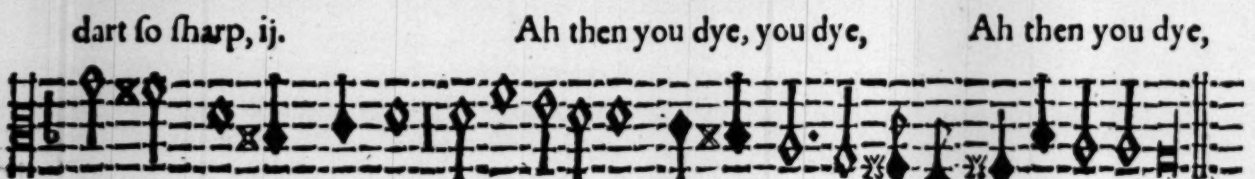
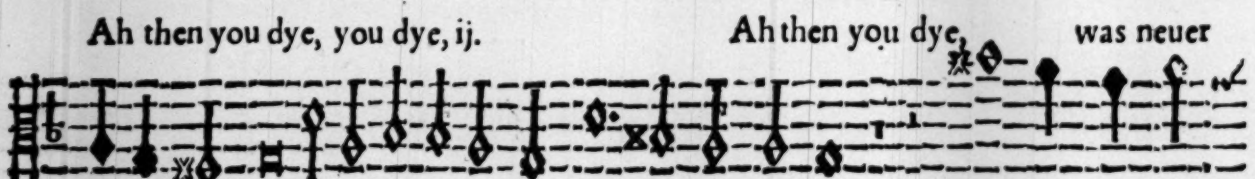
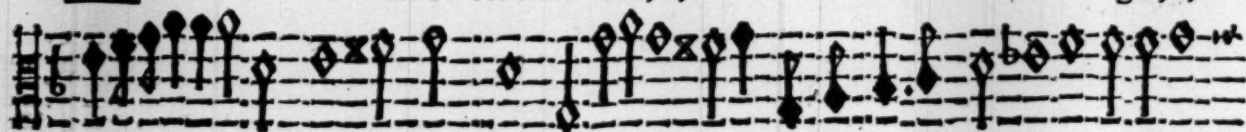
thou dyest in him, and liu'st in my flames, and liuest in my flames.

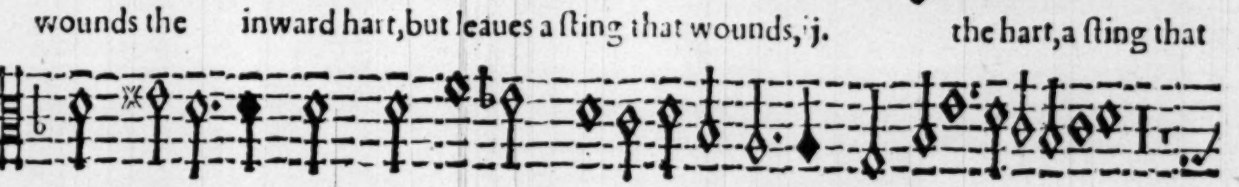
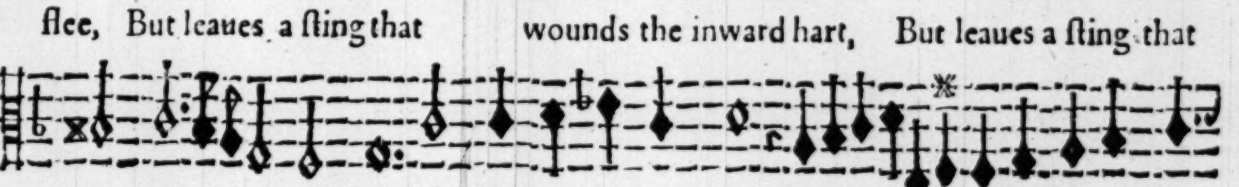
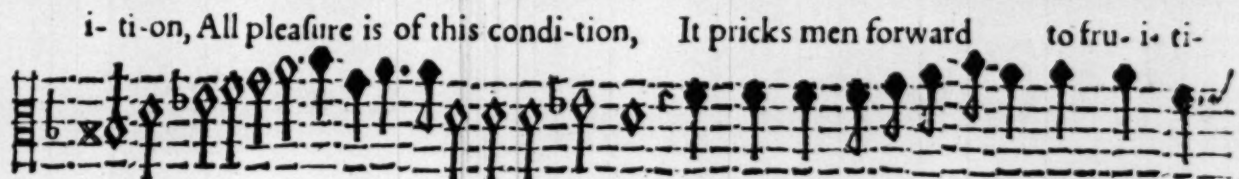
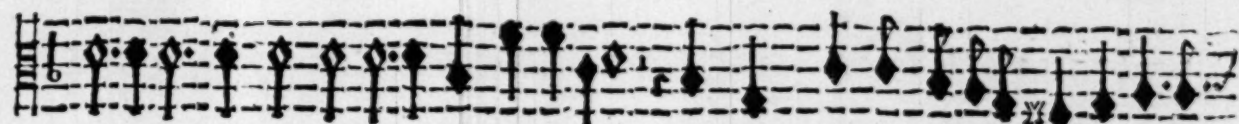
D



Here endeth the Songs of 4. parts.



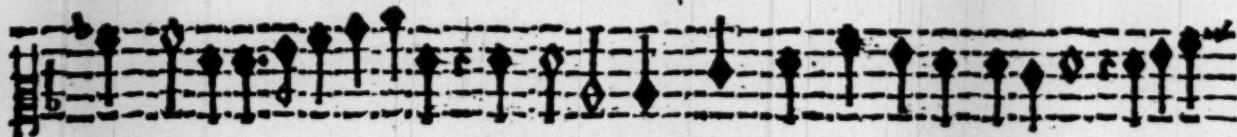




O



Et haue I vow'd how dearely I did loue thee, how deerey I did

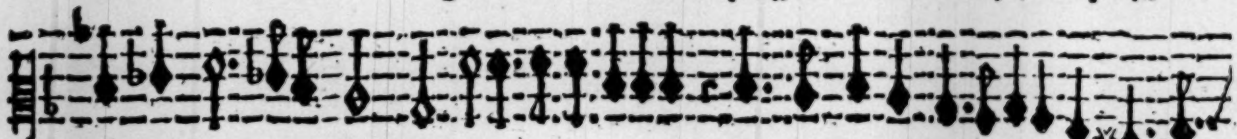


loue thee, ij.

And oft obseru'd thee with all willing du- tie, ij.



Sighs I haue sent stil hoping to remoue thee, stil hoping, stil



ho- ping to re- moue thee, ij.

Millions of tears, ij.

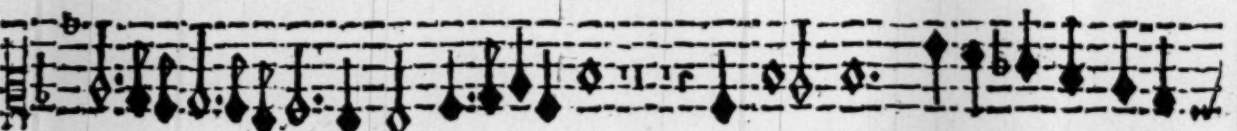
I tendred



to thy beautie, millions of teares, I tendred to thy beautie, Yet thou of sighs & filly



tears regardles, yet thou of sighs yet thou of sighs, and filly tears regardles, suffrest



my fee- ble hart to pine with an- guish, Whilst all my barren



hopes returne reward- lesse, My better dayes do wast, and I doe languish, ij.



My better dayes do wast, & I do languish, do languish,

D Owne in a valley, ij. ij. as *Alexis* trips, downe in a

valley, ij. ij. as *Alexis* trips, *Daphne* sat sweetly sleeping, ij.

Soone as the wanton toucht her ruddy lips, she nicely fals a weeping, ij.

a weeping, The wag full softly lifts her, And too and fro he sifts her, ij.

But when nor sighs, nor kisses mou'd her pittie, nor sighs could moue her

pittie, nor teares could moue her pittie, ij. With plaints he

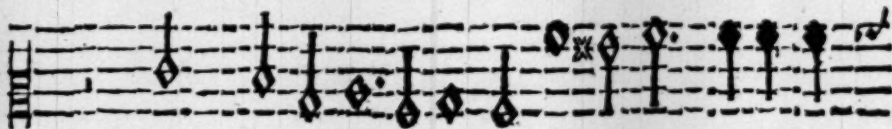
warbles forth, he warbles forth this mournfull ditty. But when nor sighs nor kisses mou'd

her pittie, nor sighs could moue her pittie, nor tears could moue her pittie, ij.

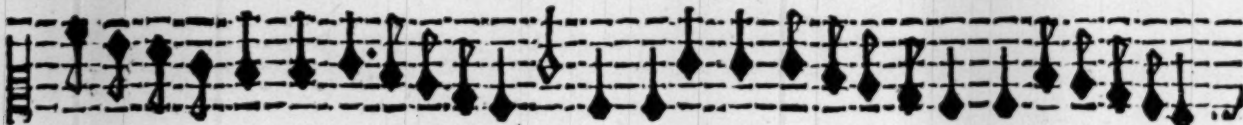
with plaints he warbles forth, he warbles forth this mournful ditty.



And Destinies are Loue and Beau- tie parted?



Fayre *Daphne* so disdainfull? disdainfull? *Cupid* thy



shafts

are too vniust- ly darterd, *Cupid* thy shafts

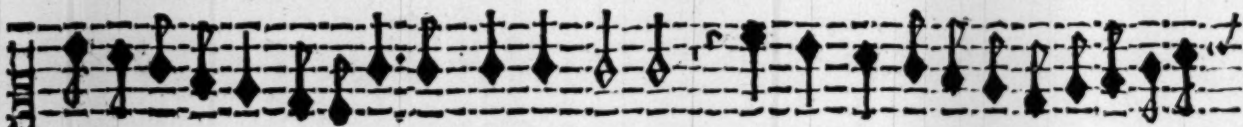
are too



vniust- ly darterd, Fond Loue thy wounds be painefull, ij.



But sith my louely Iew- ell is prou'd so coy and cruell, Ile liue and



fro-

licke in her beauties treasure, Ile liue and fro-

licke

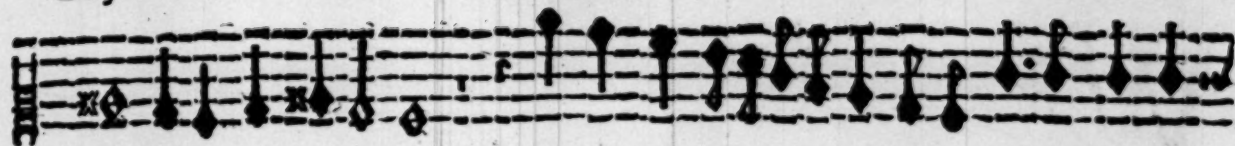


in her beauties treasure, But languish, faint, and dye in her displeasure.



But languish, faint and dye, ij.

But languish faint and dye in



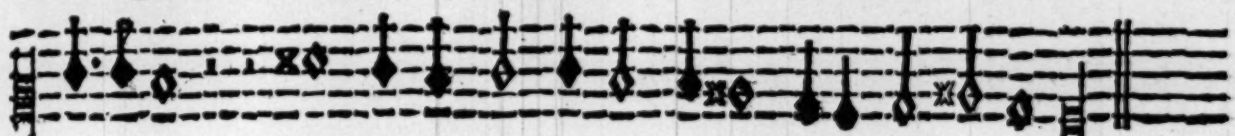
her dis- plea- sure. Ile live and fro- licke, in her beauties



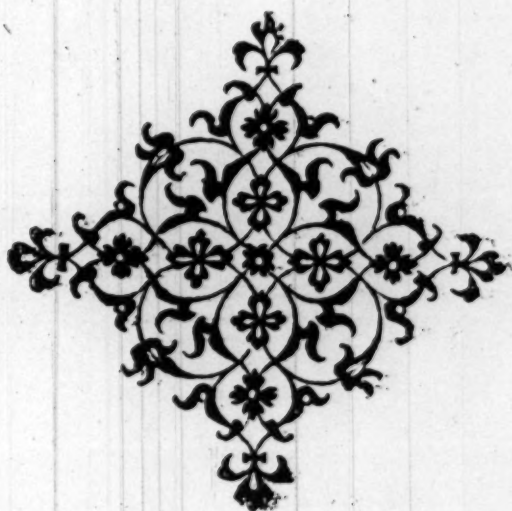
treasure, Ile live and fro- licke in her beauties treasure,

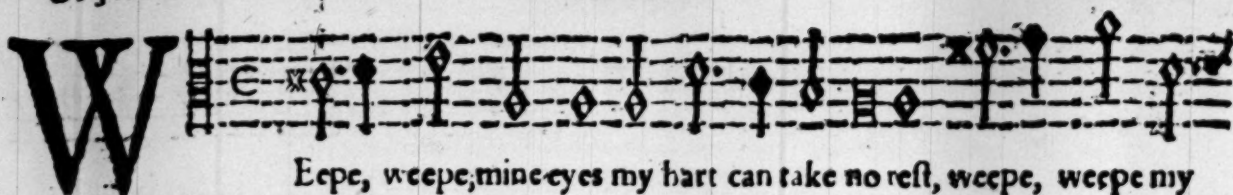


But languish, faint and dye, in her displeasure, But languish, faint and dye, ij.



But languish faint and dye in her dis- plea- sure.





Seepe, weepe, mine eyes my hart can take no rest, weepe, weepe my

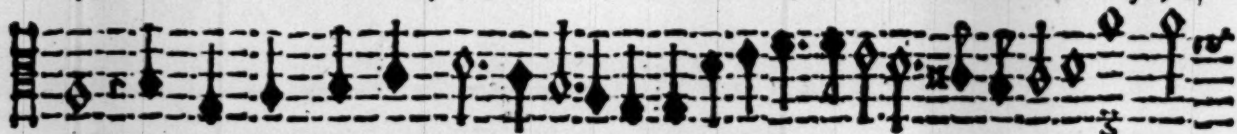


hart, mine eyes shall ne're be blest, Weepe eyes, weepe hart, and both this ac- cent



cry, A thousand deaths I dye, ij.

A thousand thousand deaths, I dye, I;



dye, a thousand thousand deaths I dye.

ij, a thousand

Aye me,



ah, ah, cruell Fortune, Aye me, Aye me, Now *Leander* to dye I feare



not, Death doe thy worst I care not, ij.

I care

not,



I hope when I am dead in *E-li-zian* plaine, ij.

ij.

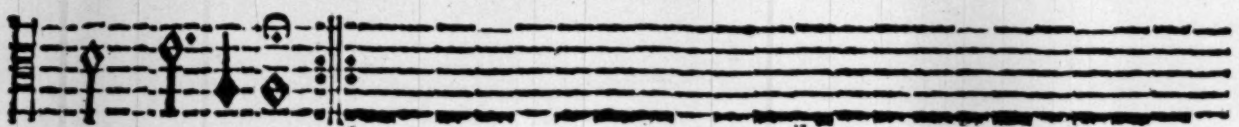
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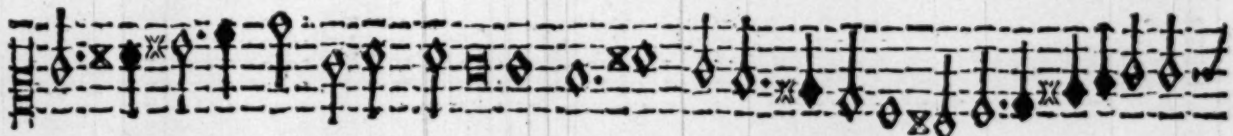
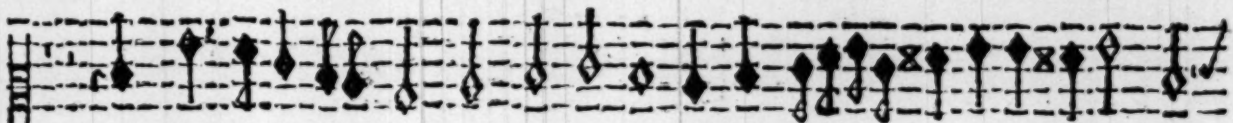
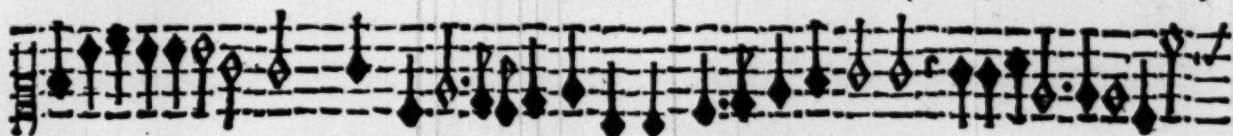
meet, and there with ioy, and there with ioy, ij.

ij.

ij.



weele lone againe,



ij.

E 2



Ee that doe live in pleasures plen- ty,



And dwell in Mu- sicks sweetest Ayres,



Whose eyes are quicke, Whose cares are dainty, Whose eyes are quicke, Whose



cares are daintie, are dain- tie, Whose eyes are quicke, Whose cares are



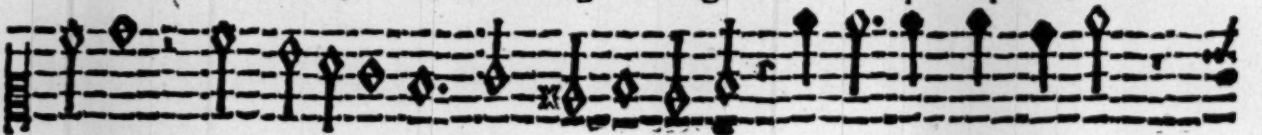
dainty, are dain- ty, Whose eyes are quicke, whose cares are



dainty, Not clogd with earth or world- ly cares, ij.



with worldly cares, Come sing this song, made in *Amphions* praise, Who now

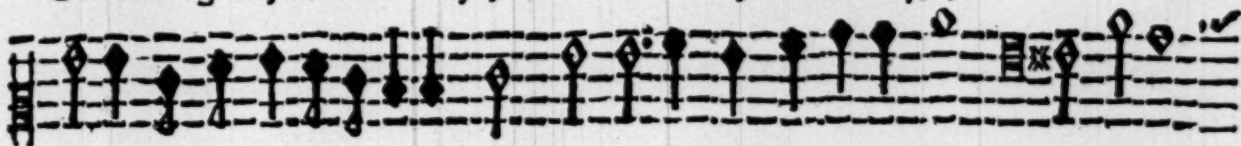


is dead, Who now is dead, ij.

yet you his Fame can raise,



Call him againe, let him not dye, Place him in fayrest memory, ij.

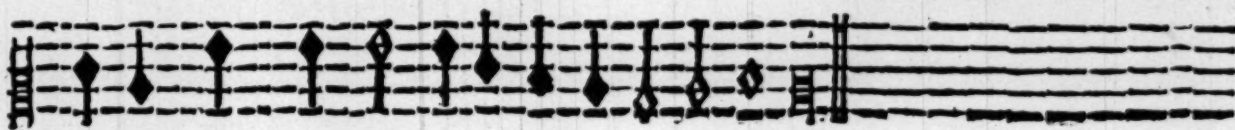


And let him triumph ouer death, And let him triumph ouer death, O, O sweetly



fung, his liuing wish attend yee, ij.

These were his words, the



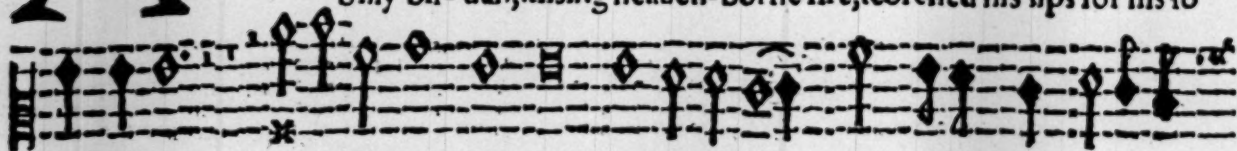
mirth of heauen, God send yee. ij.



A



Silly Sil- uan, kissing heaven-borne fire, scorched his lips for his so



fond fire: I not so fond, but gaz'd, And all my hart straight into flames was



turned: And all my hart straight, ij. into flames was turned, ij.



And all my hart straight into flames was turned, ij. ij.



ij. was turned. The Siluan iustly suffred for his kisse, His fire was



stolne, and stolne things goe amisse, ij. But I alas vniustly, ij.



but I alas vn- iustly, ij. for to haue her her heavenly fire the



Gods and graces gaue her, the Gods and graces gaue her. ij. ij.



the Gods and graces gaue her.

Here endeth the Songs of 5. parts.



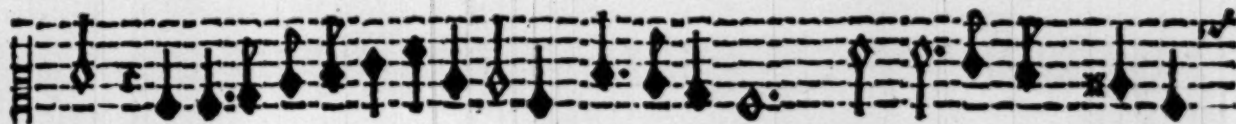
Wretched man, O wretched man, why lou'st thou earthly



life? Which naught enioyes but cares and end- lesse trouble? What plea- sure



here but breeds a world of griefe? What pleasure here but breeds a world of



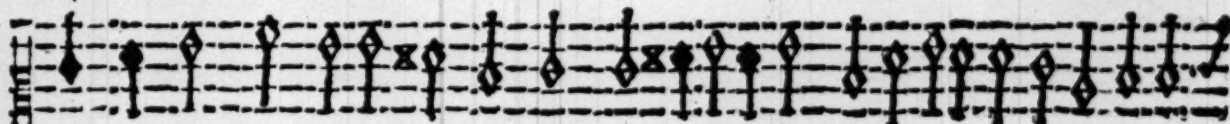
griefe? ij.

a world of griefe? What howers ease that



anguish doth not double? ij.

No earthly



ioyes but haue their discontents, but haue their discon- tents, ij.

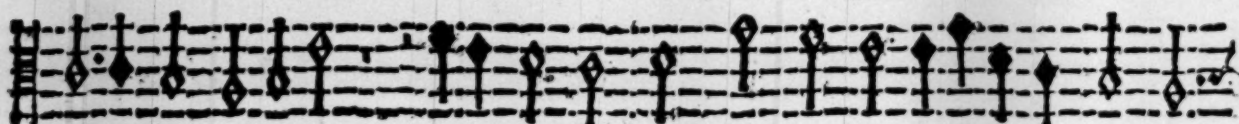
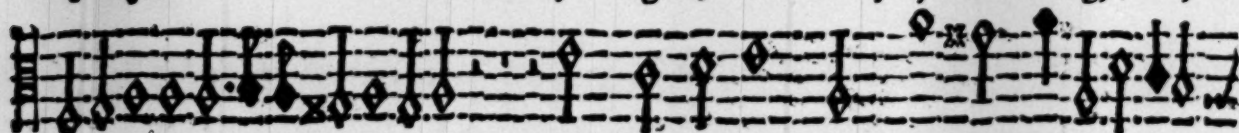
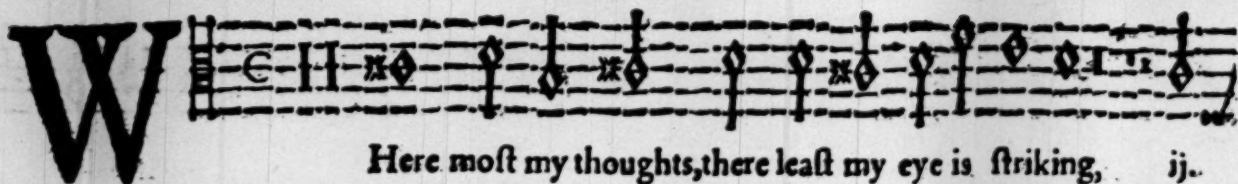
ij.



Then loath that life, ij.

ij.

which causeth such laments,



D Ifpightfull thus vn-to my selfe I lan-guish, I lan- guish I if.



spightfull thus vnto my selfe I lan- guish, And in disdaine my selfe from ioy I



banish; And in disdaine, These secret thoughts envvrap me so in anguish, That life I



hope will soone from body vanish, And to some rest will quickly be conuay- ed,



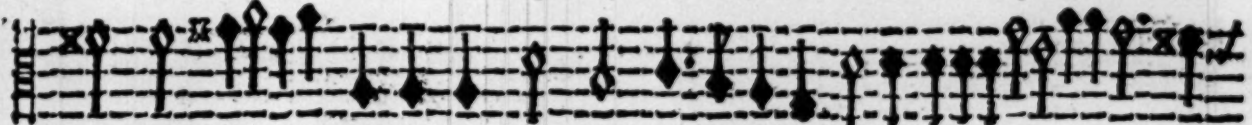
ij.

And to some rest will quickly be conuay- ed,



ij.

will quickly be conuayed, That on no ioy while so I



liu'd hath stay- ed. And to some rest vvill quickly be conuayed, ij.



And to some rest vvill quick- ly be conuayed, That on no ioy while



so I liu'd hath stay- ed. While so I liu'd hath stayed.

A



H cannot sighs, nor teares, nor ought else moue thee, to pittie me? to



pit-ty, pittie me, to pittie me? Who more then life doe loue thee, then life doe loue thee,



O, O cruell fates, ij.

See now away shee's flying, ij.

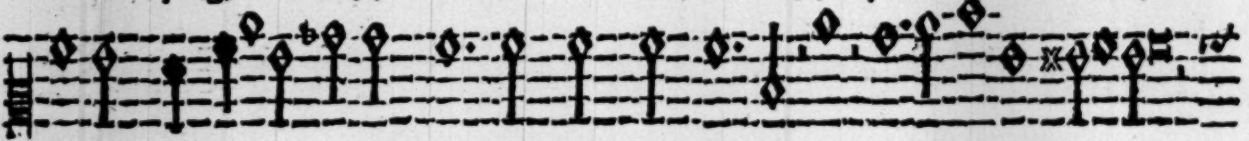


ij.

And flye she will alas, and leaue me dying, alas, alas, a- las, and



leaue me dying, Farewell, ij. farewell most faire, farewell, ij. yet more disdainfull, Was



neuer grieve, ij.

like mine, nor death more painfull, O, O cruell fates, ij.



See now away shee's flying, ij.

ij.

And flye she will, alas, and

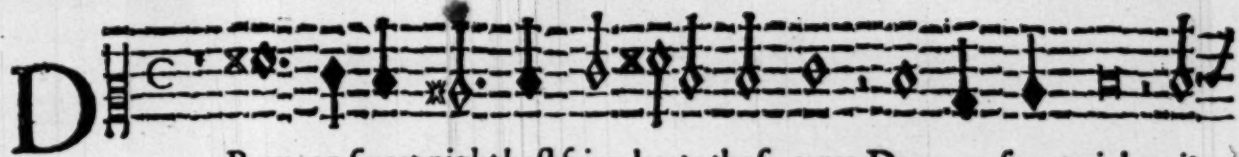


leaue me dying, alas, alas, a- las & leaue me dying, Farewel, ij. ij. most faire, fare-

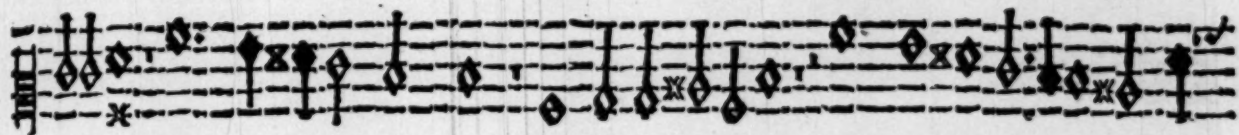


wel, ij. yet more disdainful, was neuer grieve, ij.

like mine, nor death more painfull,



Draw on sweet night best friend vnto those cares, Draw on sweet night, ij.



best friend vnto those cares, That doe a- rise, arise from painfull melancholy, My



life so ill through want of comfort fares, ij.

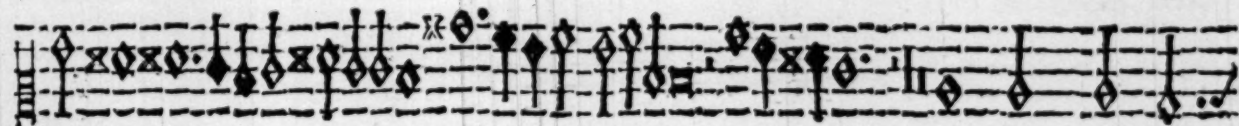
That vnto thee I



consecrate it wholly, ij.

ij.

Sweet night



draw on, ij.

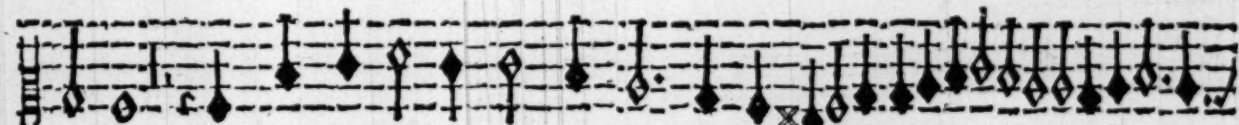
ij.

ij.

ij.

ij.

my griefes when they



be told To shades & darknes, find some ease from pain- ing, ij.



And while thou all in silence dost en-

fold, ij.



I then shall haue best time for my complai- ning, for my complaining. ij.



for my complai- ning. ij.

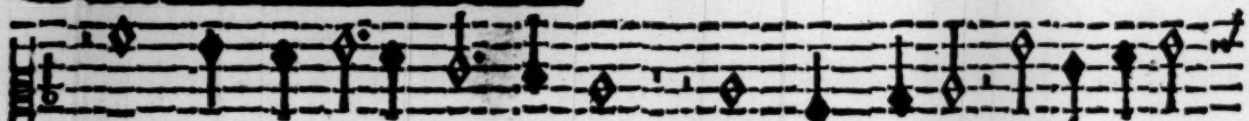
F 2

TAY *Coridon* thou swaine, talke not

so soone of dying, of dy- ing,



ij.



What though thy hart be flaine? be flaine? What though thy hart, ij.



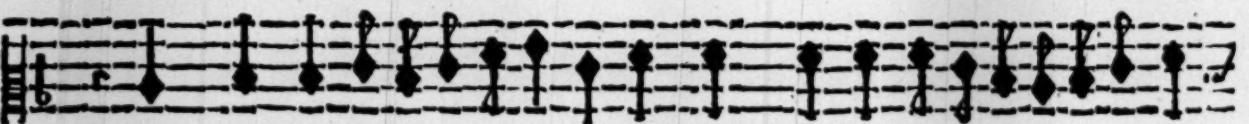
be flaine? ij.

What if thy loue be flying? She threatens thee



but dares not strike, ij.

But dares not strike,



Thy Nymph is light,

is light, Thy Nymph is light

and



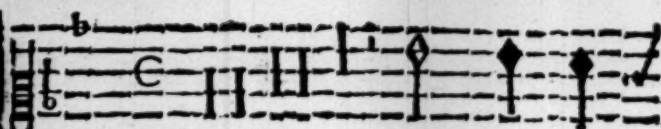
shadow like, ij.



and shadow like,

Thy Nymph is light and shadow like, For if thou

follow her, ij. sheele flye, sheele flye from thee,
 For if thou follow her, ij. sheele flye from
 thee, But if thou flye from her, sheele fol- low thee. sheele
 follow thee. But if thou flye from her sheele follow thee, ij.
 ij. For if thou follow her, ij. sheele flye,
 sheele flye from thee, For if thou follow her, ij. sheele
 flye from thee, But if thou flye from her, sheele
 fol- low thee. sheele follow thee. But if thou flye
 from her, sheele follow thee. ij. sheele follow thee.



Softly, O softly :

Now powre out



teares apace, ij.



Now powre out teares apace, Now



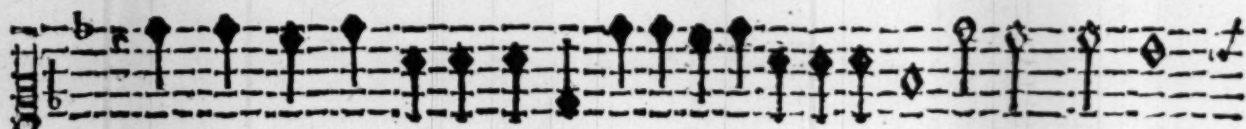
stay, O heavy case,

O griefe, O ioy, why strue you so? Can paynes, and



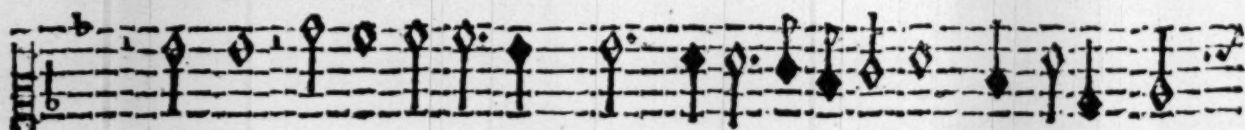
ioyes, can paynes and ioyes

in one poore hart consent? Then sigh



Then sigh and sing, reioyce, lament, ij.

lament, Aye me,



Aye me, ij.

O passions strange and vi-

lent, Was neuer wretch



so sore tormented, Nor ioy, nor griefe, can make my hart contented, ij.

Of 6. voc.

XXXIII.

ALTUS.

conten- ted, For while with ioy I looke on
 hye, Downe, downe I fall with griefe and dye. ij. Downe,
 downe I fall, ij. ij. Downe, downe I fall, For while vvith ioy I
 looke on hye, ij. Downe, downe I
 fall, for while with ioy I looke on hye I fall, and dye.



Ong haue I made these hills and val- lies weary, With noyse of

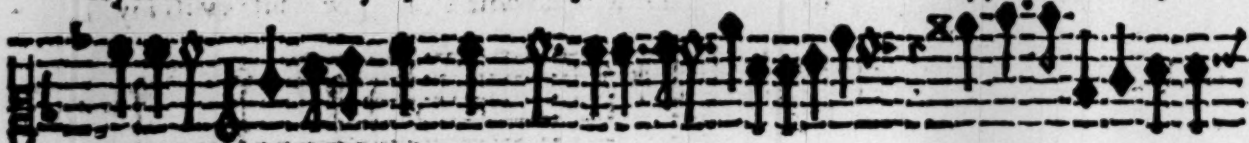


these my shrikes and cryes that fill the aire, ij. of.

with



cryes that fill the ayre, She onely who should make me mery, That I a-las, that

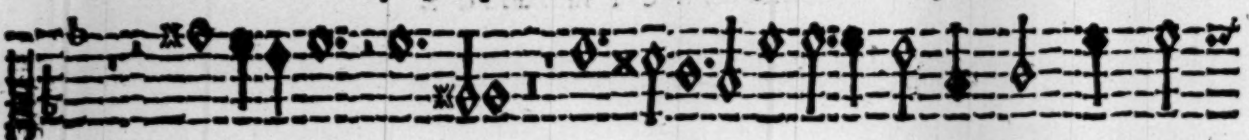


I alas, misfortunes sonne and heyre, ij.

that I a-las, alas, mis-



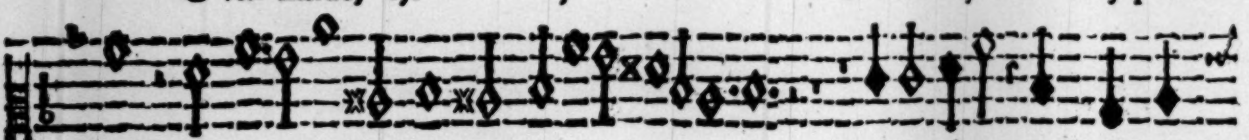
fortunes sonne and heyre, Hope in none o- ther hope but in dispaire, O vnkind,



O vn- kinde, ij.

ij.

If thus my death may please

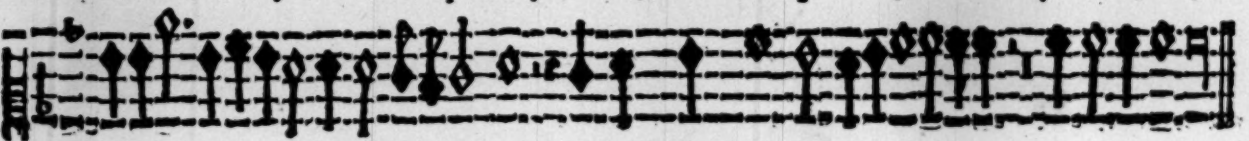


thee, Then dye I will to ease thee, ij.

Yet if I dye, the world will



thee controule, And write vpon my tombe, O sweet departure, Loe here lyes one, ij.



ij.

(Alas poore soule) A true loues Martyr, ij.

ij.

FINIS.

QVINTVS.

THE SECOND SET
OF
MADRIGALES
TO

3. 4. 5. and 6. parts,
apt both for Voyals and
Voyces.

Newly Composed
BY
IOHN WILBYE.



LONDON:

Printed by *Tho. Este alias Snodham*, for *John
Browne*, and are to be sold at his shop in
S. Dunstons Churchyard in Fleetstreet.

TO THE MOST NOBLE and Vertuous Lady, the Lady *Arbella Stuart.*

Madame.



THE deepe understanding you haue in all the Arts, and, perticular excellency in this of Musicke, doth by a certaine kinde of right, challenge the Dedication of the better sort of Labours in that Facultie; especially in these times when Musicke sits solitary among her sister Sciences, and (but for your Honour) often wants the fortune to be esteemed (for so shee is worthy) euen among the worthiest. But besides that generall right, my true and zealous deuotion long since desirous to expresse it selfe in any humble dutie to your Honour, and borne up by the daily experience of your most Noble and singular disposition, hath neuer thought upon other Patron for this work, then your Honour, whose neuer-failing Iudgement in the depth of Musicke, I do wish might be pleased with some of these; which happinesse if they attaine, I know not what iudgement can avow to mislike them. Howsoeuer they behaue themselves, I humbly beseech your Honour, to beleue this truth; that they are the sincere oblations of a heart euer prepared for your seruice. And so with all humble and due reuerence done to your Honour, I beseech the Almighty to make you in all the passages of your life truely happy, as you are in the worlds true opinion vertuous.

Your Honours most humbly

deuoted and obliged:

JOHN WILEYE.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. Voyces.

C ome shepheard Swaynes that wont to heare me sing.	I
Flourish yee hillockes set with fragrant flowers.	II
Ah, cruell <i>Amarillis</i> since thou takst delight.	III
So light is Loue in matchlesse beautie shining.	IIII
As fayre as Morne, as fresh as May.	V
O what shall I doe, or whither shall I turne me?	VI
I live, and yet me thinks I doe not breath.	VII
There is a Jewell which no Indian Mines can buy.	VIII

Risposta.

Songs to 4. Voyces.

W hen <i>Cloris</i> heard of her <i>Aminas</i> dying.	IX
Happy streames whose trembling fall.	X
Change me O heauens into the Ruby stone.	XI
Loue not me for comely grace.	XII
Fly not so swift my Deere.	XIII
I loue alas, yet am not loued.	XIIII
As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues.	XV
Happy, oh happy he who not affecting.	XVI

Songs to 5. Voyces.

S weet hony sucking Bees.	<i>First Part.</i>	XVII
Yet sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get.	<i>Second part.</i>	XVIII
All pleasure is of this condition.		XIX
Oft haue I vowde how deerly I did loue thee.		XX
Downe in a valley as <i>Alexis</i> trips.	<i>First Part.</i>	XXI
Hard Destinies are Loue and Beautie parted?	<i>Second Part.</i>	XXII
Weepe O mine eyes, my heart can take no rest.		XXIII
There where I saw her louely beautie painted.		XXIIII
Yee that doe liue in pleasures plenty.		XXV
A silly Siluan kissing heauen-borne fire.		XXVI

Songs to 6. Voyces.

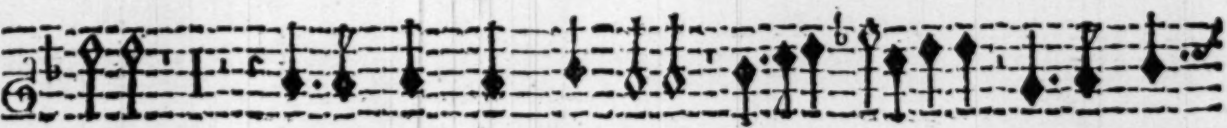
O Wretched man why lou'st thou earthly life?		XXVII
Where most my thought,	<i>First Part.</i>	XXVIII
Dispightfull thus vnto my selfe I languish.	<i>Second Part.</i>	XXIX
Ah cannot sighes, nor teares.		XXX
Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares.		XXXI
Stay <i>Coridon</i> thou Swaine.		XXXII
Softly, O softly drop mine eyes.		XXXIII
Long haue I made these hills and vallies weary.		XXXIIII

FINIS.

Of 5. voc. First Part.

XVII.

QVINTVS.



Of 5. voc.

Second part.

XVIII.

QVINTVS.

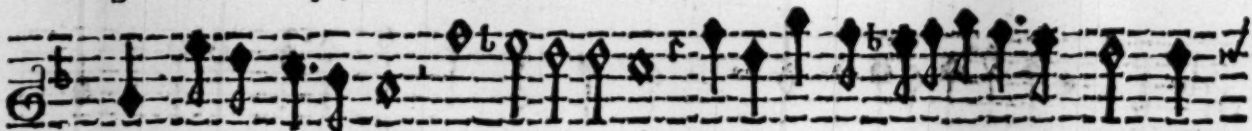
Y



Et Sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get, sting not



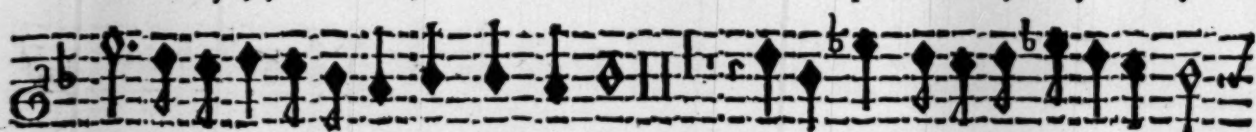
sting not her soft lips, Oh beware of that, ij. Oh be-



ware, Oh beware of that, ij. For if one fla- ming dart come



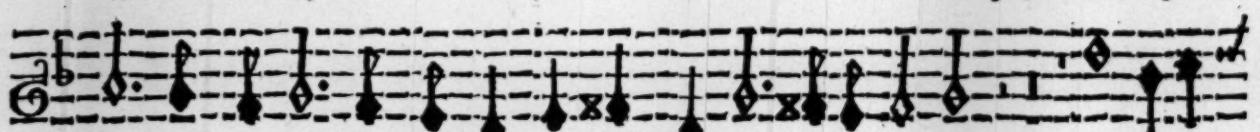
from her eye, ij. was neuer dart so sharp, Ah then you dye, then you



dye. ij. Ah then you dye. For if one fla- ming dart



come from her eye, ij. was neuer dart so sharpe, Ah then you



dye. then you dye, then you dye. Ah then you dye. then you dye. was neuer



dart so sharpe, Ah then you dye. ij. you dye. Ah then you dye. ij.



ij. you dye, Ah then you dye. you dye, Ah then you dye.

A Ll plea- fure is of this condi- ti- on, It pricks men
forward to fru- i- ti- on, ij. It
pricks men forward to fru- i- ti- on, But if enioy'd then like the humming Bee, then
like the hum- ming Bee, ij. ij.
The honie being shed away doth flee, a-
way doth flee, But leaues a sting that wounds the inward hart, But leaues a
sting that wounds, ij. ij.
With gnawing grieve, and neuer ending smart. ij.)
With gnawing grieve, and neuer ending smart.

Of 5. voc.

X X.

QVINTVS.

O



For haue I vow'd how deerely I did loue thee, how deerely I did



loue thee, ij.

And oft obseru'd thee with all willing dutie, Sighs I haue



sent, still hoping, still hoping to remoue thee, still hoping, still hoping to remoue thee,

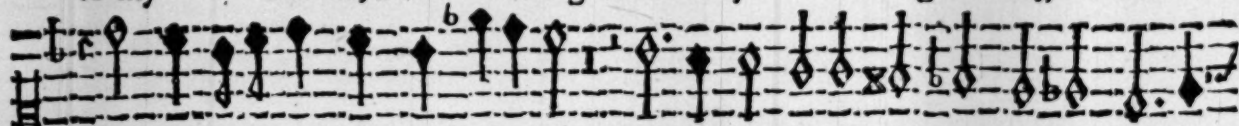


Millions of teares, ij.

I tendred to thy beautie, Millions of teares I tendred



to thy beautie, Yet thou of sighs and silly teares re-gardlesse, yet thou of



sighs and sil- ly teares re-gard- lesse, suffrest my feeble hart, my fee-ble hart to



pine with anguish, with an- guish, suffrest my fee-ble hart to pine with anguish,



Whilst all my barren hopes re- turne re- ward-

lesse, My better



dayes doe wast, and I doe languish. my better dayes doe wast and I doe



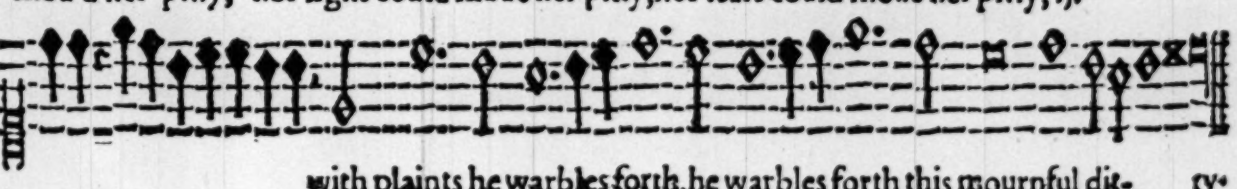
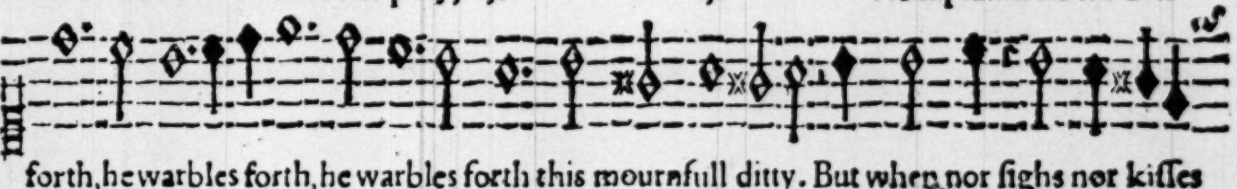
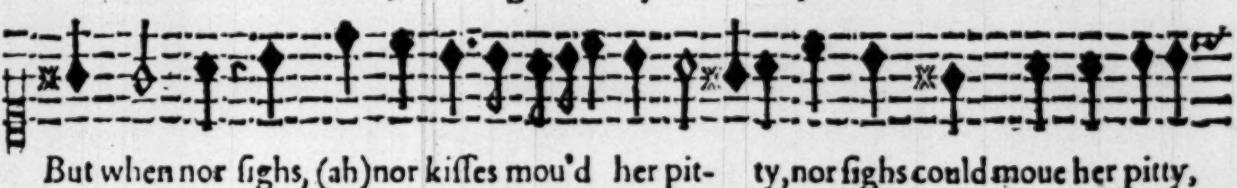
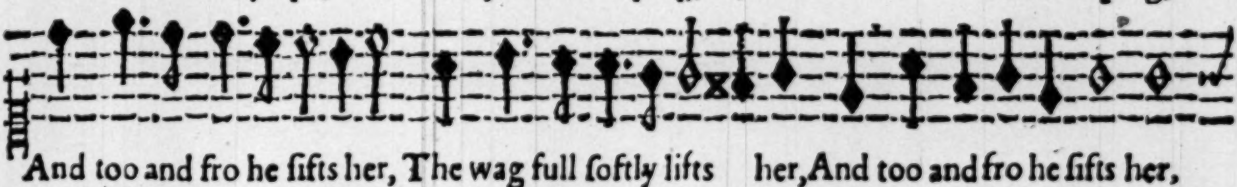
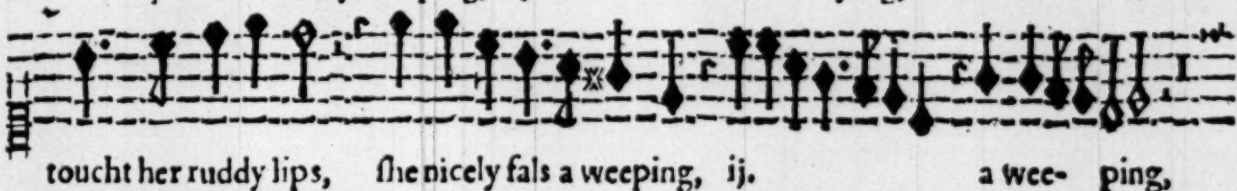
languish. my bet- ter dayes doe wast and I doe languish.

Of 5. voc.

First part.

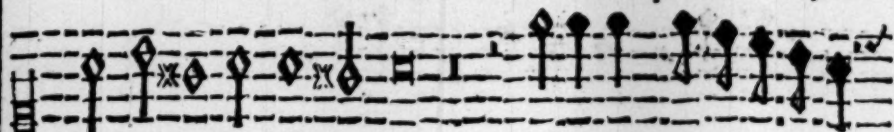
XXI.

QVINTVS.

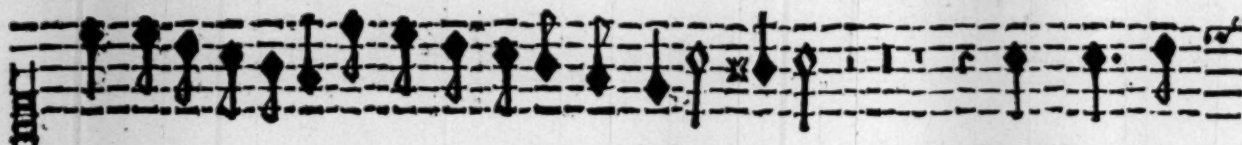




Ard Destinies are Loue and Beautie parted? Fayre.



Daphne so disdain- full, *Cupid* thy shafts



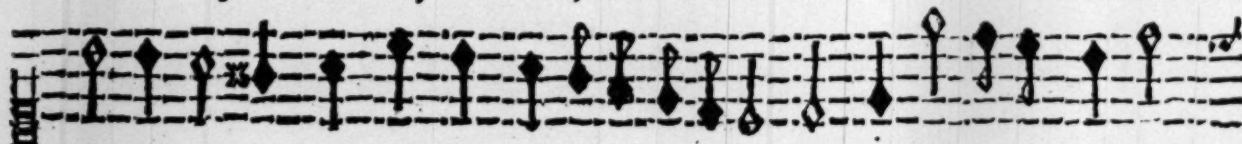
are too vn- iustly darted, Fond Loue thy



wounds be painefull, ij. But sith my louely Iew-



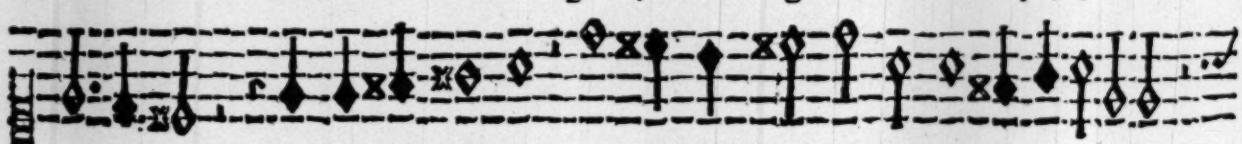
ell is prou'd so coy and cruell, Ile liue and fro- licke in her



beauties trea- sure, Ile liue and fro- licke in her beauties



trea- sure, But lan- guish, But languish, faint and dye, ij.

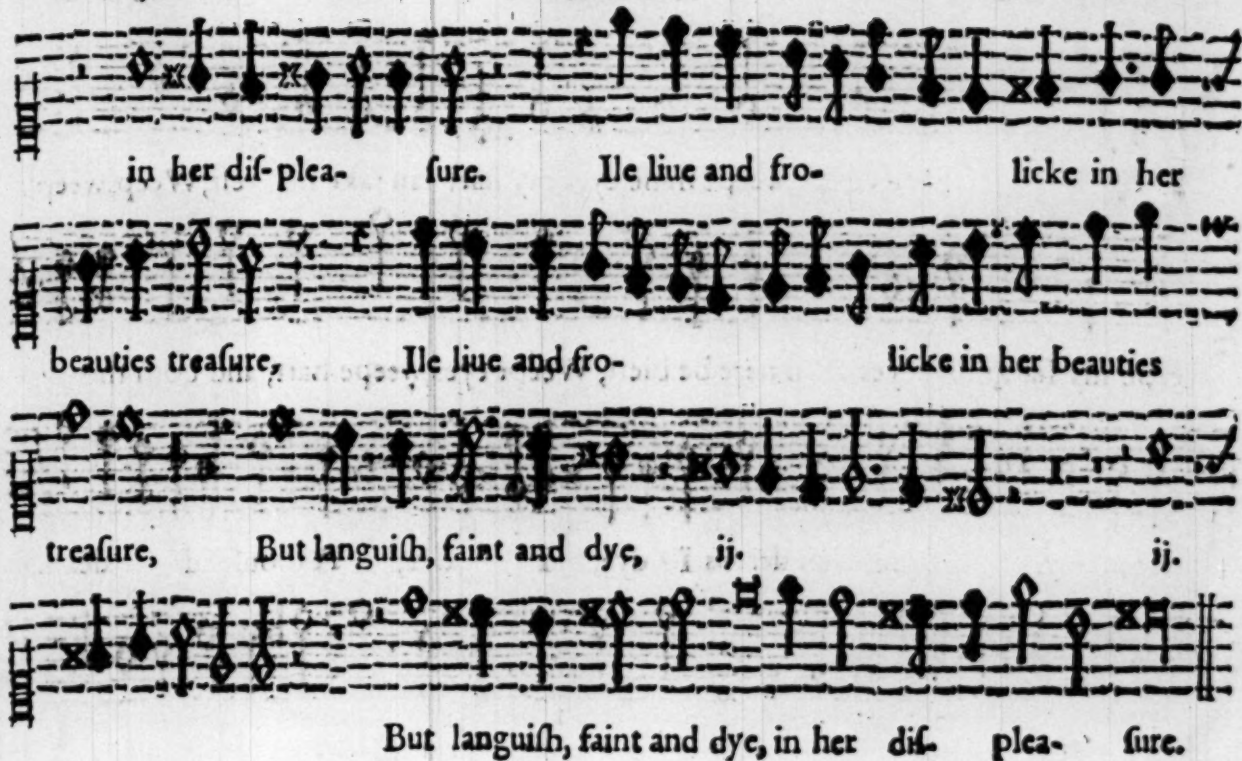


in her dis-pleasure. But languish faint and dye, ij.

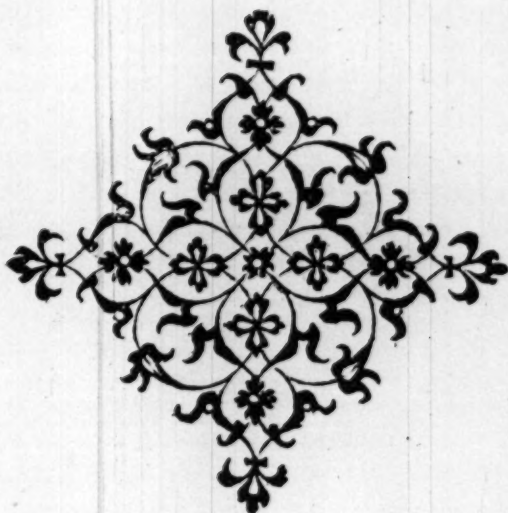
Of 5. voc.

X XII.

QVINTVS.



in her dis-plea- sure. Ille liue and fro- licke in her
 beauties treasure, Ille liue and fro- licke in her beauties
 treasure, But languish, faint and dye, ij. ij.
 But languish, faint and dye, in her dis- plea- sure.



W



Ecce, weepe, weepe mine eyes, my hart can take no rest, Weep, weep,



weepe my hart, mine eyes shall nere be blest, Weepe eyes, weepe hart, and both this



accent cry, A thousand deaths I dye, I dye, A thousand deaths



I dye, ij.

Aye me, Aye me, Now Le-ander to dye. I



feare

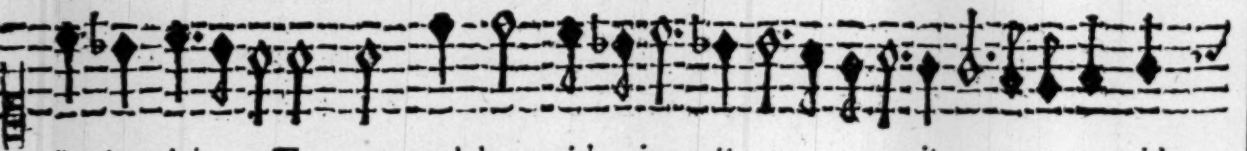
not, Death doe thy worst I care not, ij.

I



care not, I hope, I hope when I am dead in E-lizian plaine, ij.

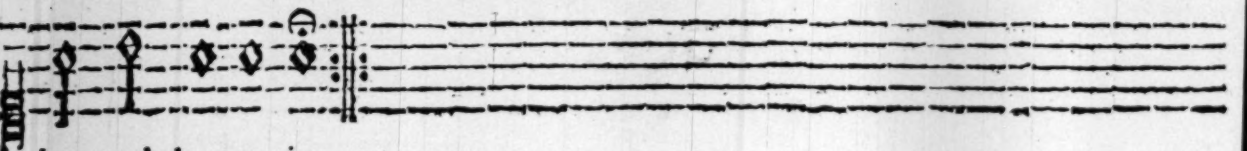
in E-



li-zian plaine To meete, and there with ioy, ij.

ij.

with

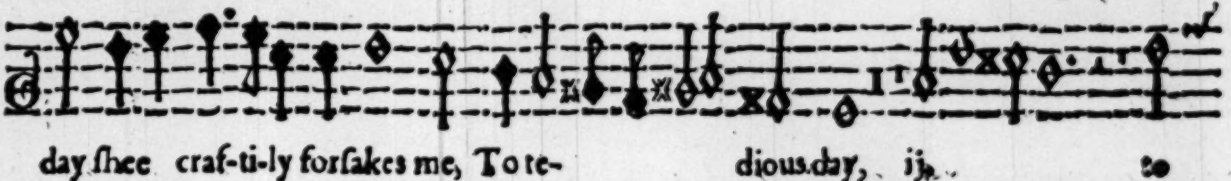
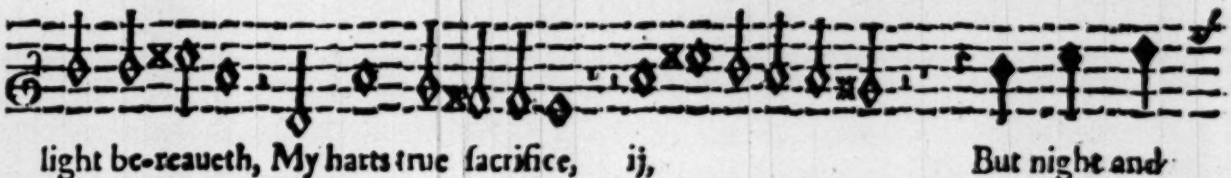
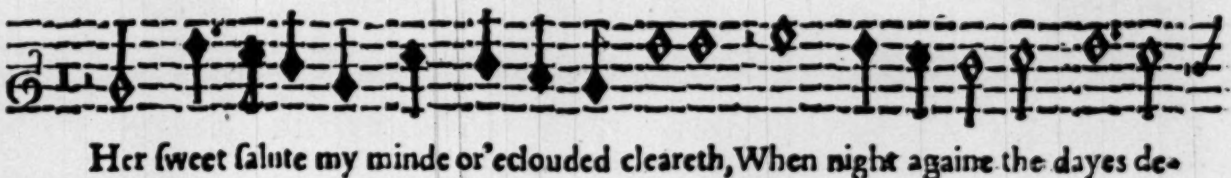
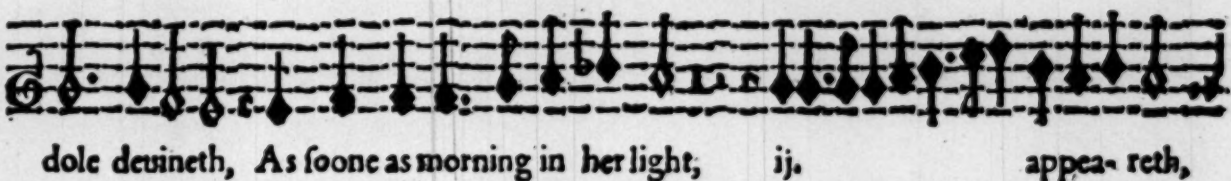
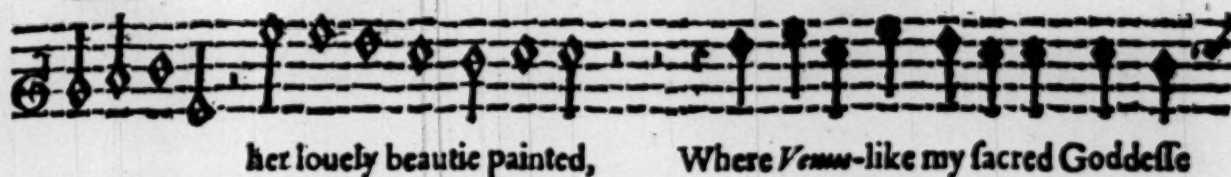
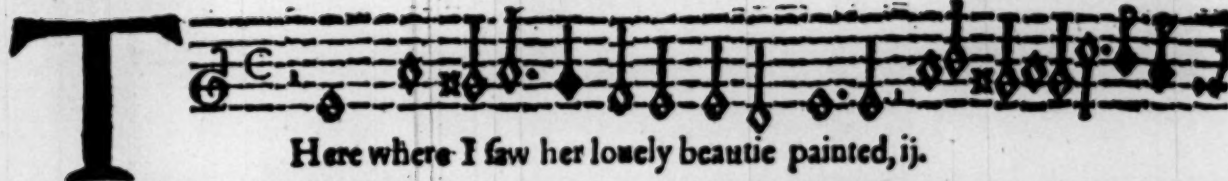


ioy weeke loue againe.

Of 5. voc.

XXIIII

QVINTVS:



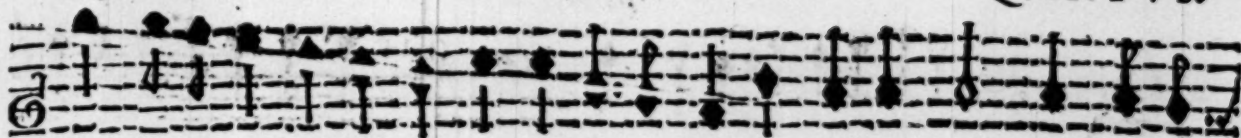


Ee that doe liue in pleasures plen-
 ty, Yee that doe liue in pleasures
 plen- ty, And dwell in Mu- sicks sweetest Ayres, and dwell, and
 dwell in Mu- sicks sweetest Ayres, Whose eyes are quicke, Whose
 eares are dainty, whose eares are dainty, are dain- ty, Whose
 eyes are quicke, Whose eares are dainty, Not clogd with earth, or
 world- ly cares, ij. Come sing this song, made
 in *Amphions* praise, Who now is dead, yet you his Fame can raise,

Of 5. voc.

XXV.

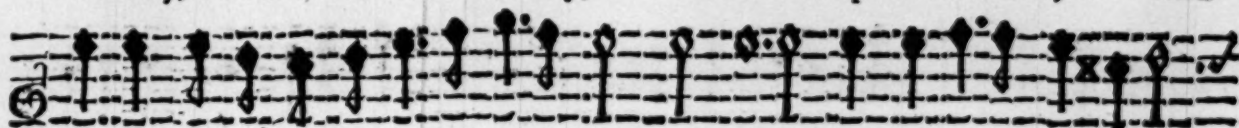
QVINTVS.



Call him againe, let him not dye, But live in Musicks sweetest breath, Place him in



memory, Place him in fairest memory, And let him triumph over death, And

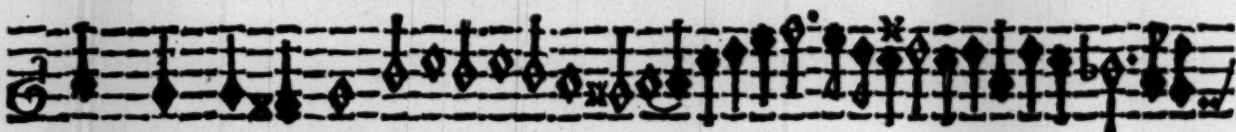
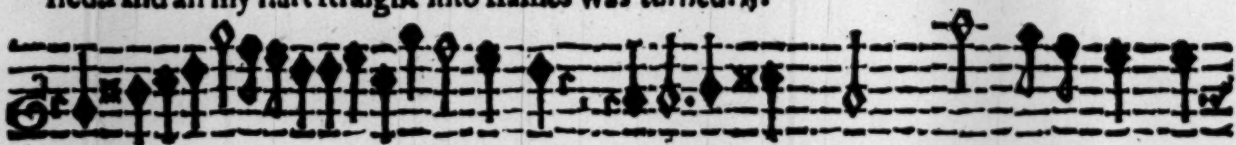
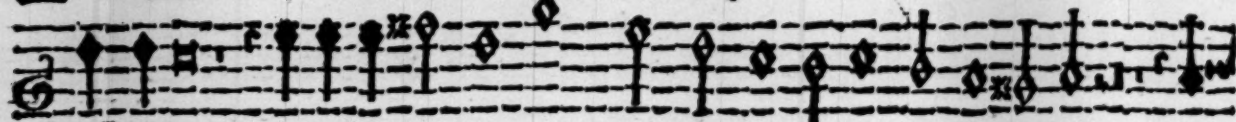
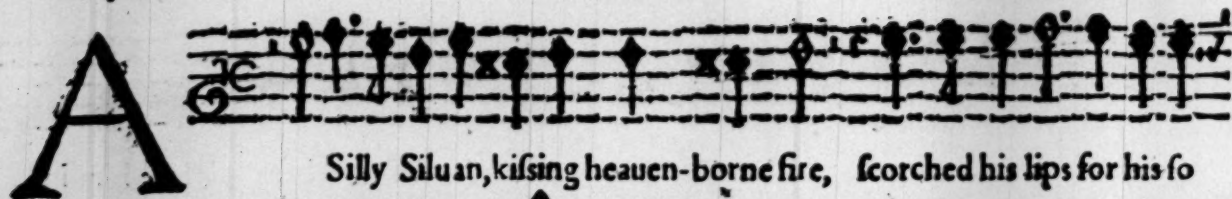


let him triumph over death : O sweetly sung, his living wish attend

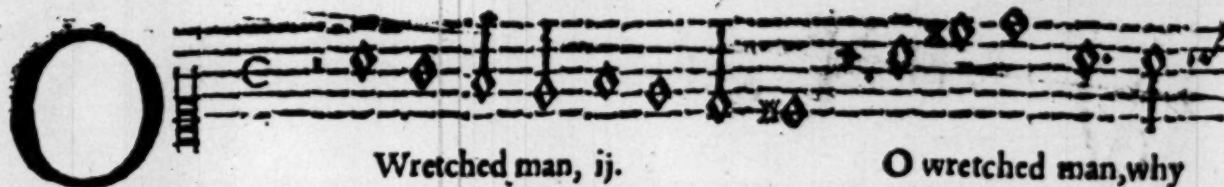


ye, These were his words, the mirth of heaven God send yee. ij.

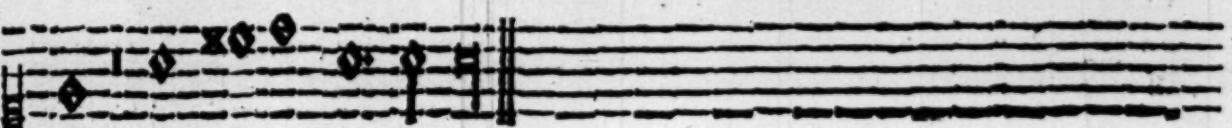
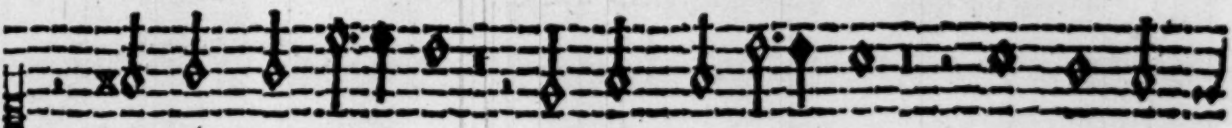
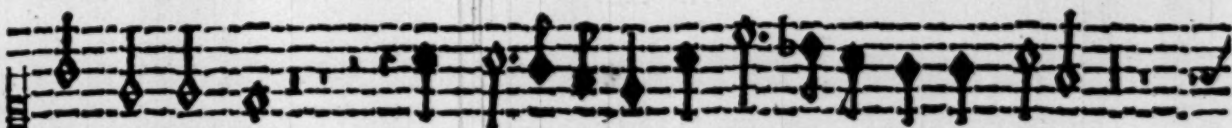
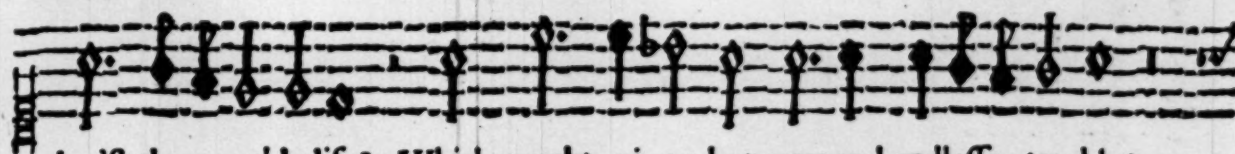


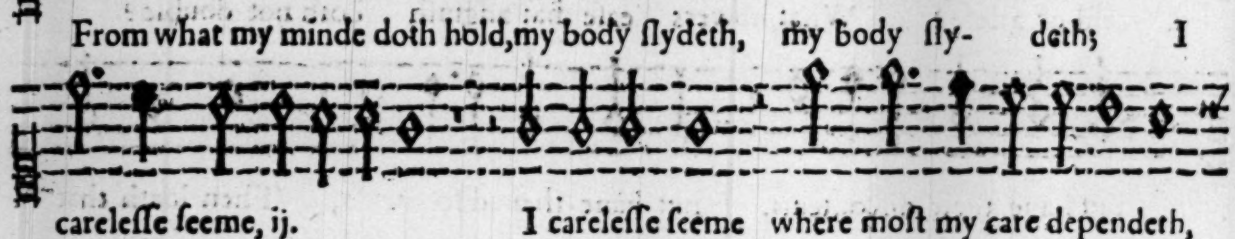
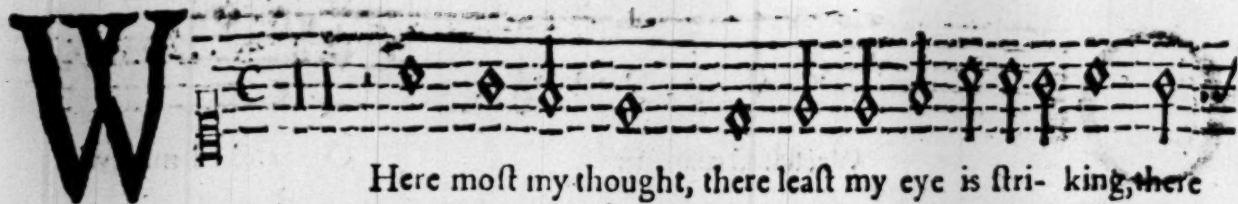


Here endeth the Songs of 5. parts.



O wretched man, why





D If pightfull thus vnto my selfe I languish, ij. And

in disdain my selfe from ioy I banish; These secret thoughts inwraps me so in anguish, in

anguish, That life I hope wil soone from body vanish, And to some rest wil quickly

be conuayed, ij. will quickly be conuayed, and

to some rest will quickly be conuay'd, and to some rest will quickly be con-

uayed, That on no ioy while so I liu'd hath stay-ed. And to some rest will

quickly be conuayed, will quickly be conuayed, and to some rest

will quickly be conuay'd, will quickly be conuayed, That on no ioy while

so I liu'd hath stayed.

A H cannot: O pittie, pittie me, to pit-ty me, Who more then life, then



life doth loue thee, O, O, cruell fates, ij,

See now away shee's flying,



ij,

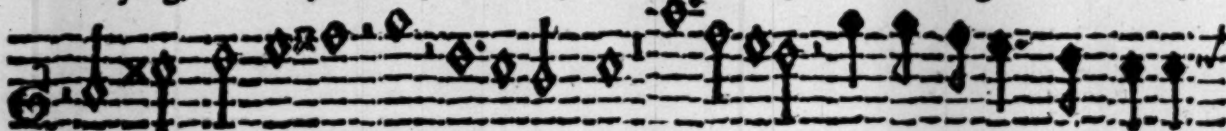
And flye

she will; ij.

Alas, a- las, & leaue



me dying, Farewell, farewell, most faire, farewell, farewell, Was ne-uer grieve like mine,



nor death so painefull, O, O, cruell fates, ij.

See now away shee's flying,



ij.

And flye

shee will and leaue me dying, and flye

she



will alas, a- las, ij.

and leaue me dy-

ing, Farewell, farewell, fare-



well most faire, farewell, farewell, yet more disdainefull, Was neuer grieve like mine,



nor death more painefull.

D  Raw on sweet night, ij. best friend vn-to those cares, That do

 a- rise from painfull melancholy, from painfull melancholy. ij. My

 life so ill through want of comfort fares, That vn-to thee, ij. I consecrate it

 wholly, That vnto thee to thee I consecrate it wholly, Sweet night draw on, ij.

 ij. ij. my griefes when they be told

 To shades & darknes, find some ease from pain- ing, And while thou all in

 silence dost en- fold, ij. ij.

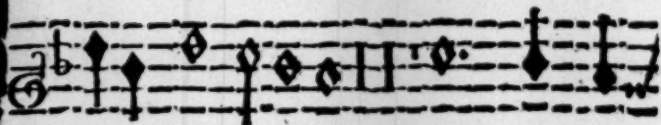
 I then shall haue best time for my complaining.

 ij. I then shall haue best time for my complaining.

D



TAY *Coridon* thou swaine, talke



not so soone of dying, What though thy



hart be slaine? ij. be



slaine? What though thy loue, ij. be fly-



ing? Shee threatens thee but dares not strike, ij. Thy



Nymph is light, and shadow like, and shadow like, ij.



ij. thy

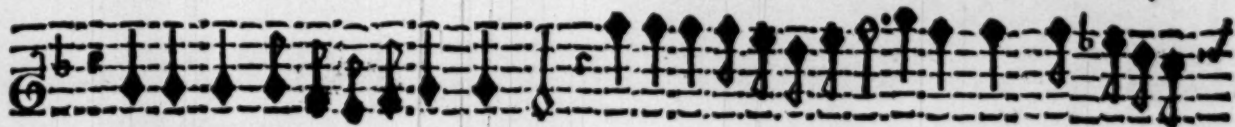


Nymph is light and shadow like, ij.



For if thou follow her, ij.

sheele flye from thee, from thee,



But if thou flye

from her, ij.

sheele fol-



low thee. But if thou flye

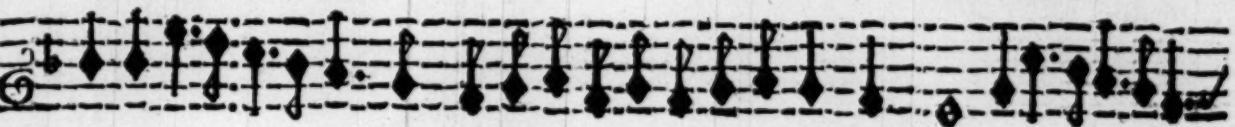
from her sheele fol-



low thee, sheele follow thee. ij.

ij.

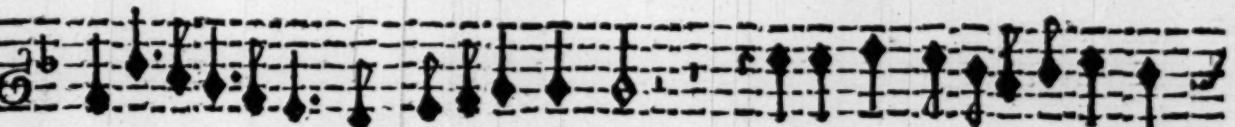
For if thou follow



ij.

sheele flye

from thee, ij.



sheele flye

from thee,

But if thou flye

from

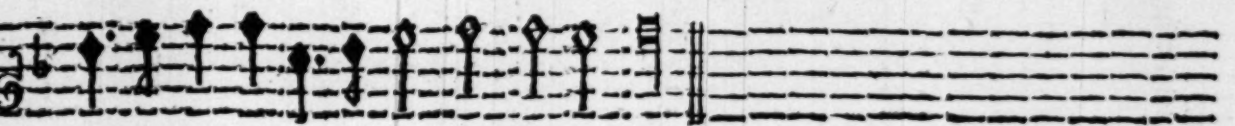


her, sheele fol-

low thee sheele follow thee.

ij.

sheele

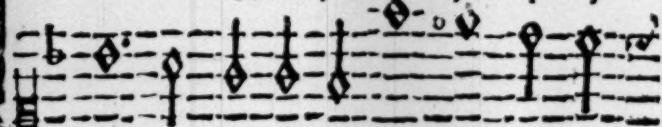


follow thee. ij.

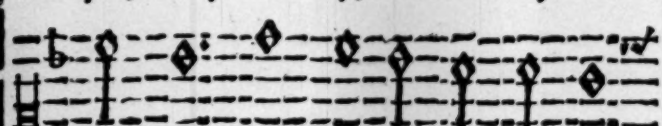
sheele follow thee.



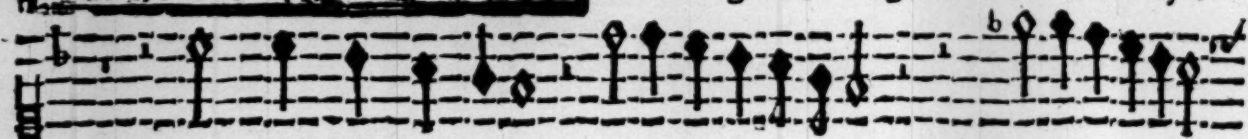
Ofily, softly O softly drop my



eyes, least you be dry, and make my hart



with grieve, with grieve to melt and dye,



Now powre out teares apace, ij.

ij.



Now stay, O heauy case, O sowre sweet, woe alas, woe a- las, alas, O



griefe, O ioy, why strue you so? Can paynes, and ioyes, ij. and



ioyes in one poore hart consent? Then sigh, Then sigh and sing, re-



ioyce, lament, ij.

Aye me,

ij.

Aye me, O passions

Of 6. voc.

XXXIII.

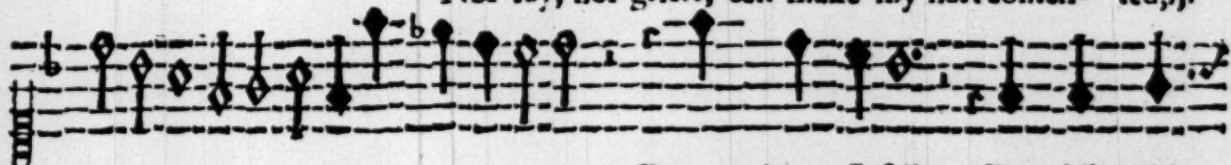
QVINTVS.



strange and vi-o-lent, Was neuer poore wretch so sore tormen- ted, ij.



Nor ioy, nor grieffe, can make my hart conten- ted, ij.



Downe, downe I fall, For while with



ioy I looke on hye, ij. ij.

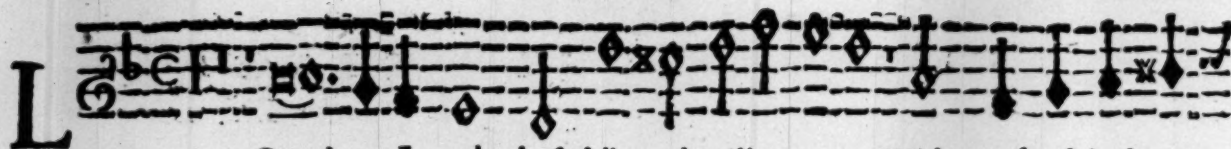


Downe, downe I fall, ij. ij. for while with ioy I looke on hye,



Downe, downe I fall. ij. Downe, downe I fall with grieffe and dye.

D 3



Ong haue I made these hils and vallies weary, With noyse of these my

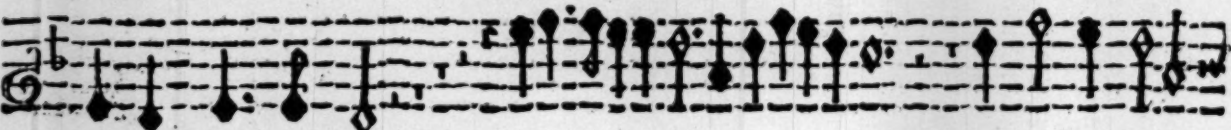


shrikes and cryes that fill the aire, ij. with

She

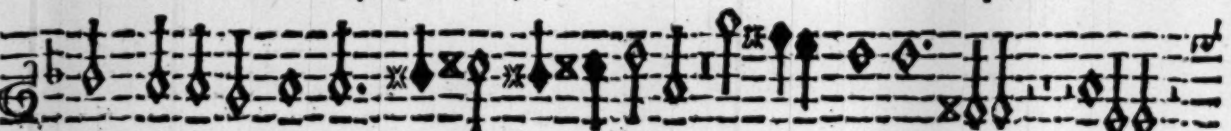


onely who should make me mery, heares not my praier, That I a-las, alas, mis-



fortunes sonne and heyre, ij.

Hope in none other



hope but in dispaire, O vnkinde, and cruell, O vnkinde, ij.

ij.



ij. and cru-ell, If thus my death may please thee, Then will I dye to



ease thee, Yet if I dye, the world will thee controule, And write vpon my tombe, O



sweet departure, Loe here lyes one, ij. (A-las poore soule)



A true loues Martyr,

ij.

A true loues Martyr.

FINIS.

4
TENOR.

THE SECOND SET
OF
MADRIGALES

TO
3. 4. 5. and 6. parts,
apt both for Voyals and
Voyces.

Newly Composed
BY
JOHN WILBYE.



LONDON:

Printed by Tho. Este alias Snodham, for Iohn
Browne, and are to be sold at his shop in
S. Dunstons Churchyard in Fleetstreet.

166
TO THE MOST NOBLE
and Vertuous Lady, the Lady
Arbella Stuart.

Madame.



THE deepe understanding you haue in all the Arts, and
perticular excellency in this of Musicke, doth by a cer-
taine kinde of right, challenge the Dedication of the bet-
ter sort of Labours in that Facultie; especially in these
times when Musicke sits solitary among her sister Sci-
ences, and (but for your Honour) often wants the fortune
to be esteemed (for so shee is worthy) euen among the worthiest. But
besides that generall right, my true and zealous deuotion long since de-
sirous to expresse it selfe in any humble dutie to your Honour, and borne
up by the daily experience of your most Noble and singular disposition,
hath neuer thought upon other Patron for this work, then your Honour,
whose neuer-failing Iudgement in the depth of Musicke, I do wish might
be pleased with some of these; which happinesse if they attaine, I know
not what iudgement can avow to mislike them. Howsoever they behaue
themselves, I humbly beseech your Honour, to beleue this truth; that
they are the sincere oblations of a heart euer prepared for your seruice.
And so with all humbl- and due reuerence done to your Honour, I be-
seech the Almighty to make you in all the passages of your life truly hap-
py, as you are in the worlds true opinion vertuous.

Your Honours most humbly

denoted and obliged:

JOHN WILBYE.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. Voyces.

C ome shepheard Swaynes that wont to heare me sing.	I
Flourish yee hillockes set with fragrant flowers.	II
Ah, cruell <i>Amarillis</i> since thou takst delight.	III
So light is Loue in matchlesse beautie shining.	IIII
As fayre as Morne, as fresh as May.	V
O what shall I doe, or whither shall I turne me?	VI
I liue, and yet me thinks I doe not breath.	VII
There is a Jewell which no Indian Mines can buy.	VIII

Risposta.

Songs to 4. Voyces.

W hen <i>Cloris</i> heard of her <i>Amintas</i> dying.	IX
Happy streames whose trembling fall.	X
Change me O heauens into the Ruby stone.	XI
Loue not me for comely grace.	XII
Fly not so swift my Deere.	XIII
I loue alas, yet am not loued.	XIIII
As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues.	XV
Happy, oh happy he who not affecting.	XVI

Songs to 5. Voyces.

S weet hony sucking Bees.	<i>First Part.</i>	XVII
Yet sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get.	<i>Second part.</i>	XVIII
All pleasure is of this condition.		XIX
Oft haue I vowde how deeply I did loue thee.		XX
Downe in a valley as <i>Alexis</i> trips.	<i>First Part.</i>	XXI
Hard Destinies are Loue and Beautie parted?	<i>Second Part.</i>	XXII
Weepe O mine eyes, my heart can take no rest.		XXIII
There where I saw her louely beautie painted.		XXIIII
Yee that doe liue in pleasures plenty.		XXV
A silly Siluan kissing heauen-borne fire.		XXVI

Songs to 6. Voyces.

O Wretched man why lou'st thou earthly life?		XXVII
Where most my thought,	<i>First Part.</i>	XXVIII
Dispightfull thus vnto my selfe I languish.	<i>Second Part.</i>	XXIX
Ah cannot sighes, nor teares.		XXX
Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares.		XXXI
Stay <i>Coriden</i> thou Swaine.		XXXII
Softly, O softly drop mine eyes.		XXXIII
Long haue I made these hills and vallies weary.		XXXIIII

FINIS.

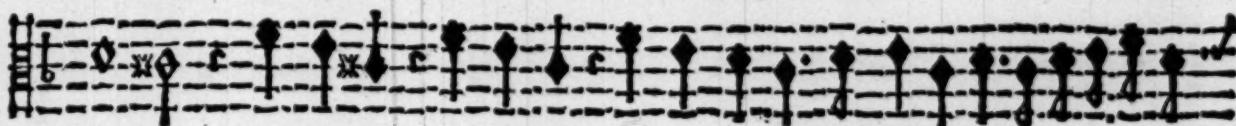


Hen *Cloris* heard of her *Amin-tas* dy-

ing, She

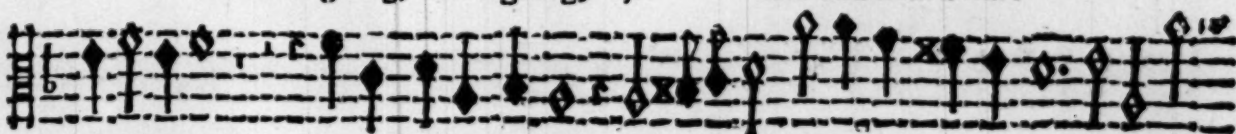


grieved, she grieved then for her unkinde denying, ij.



Oft sighing, oft sighing, ij.

fore and with a hart



vnfay-ned, I dye, I dye, I dye, I dye, ij.

I dye, I



dye, I dye she thus complayned, Whom when *Amin-tas* spyed, then both for



ioy out cryed, I loue, I loue sweet *Cloris* eye, ij.



And I *A. min-*

tas. till I dye.



Appy streames whose trembling fall, ij.



with still murmure soft- ly



gly- ding, Happy Birds whose chirping call, ij. with sweet



melody delight- ing, Hath mou'd her flin-tie and relentlesse hart



and re- lentlesse hart to li- sten to your harmo- ny, in-



chan- ted with, ij. your melody, inchan- ted



with your me- lody, Sing on and carroll forth your glee, sing on,

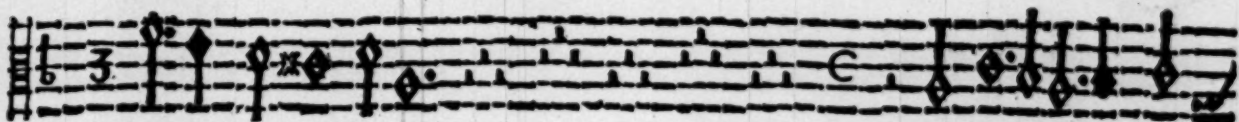


ij.

She graunts you leaue her rayes to see, her rayes to



see, She graunts you leaue her rayes to see, ij.



Happy were I, were I,

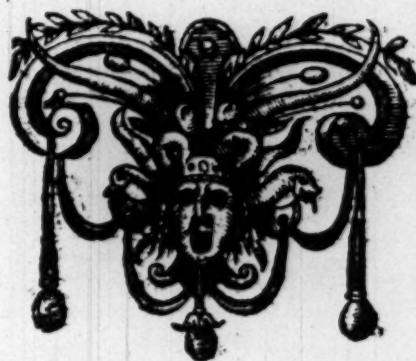
But aye alas my loue

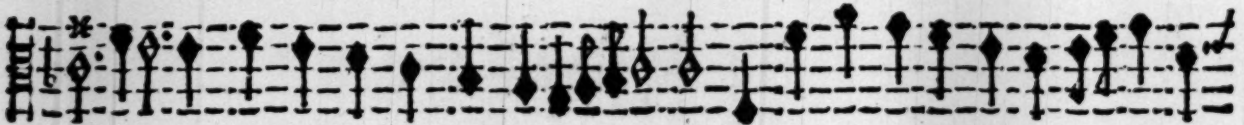
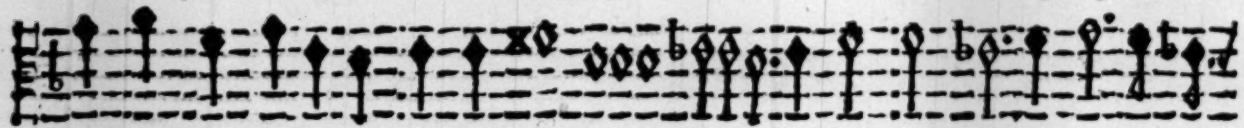
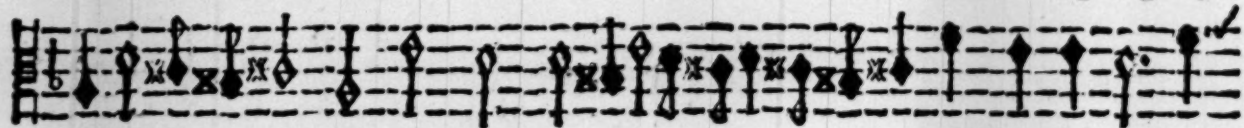
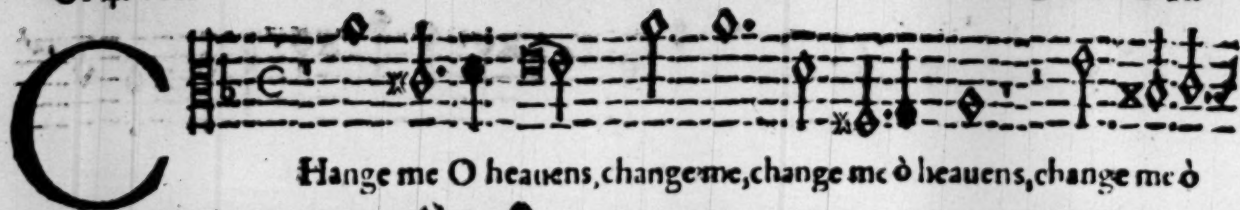


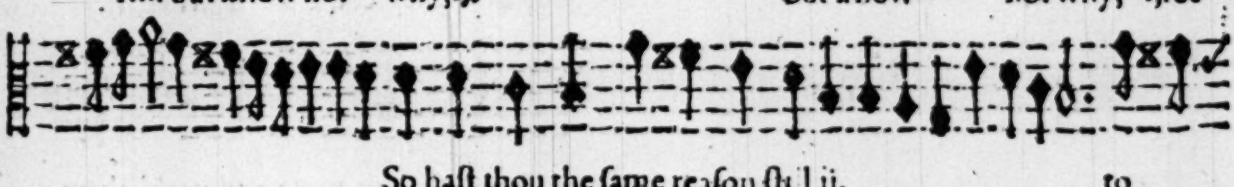
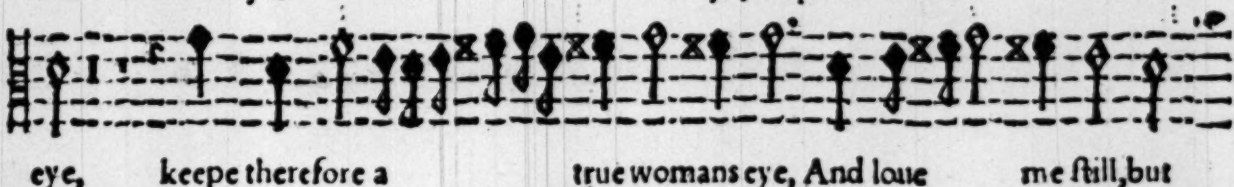
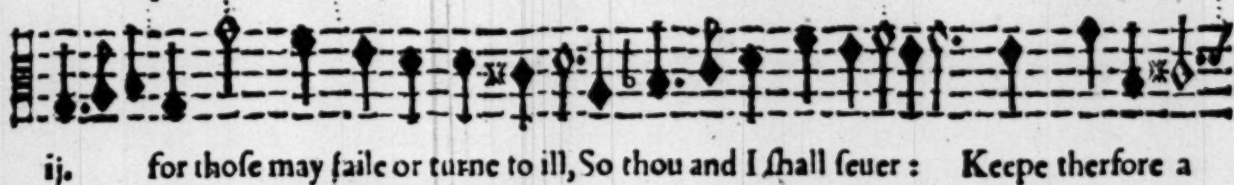
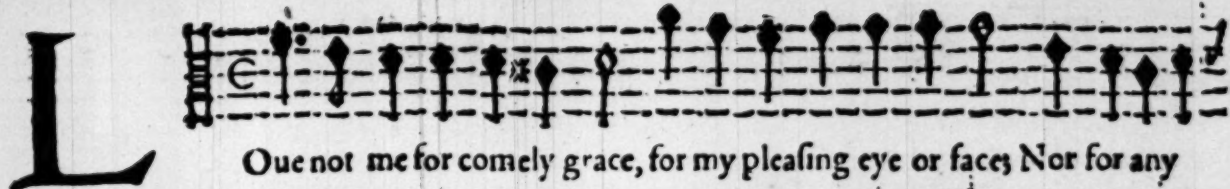
doth still despight her. But aye alas, alas my loue doth still despight her, Aye a- las

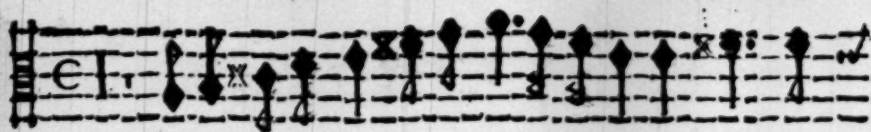


my loue doth still de- spight her.

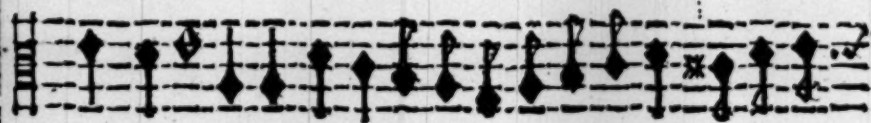








Lye not so swift my deere, be-



hold me dying, If not a smi-



ling glance, If not a smi-

ling glance for all my



crying, for all my crying, Yet kill me with thy frownes: ij,

thy



frownes: The Sa-tyres o're the lawnes full nimble daun-

cing,

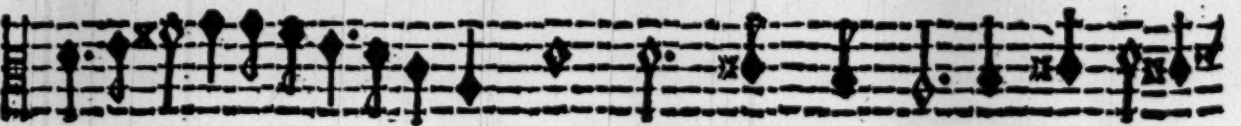


Friske it a pace, to view thy beauties glan-

cing, Thy beauties



glan- cings to view thy beauties glancing: See how they coast the downes, ij,

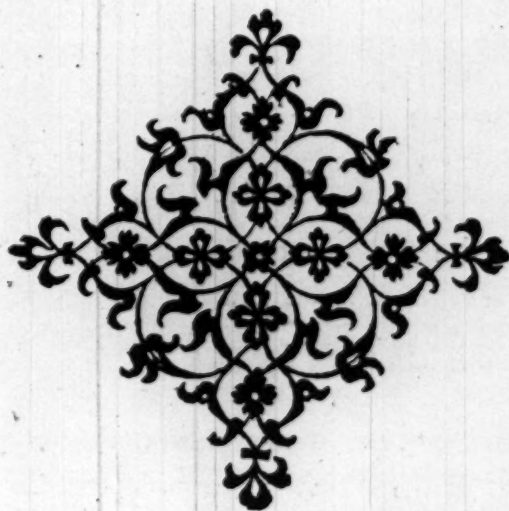


ij,

the downes, Fayne wouldst thou turne and yeeld them

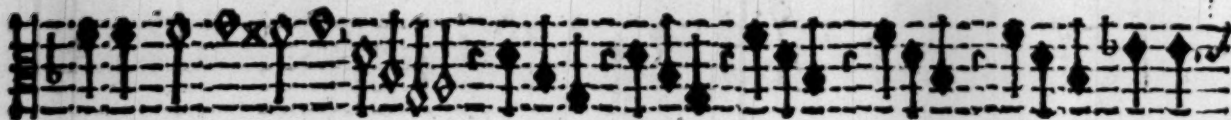


their delight, ij. faine wouldst thou turne, and
yeelde them their delight, ij. ij.
but that thou fearst least I should
steale a sight. but that thou fearst least I should steale a sight.





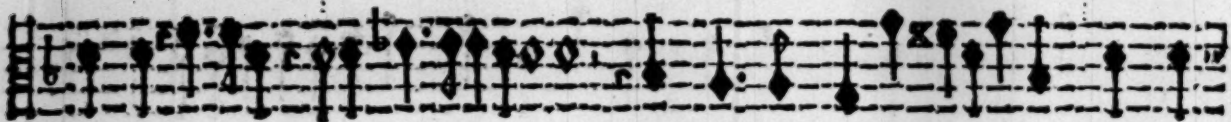
Loue alas, a- las, yet am not loued, I loue alas, alas, yet am not



loued, For cru-ell she, ij. to pittie, ij. ij. ij. ij. is not



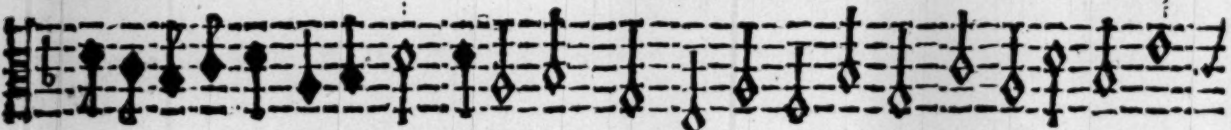
moued: My constant loue with scorne she ill rewar-deth, onely my sighs a little there-



gardeth, ij.

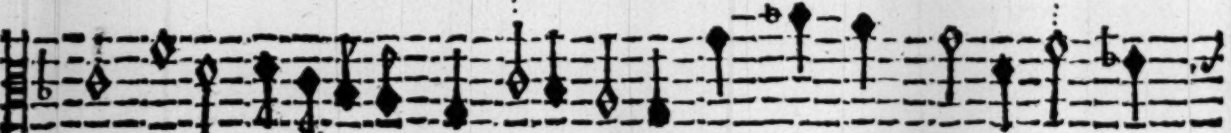
Yet more and more ij.

the quenchles.



fire

increaseth, increaseth, which to my greater torment neuer ceaseth.



which to my tor-

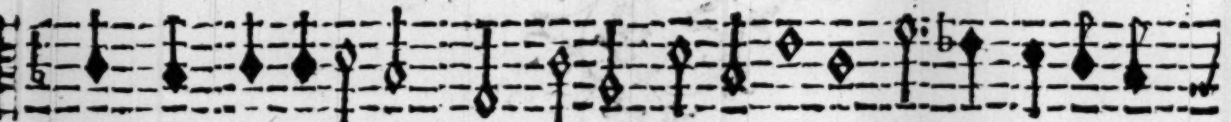
ment neuer ceaseth. yet more and more, ij.



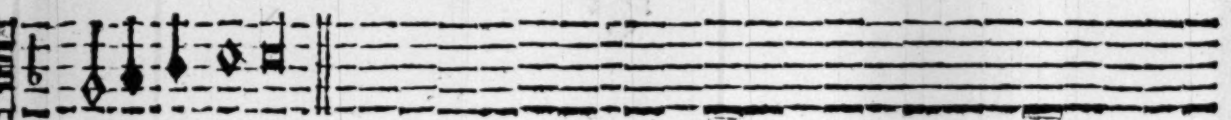
the quenchlesse fire

increa-

seth, yet more and more the



quenchlesse fire increaseth, which to my greater torment ne- uer ceaseth.



neuer ceaseth.

A



S matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues, a Phoenix proues faire



Le-o-nilla, ij.

As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues, a



Phoenix proues faire Le-o-nilla, ij.

So thy sowre-sweet



loues: For when young Acons eye thy proud hart tames, thy proud hart tames, for



when young Acons eye thy proud hart tames, Thou dyest in him, and li-uest



in my flames. Thou dy'st in him, and li-uest in my flames. For when young



Acons eye thy proud hart tames, thy proud hart tames, for when young Acons eye thy



proud hart tames, Thou dy'st in him, and li-uest in my flames. thou dy'st in



him, and li-uest in my flames, and liuest in my flames.

H

Appy, oh happy he, who not affecting The endlesse toiles attending

worldly cares, The end-

lesse toyles attending worldly cares,

at- ten-

ding worldly cares, ij.

ij.

With minde repof'd all discontentes reiectings with minde repof'd all

dis- con- tents re- ie&-. ings In silent peace, ij.

his way to heauen

prepares: ij.

to heauen prepares, ij.

ij.

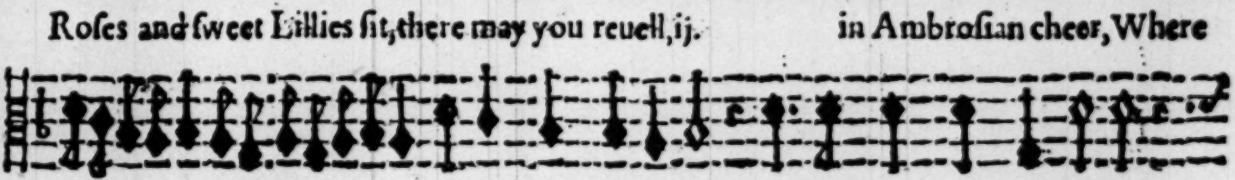
Decerning his life a

Scene, the world a Stage, whereon man acts his Pilgrimage. his weary Pilgrimage, Dec-

erning his life a Scene, the world a Stage, whereon man acts his wear-

ry Pil. grimage.

Here endeth the Songs of 4. parts.



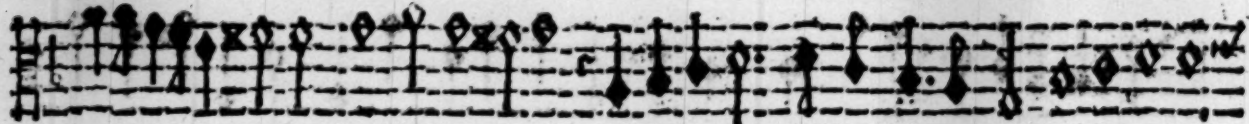
springtide graces all the yeer, ij.

Y



Et Sweet take heed, ij.

all sweets are hard to get, ij.



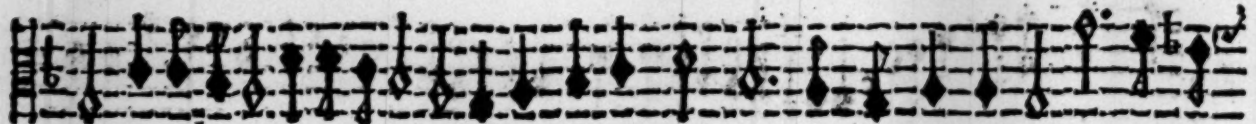
sing not her soft lips, her soft lips, Oh beware of that, ij.



beware of that, ij.

For if one fla-

ming dart come from her

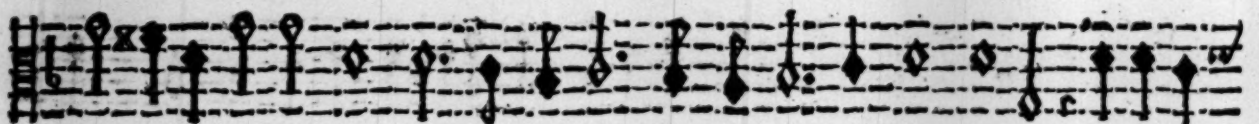


eye, ij.

was neuer dart so sharp, Ah then you dye, you dye, ah then you



dye, then you dye, you dye, For if one flaming dart come from her eye, ij.



was neuer dart so sharp, Ah then you dye. then you dye. Ah then you dye. was neuer



dart, was neuer dart so sharp, was neuer dart so sharp, then you dye. Ah then you dye.



Ah then you dye.

Ah then you dye. ij.

ij.

Ah then you



dye, you dye. ij.

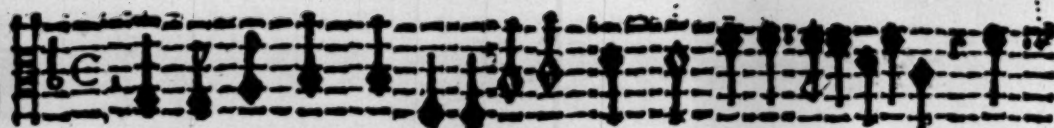
A L I plea- sure is of this condition, It pricks men forward
 to fru-i-ti-on, Then like the hum- ming Bee, ij. ij. The
 honic being shed away doth flee, doth flee, But leaues a sting that wounds
 ij. the inward hart, But leaues a sting that wounds, ij.
 wounds the inward hart, But leaues a sting that wounds, the inward hart, ij.
 With gnawing grief, & neuer ending smart. ij.
 with gnawing grieffe, and neuer ending smart. and ne- x ending smart. with
 gnawing grieffe and neuer ending smart.

Of 5. voc.

XX.

TENOR.

O

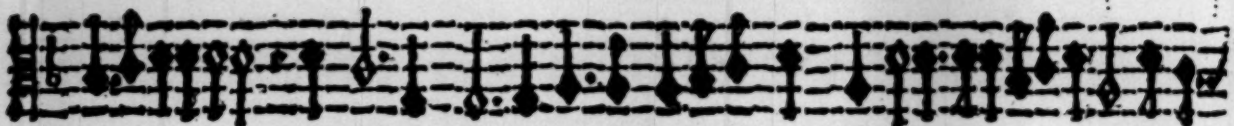


Et haue I vow'd how dearly I did loue thee, ij.

how



decreely I did loue thee, And oft ob- seru'd thee with all willing dutie, ij.

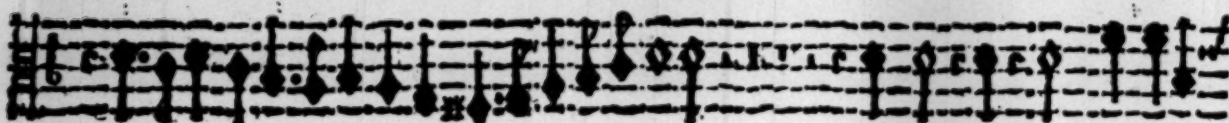


Sighs I haue sent stil hoping to re- moue thee, ij.

still

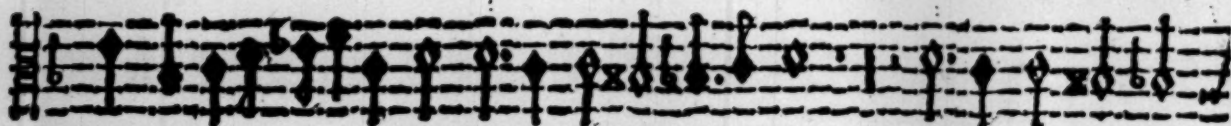


hoping to remoue thee, Millions of teares, Millions of tears, I tenderd to thy beautie,



ij.

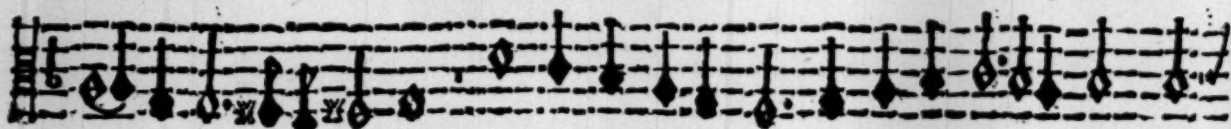
Yet thou of sighs and silly



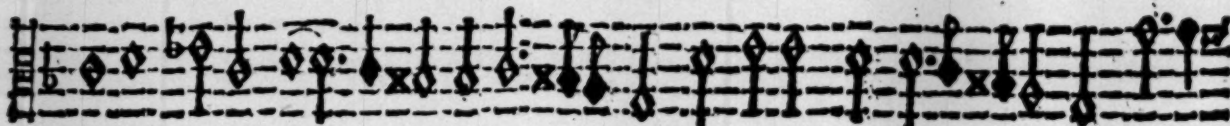
teares regard-

lesse, suffrest my fee- ble hart

suffrest my fee- ble



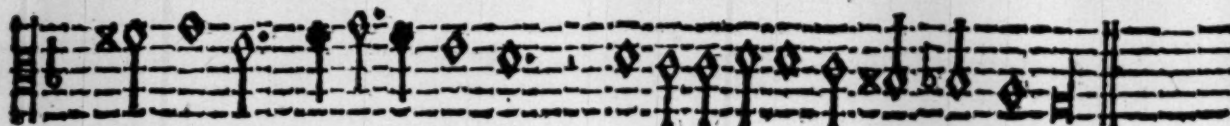
hart to pine with anguish, Whilst all my barren hopes retorne reward- lesse, whilst



all my barren hopes retorne reward-

lesse, My better dayes do

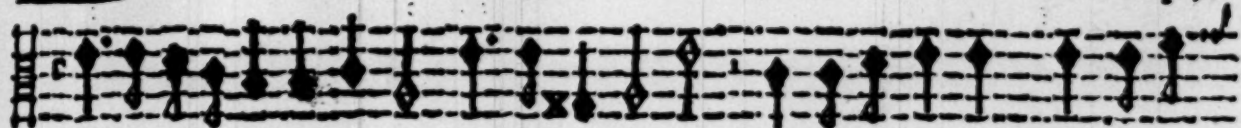
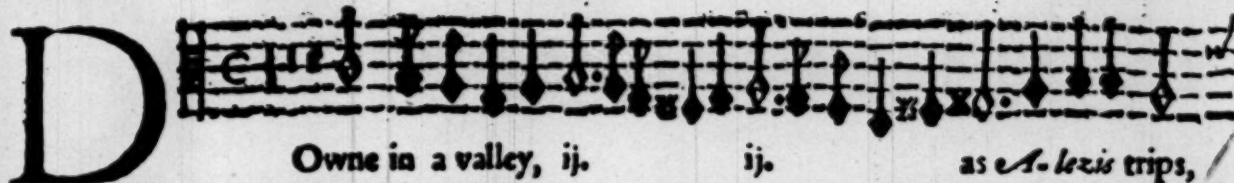
wast, and I



doe languish. and I doe languish. ij.

ij.

and. I doe languish.



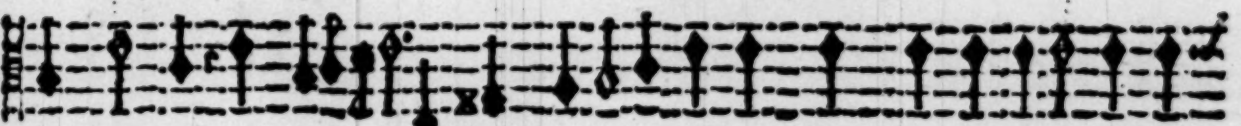
Daphne sat sweetly sleeping, *Daphne* sat sleeping, Soone as the wanton, Soone as the



wanton toucht her ruddy lips, she nicely falls a weeping, ij. ij.



The wag full softly lifts her, And too and fro he lifts her, ij.



But when nor sighs, nor kisses mou'd her pitty, nor sighs could moue her pitty, nor teares



could moue her pitty, ij.

With plaints he warbles



forth, he warbles forth this mournfull dit-ty. But when nor sighs nor kisses mou'd her



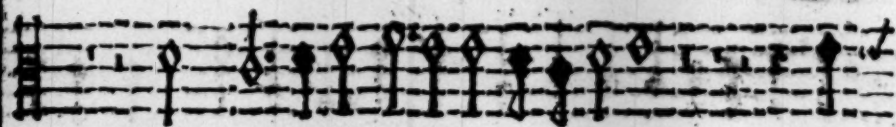
pitty, nor sighs could moue her pitty, nor teares could moue her pitty, ij.



with plaints he warbles forth, he warbles forth this mournful dit-ty.



Ard De-stinies are Lone and Beautie parted?



Fayre Daphne so disdain-

full?

Can-



pid thy shafts

are too

vn-

justly darted,



Fond Loue thy wounds be painefull, ij.

But sith my lovely



Jew- ell is prou'd so coy and

cruell,

Ile liue

and frolicke,



Ile liue and fro-

licke, Ile liue and frolicke,

Ile liue and



fro-

licke in

her beauties trea-

sure, But languish,

But

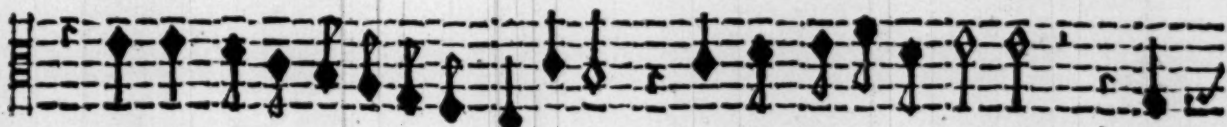


languish, faint and dye, ij.

But languish faint and dye, But



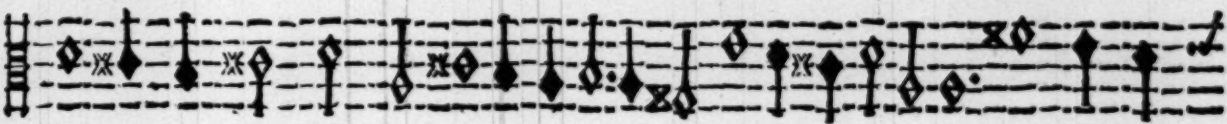
languish, faint and dye, in her dis- pleasure. Ile liue and frolicke,



Ile liue and fro- licke, Ile liue and frolicke, Ile



liue and fro- licke in her beauties trea- sure, But languish,

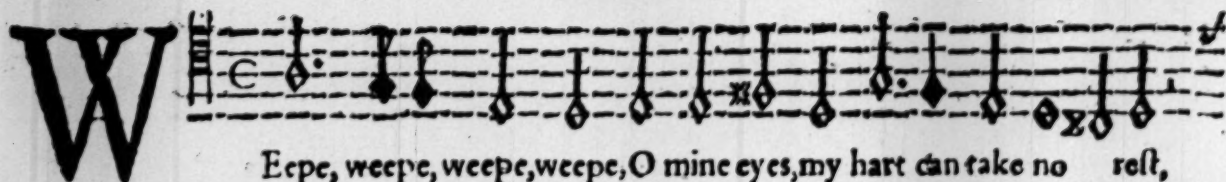


But languish, faint and dye, ij. ij. But languish

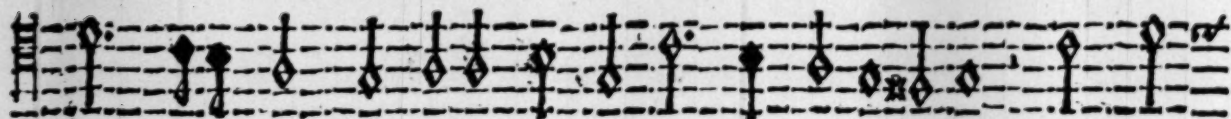


faint and dye in her dis- pleasure.

D



Ecce, weepe, weepe, weepe, O mine eyes, my hart can take no rest,



Weepe, weepe, weepe, weepe, O my hart, mine eyes shall ne're be blest, Weepe eyes,



weepe hart, and both this accent cry, and both this accent cry, A thousand, thousand



deaths I dye, ij.

A thousand thousand deaths, a thou-

sand

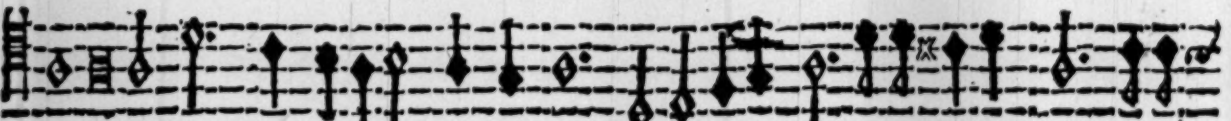


thousand deaths I dye, Ayeme, ah, ah, cruell Fortune, Aye me, Now Le-ander to

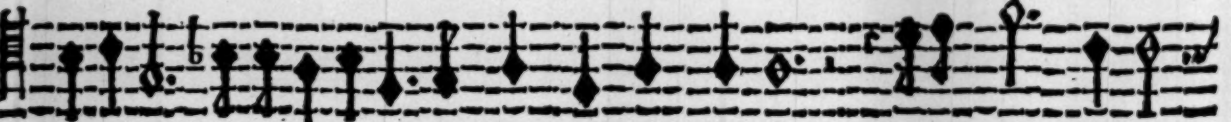


dye

I feare not, Death doe thy worst I care not, ij.



I hope, when I am dead, I hope when I am dead, in E-lizian plaine, ij.



To meete, and there with ioy, and there with ioy,



ij.

with ioy weele loue againe, a- gaine.

T

Here where I saw her lovely beautie painted, ij.

Where *Venus*-like, where *Venus*-like my sacred Goddess shine, There with pre-

cel- lent obiect mine eies fain- ted, ij.

That fair but

fa- tall star, ij.

my dole deuineth, ij.

As soone as morning

in her light appea- reth. ij.

Her sweet salute my

minde or'c clou-

ded cleareth, when night againe · the dayes delight berea-

ucth,

My hearts true sacrifice she quickly re-cci

ueth, But night and day

the craftily forfakes me, To tedious day to loathsome night, to loathsome night, be-

takes me. To te-di-ous day to loathsome night betakes me.



Ye that doe live in pleasures plen-



ty, And dwell in Musicks sweetest Ayres, in



sweetest Ayres, And dwell in Mu- ficks sweetest Ayres, ij.



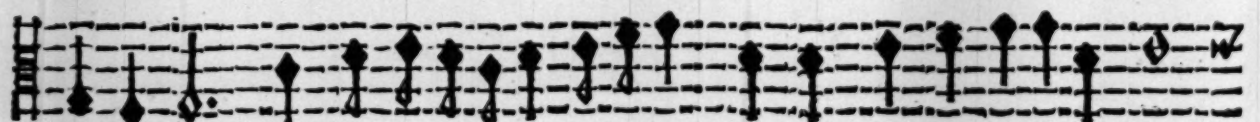
in sweetest Ayres, Whose eyes are quicke, Whose eares are



dainty, Whose eares are daintie, Not clogd with earth or



world- ly cares, Not clogd with earth or world- ly cares, with earth or



worldly cares, Come sing this song, this song, made in *Amphions* praise,



Who now is dead, Who now is dead, Who now is dead, yet you his Fame can



raise, Call him againe, let him not dye, But liue in Musicks sweetest breath, Place



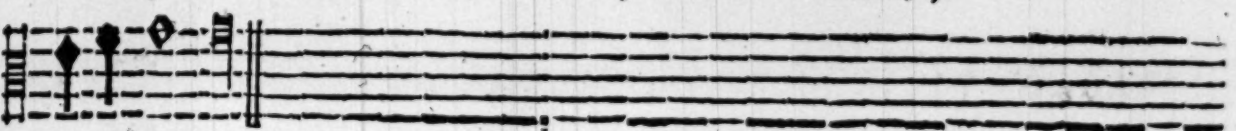
him in fayrest memory, And let him triumph o- uer death, And let him



tri- umph ouer death, O sweetly sung (his wish) his liuing wish



attend yee, These were his words, the mirth of heauen, ij.



God send yee.

A

Silly Siluan, kissing heauen-borne fire, scorched his lips for his so

fond desire: I not so fond,ij.

but gaz'd whilst such fire burn'd, straight into

Flames, ij.

was turned,

And all my hart straight into flames was tur- ned:ij.

And all my hart straight into flames was turned, ii.

ij.

was turn'd, straight into flames was turned. The Silvan just-

ly suffered for his kisse, His fire was stoln, and stolne things goe amisse, ij.

But I alas, a-las, vniustly, but I a-las ij.

vnjustly, but I a- las vn-

justly: for to haue her her heavenly fire the gods & graces, the gods & graces gaue her. ij.

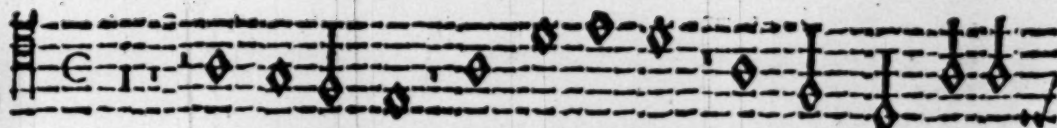
ij.

ii.

the gods and graces gave her.

Here endeth the Songs of 5. parts.

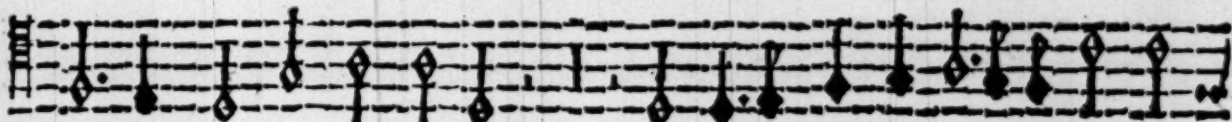
O



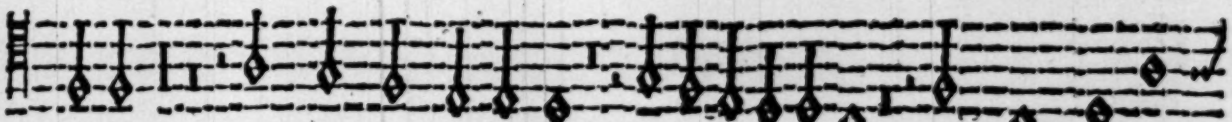
Wretched man, O wretched man, why lou'st thou earthly



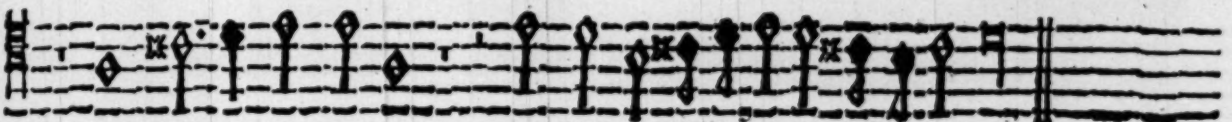
life? Which naught enioyes but endlesse trouble? What plea- sure



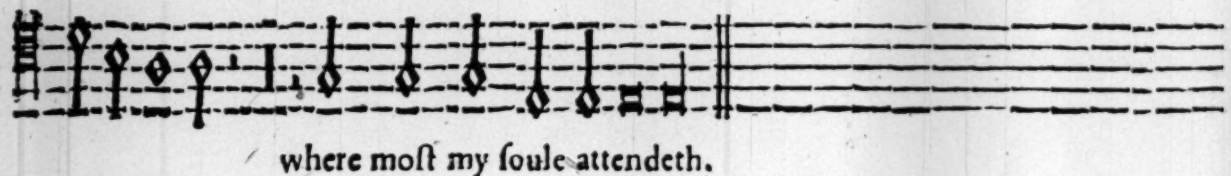
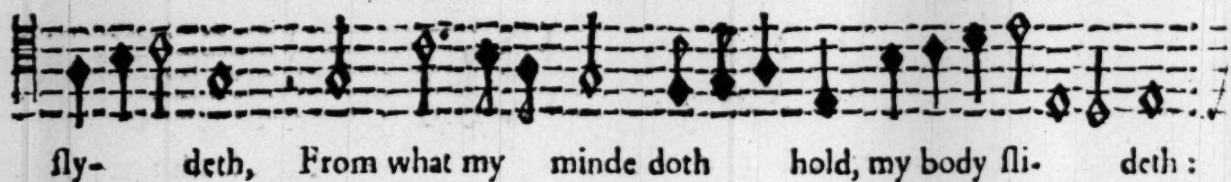
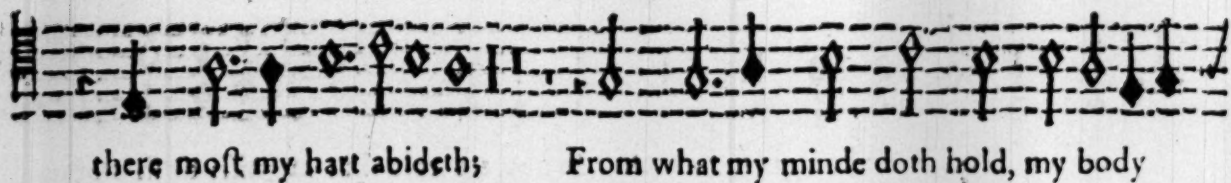
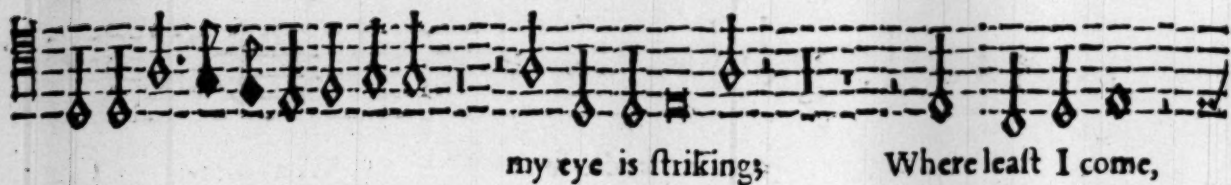
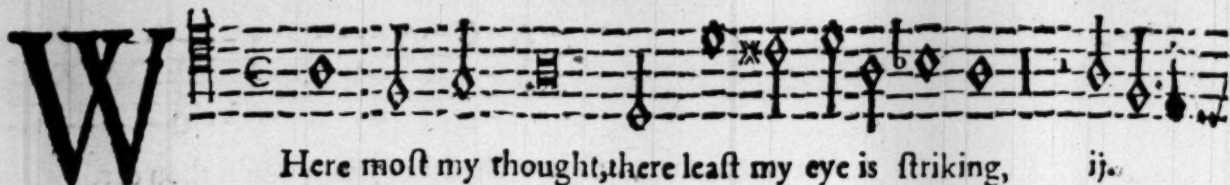
here but breeds a world of griefe? What howers ease that anguish doth not



double? But haue their discontents? ij. Then loath that life,



Which causeth such laments, which causeth such la- ments,



D If pighfull thus vnto my selfe I languish, And in disdaine, my

selfe, and in disdaine my selfe from ioy I banish; That life I hope wil soone from

body vanish, from body vanish, And to some rest will quickly be conuayed, ij.

And to some rest will quickly be conuayed, ed,

That on no ioy, no ioy, That on no ioy while so I liu'd, That on no ioy

while so I liu'd hath stay'd. And to some rest will quickly be conuayed, ij.

And to some rest will quickly be conuayed, ed,

That on no ioy, no ioy, that on no ioy while so I liu'd, that on no ioy

while so I liu'd hath stay'd.

A

H cannot: O pittie me, O pittie me, Who more then life do loue thee.

'doe loue thee, O, O, O, cruell fates, O, O, cru- ell fates, See now away thee's

flyng away shee's flyng, And flye she will, and flye she will alas, and

leau me dying, Farewell, farewell, most faire, farewell, yet more disdainfull, Was neuer

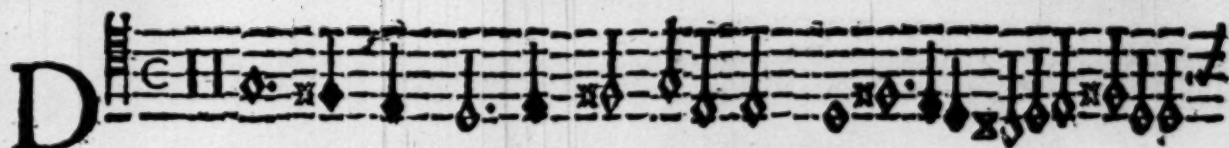
griefe like mine, nor death more painfull, O, O, O, cruell fates, Seenow away shee's

flying, ij. And flye thce will, a-las, and leaue me dying, and

leau me dying, alas, alas, Farewell, farewell, farewell, most fayre, farewell,

yet more disdainfull, Was neuer grieſe, was neuer grieſe like mine, nor

death more pain- full,



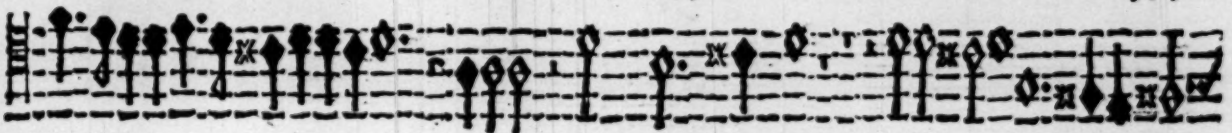
Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares, ij.



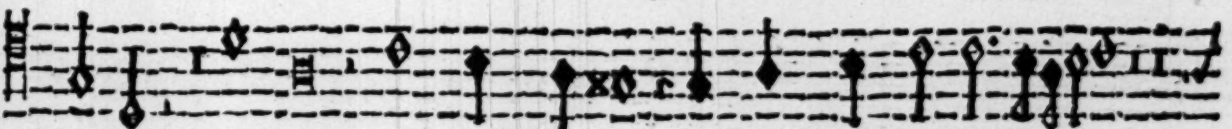
vn-to those cares, That doe a-rise from painfull melancholy, My life so ill through



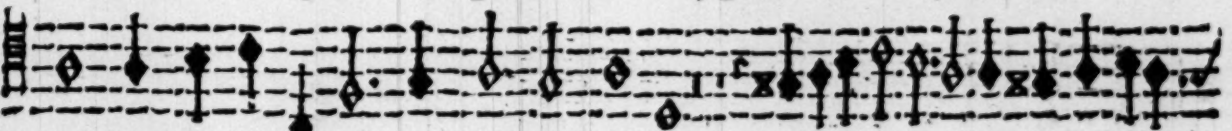
want of comfort fares, That vn-to thee, ij. I consecrate it wholly, ij.



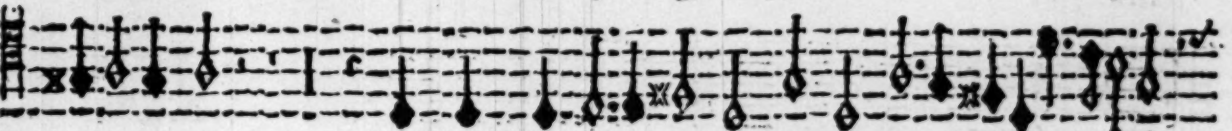
Sweet night draw on, ij. ij.



draw on, sweet night, sweet night draw on, my griefes when they be told.



To shades & darknes, find some ease from paining, ij to pai-



ning, And when thou all in silence dost enfold, ij.



for my complayning, I then shall haue best time for my com-



plaining, ij.



TAY Coridon thou fwaine, thou



fwaine, talke not to foone of



dying, What though thy hart, thy hart be



flaine? What though thy hart, What though thy hart be flaine? ij.



What though thy loue be fly-

ing? She threatens thee but dares not



strike, ij.

ij.

Thy Nymph is



light, and shadow like, Thy Nymph

is light,

and



sha-

dow, like, ij.

and shadow like,



For if thou follow her, For if thou follow her, Sheele flye from



thee, from thee, But if thou flye from her, sheele fol-



low thee. ij. sheele



follow thee. sheele follow thee. For if thou follow her, For if thou follow



her, sheele flye from thee, ij. But if thou



flye from her, sheele follow thee. sheele follow thee. sheele follow thee.



sheele follow thee.



TAY *Coridon* thou fwaine, thou

swaine, talke not to soone of

dying, What though thy hart, thy hart be

flaine? What though thy hart, What though thy hart be flaine ? ij.

What though thy loue be fly-

ing? She threatens thee but dares not

strike, ij.

ii.

Thy Nymph is

light, and shadow like, Thy Nymph

is light,

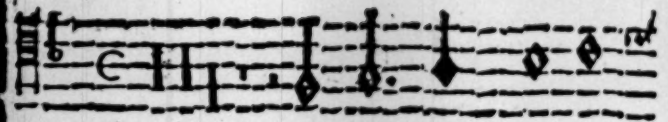
and

Cha-

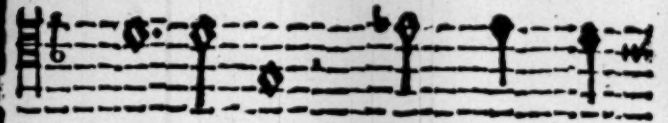
down, like, ij.

and shadow like,

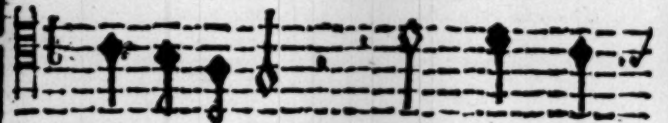
For if thou follow her, For if thou follow her, Sheele flye from
thee, from thee, But if thou flye from her, sheele fol-
low thee. ij. sheele
follow thee. sheele follow thee. For if thou follow her, For if thou follow
her, sheele flye from thee, ij. But if thou
flye from her, sheele follow thee. sheele follow thee. sheele follow thee.
sheele follow thee.



Ofily, O softly: My hart with grieve to



melt and dye, Now powre out



teares a- pace, Now powre out



teares a- pace, ij.

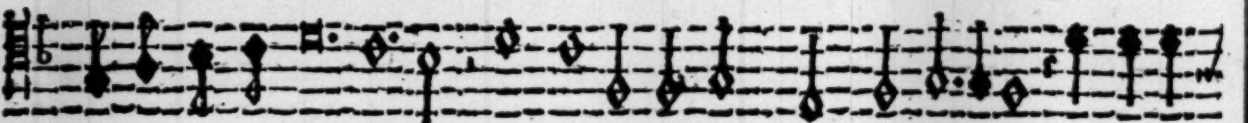
Now stay O heavy case,



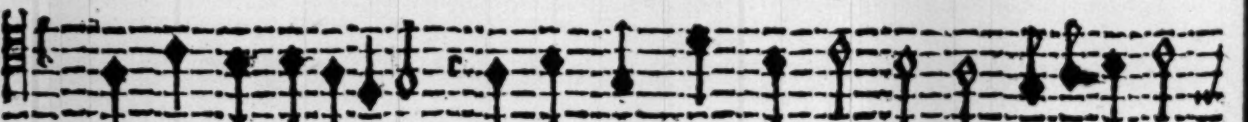
Can paynes, and ioyes, Can paynes, and ioyes at once, in



one poore hart consent? Then sigh and sing, reioyce, lament, Then sing



Aye me, Aye me, O passions strange and violent, Was never

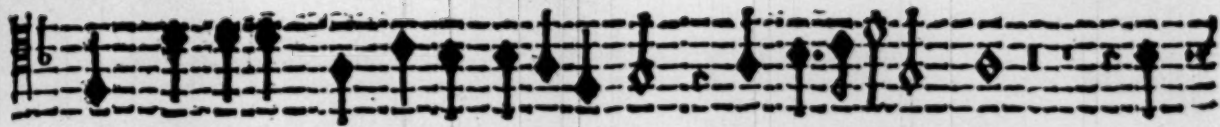


wretch so sore tormen- ted, Nor ioy, nor grieve, can make my hart con- ten-

Of 6. voc.

XXXIII

TENOR.



ted, Was neuer wretch so sore tormen- ted, Nor ioy nor grieve, For



while with ioy I looke on hye, Downe, downe I fall, ij. with grieve,



And while I rise, Downe, downe I fall, ij. and while with ioy I looke on

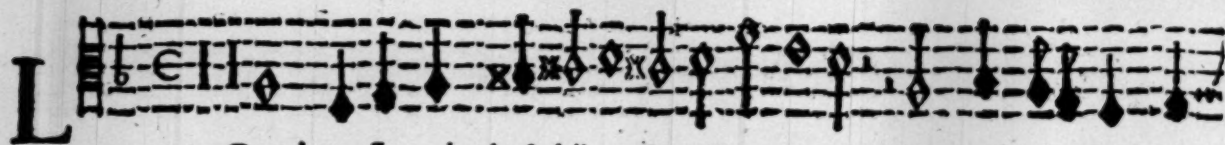


hye, I looke on hye, Downe, downe I fall, with grieve, and dye. and dye. for



while vwith ioy I looke on hye, Downe, downe I fall and dye.

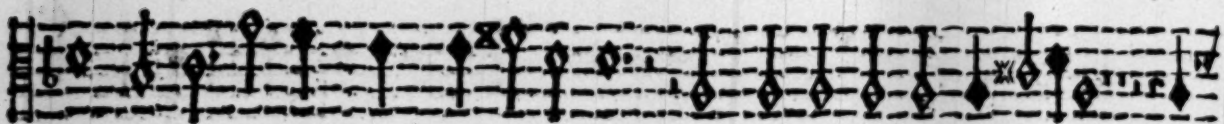




Ong haue I made these hills. & vallies weary, With noyse of these my



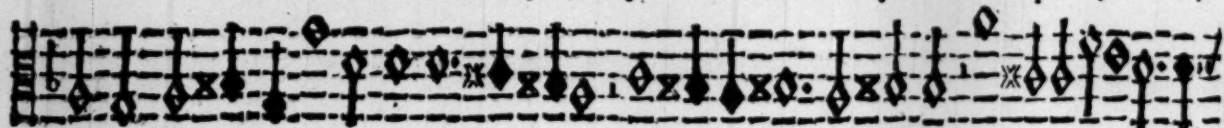
shrikes & cryes that fill the aire, with noise of these my shrikes that fill the ayre,



with noise of these my shrikes that fill the ayre, heares not my prayer, That I alas, ij.



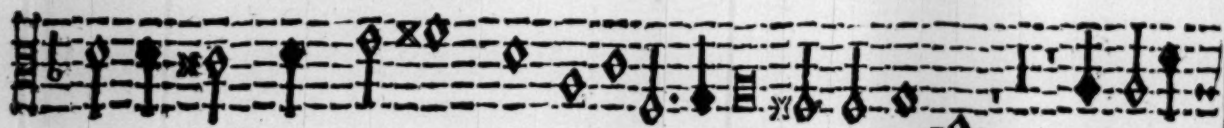
alas, misfortunes son & heyre, Hope in none other hope but in dispaire, O,



vnkind, and cruell, O vnkind, ij.

O vn-kind, & cruell, ij.

if



thus my death may please thee, Then dye I will to ease thee, to ease thee, yet if I



dye, the world will thee controule, and write vpon my tombe, O sweet depar- ture,



loe here lyes one, ij.

ij.

(Alas poore soule) a true loues



Martyr. a true loues Mar- tyr.

FINIS.

5
55
SEXTVS.

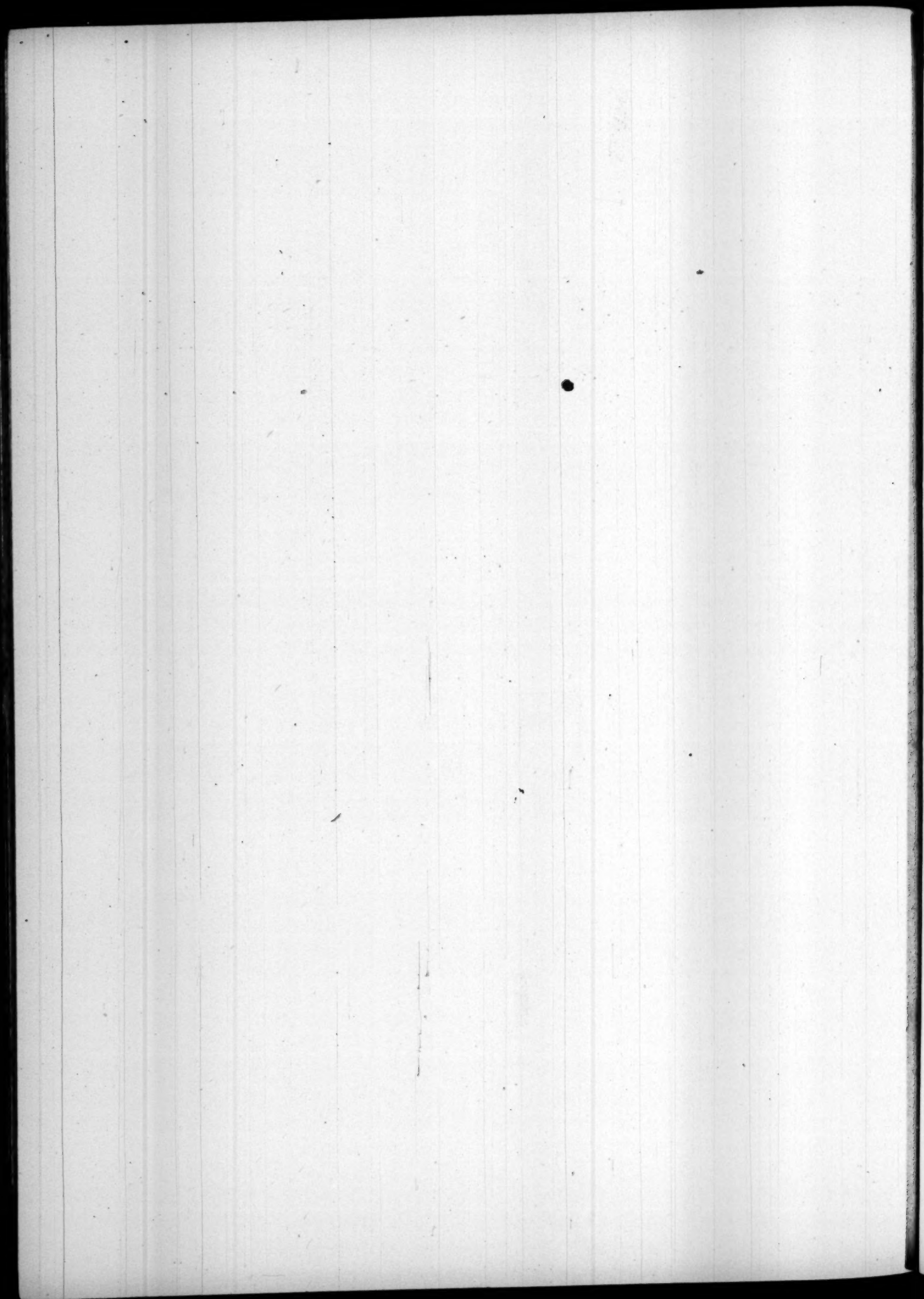
THE SECOND SET
OF
MADRIGALES

• TO
3. 4. 5. and 6. parts,
apt both for Voyals and
Voyces.

Newly Composed
BY
JOHN WILBYE.



LONDON:
Printed by *Tho. Este alias Snodham*, for *Iohn Browne*, and are to be sold at his shop in
S. Dunstons Churchyard in Fleetstreet.



TO THE MOST NOBLE and Vertuous Lady, the Lady *Arbella Stuart.*

Madame.



*HE deepe vnderstanding you haue in all the Arts, and
perticular excellency in this of Musicke, doth by a cer-
taine kinde of right, challenge the Dedication of the bet-
ter sort of Labours in that Facultie; especially in these
times when Musicke sits solitary among her sister Sci-
ences, and (but for your Honour) wants the Fortune
to be esteemed (for so shee is worthy) euen among the worthiest. But
besides that generall right, my true and zealous deuotion long since de-
sirous to expresse it selfe in any humble dutie to your Honour, and borne
up by the daily experience of your most Noble and singular disposition,
hath neuer thought upon other Patron for this work, then your Honour,
whose neuer-failing Iudgement in the depth of Musicke, I do wish might
be pleased with some of these; which happinesse if they attaine, I know
not what iudgement can avow to mislike them. Howsoeuer they behaue
themselves, I humbly beseech your Honour, to beleene this truth; that
they are the sincere oblations of a heart euer prepared for your seruice.
And so with all humble and due reuerence done to your Honour, I be-
seech the Almighty to make you in all the passages of your life truely hap-
py, as you are in the worlds true opinion vertuous.*

Your Honours most humbly

denoted and obliged:

JOHN WILBIE.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. Voyces.

Come sheheard Swaynes that wont to heare me sing.	I
Flourish yee hillockes set with fragrant flowers.	II
Ah, cruell <i>Amarillis</i> since thou takst delight.	III
So light is Loue in matchlesse beautie shining.	IIII
As fayre as Morne, as fresh as May.	V
O what shall I doe, or whither shall I turne me?	VI
I liue, and yet me thinks I doe not breath.	VII
There is a Jewell which no Indian Mines can buy.	VIII

Risposta.

Songs to 4. Voyces.

When <i>Cloris</i> heard of her <i>Aminas</i> dying.	IX
Happy streames whose trembling fall.	X
Change me O heauens into the Ruby stone.	XI
Loue not me for comely grace.	XII
Fly not so swift my Deere.	XIII
I loue alas, yet am not loued.	XIIII
As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues.	XV
Happy, oh happy he who not affecting.	XVI

Songs to 5. Voyces.

Sweet hony sucking Bees.	First Part.	XVII
Yet sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get.	Second part.	XVIII
All pleasure is of this condition.		XIX
Oft haue I vowde how deerly I did loue thee.		XX
Downe in a valley as <i>Alexis</i> trips.	First Part.	XXI
Hard Destinies are Loue and Beautie parted?	Second Part.	XXII
Weepe O mine eyes, my heart can take no rest.		XXIII
There where I saw her louely beautie painted.		XXIIII
Yee that doe liue in pleasures plenty.		XXV
A silly Siluan kissing heaven-borne fire.		XXVI

Songs to 6. Voyces.

O Wretched man why lou'st thou earthly life?		XXVII
Where most my thought,	First Part.	XXVIII
Dispightfull thus vnto my selfe I languish.	Second Part.	XXIX
Ah cannot sighes, nor tearès.		XXX
Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares.		XXXI
Stay <i>Coridon</i> thou Swaine.		XXXII
Softly, O softly drop mine eyes.		XXXIII
Long haue I made these hils and vallies weary.		XXXIIII

FINIS.

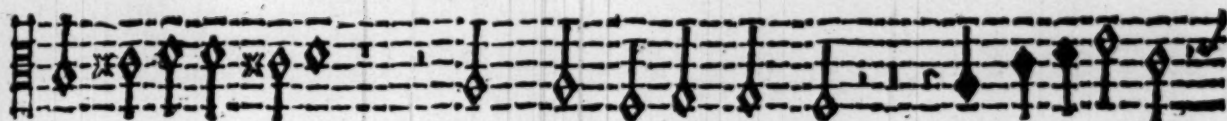
Of 6. voc.

XXVII.

SEXTVS.



Wretched man, why lou'st thou earthly life? ij. O



Which naught enioyes but cares and end- lesse



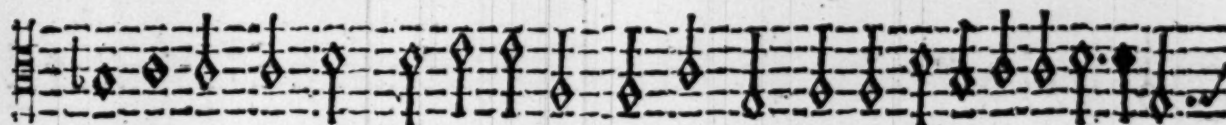
trou- ble: What pleasure here but breeds a world of griefe? what plea- sure



here but breeds a world of griefe? ij.



What howers ease that anguish doth not dou- ble? that anguish doth not double? No



earthly ioyes but haue their discontents, but haue their discontents, ij.



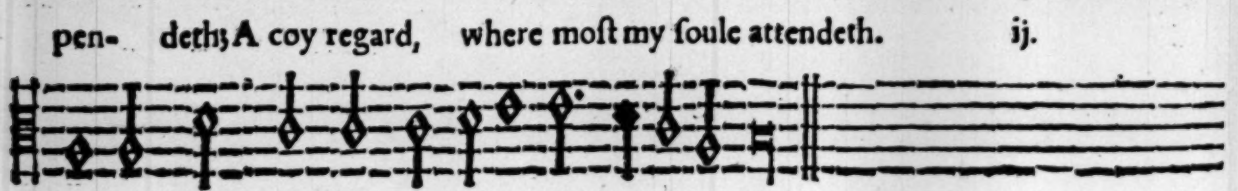
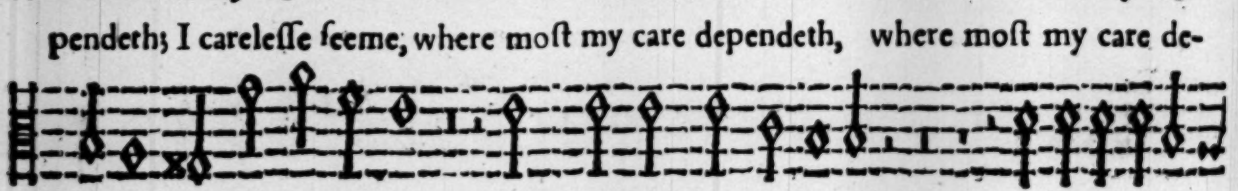
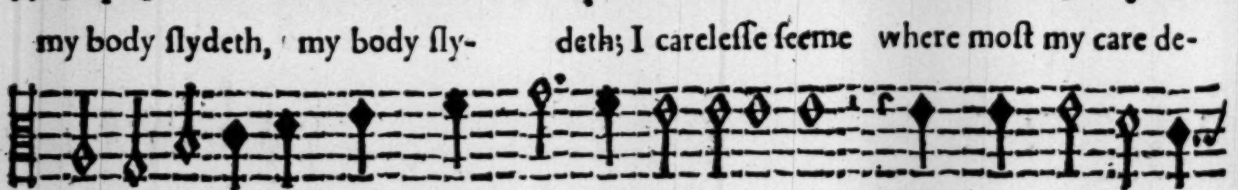
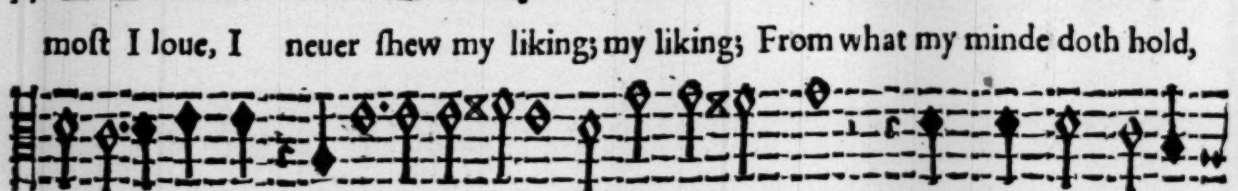
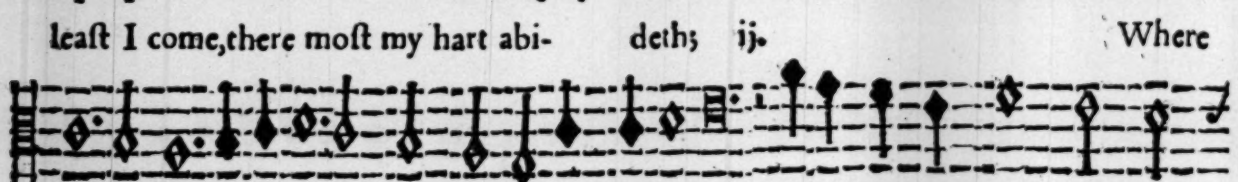
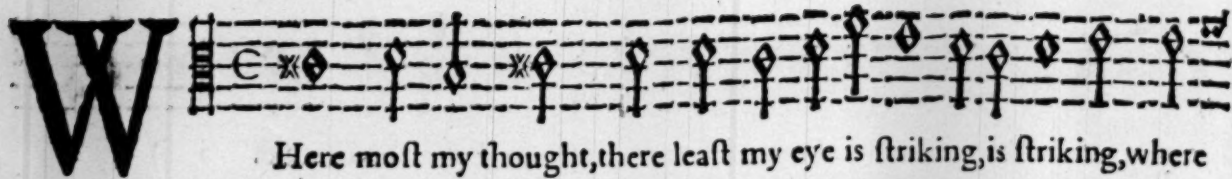
ij.

Then loath that life which causeth such laments. then



loath that life which causeth such laments.

B.



Of 6. voc. Second part.

XXIX.

SEXTVS.

D If sightfull thus vnto my selfe, vnto my selfe I languish, And in dis-

daine, ij. my selfe from ioy I banish; These secret thoughts inwraps me, in-

wraps me so in anguish, That life I hope wil soone from body vanish, And to some rest

will quickly be conuayed, ij. and to some rest will

quick- ly be conuayed, That on no ioy while so I liu'd hath stay- ed.

while so I liu'd hath stayed. And to some rest will quickly be conuay-

ed, ij. and to some rest will quickly be con-uay-

ed, ij. will quickly be conuayed, That on no ioy

while so I liu'd hath stay- ed.

A



H cannot sighs, nor teares, nor ought else moue thee? To pit- ty me,



to pit- ty me, ij.

Who more then life doe loue thee, O, O, O,



cruell fates, See now away shee's flying, ij

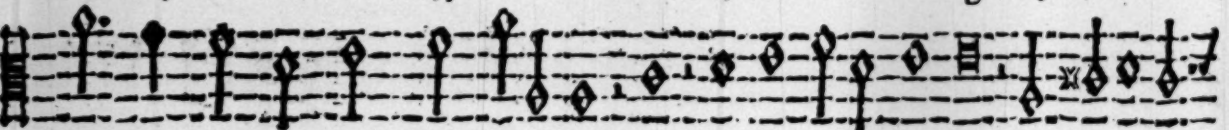
And flye shee



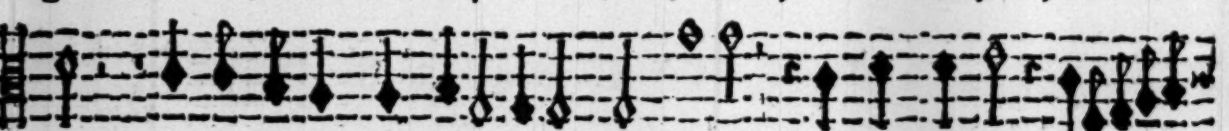
will, alas, and leaue me dying, and leaue me dying, alas, alas, Farewell, farewell,



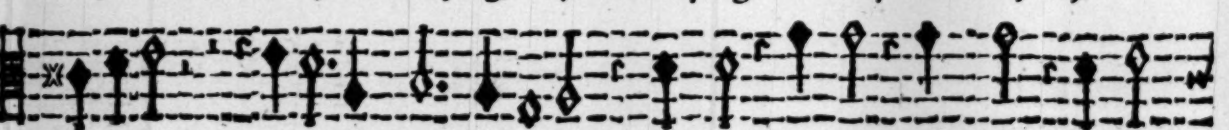
farewell, most faire, farewell, yet more disdainefull, Was neuer grieffe, was neuer



grieffe like mine, nor death more paine-full, O, O, O, cruell fates, O, O, cru- ell



fates, See now away shee's flying, away shee's flying, And flye she will, ij.



alas, and leaue me dying, Farewell, farewell, most fayre, farewell,



yet more disdainefull, Was ne- uer grieffe like mine, nor death more painefull.

Of 6. voc.

XXXI.

SEXTVS.



Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares, ij. ij.



That doe a-rise from painful melanco- ly, My life so



ill through want of comfort fares, That vnto thee, ij. I consecrate it wholly, that



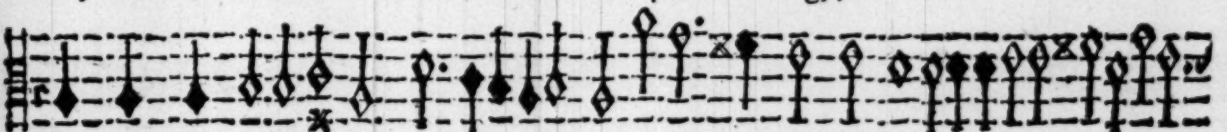
vnto thee, to thee I consecrate it wholly : Sweet night draw on, ij. sweet night draw



on, draw on, (sweet night draw on, ij. ij my griefs when they be



told, To shades & darknes find some ease from pain- ning, ij.



And while thou all in silence dost en- fold, in si-lence dost enfold, ij.



ij. I the shall have best time for my complaining, ij.

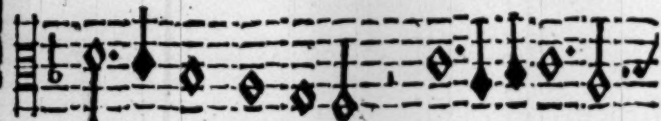


I the shall haue best time for my cōplaining. ij.

B 3



TAY *Coridon* thou fwaine talke



not so soone of dying, Stay *Coridon* thou



fwaine talke not so soone of dying,

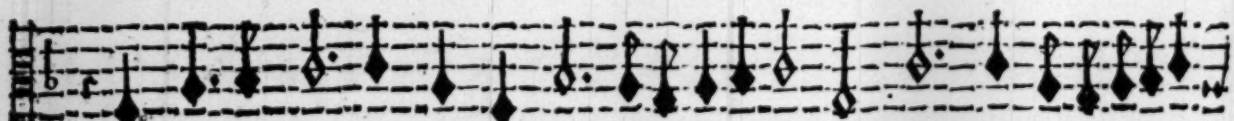


What though thy hart, ij.

be flaine, be flaine? What though thy



loue be flying? She threatens thee, but dares not strike, ij.



She threatens thee, but dares not strike, but

dares not strike, Thy Nymph



is light,

is light

and shadow like,

Thy Nymph is



light and shadow like, ij.

For if thou follow her, For

Of 6. voc.

XXXII.

SEXTVS.



if thou follow her, Sheele flye

from thee, ij.



But if thou flye

from her sheele follow thee. sheele follow thee.



ij.

ij.

For if thou follow her, For if thou follow her sheele



flye

from thee, from thee,

But if thou flye

from her sheele



fol-

low thee. ij.



sheele follow thee. sheele follow thee.

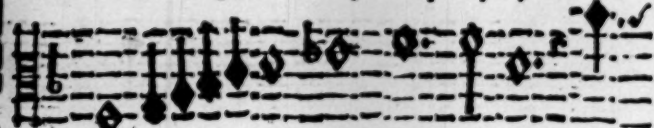
Of 6. voc.

XXXIII

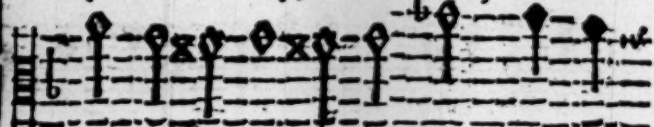
SEXTVS.



Oft-ly, O softly drop my eyes least



you be dry, And make my hart with



griefe to melt and dye, Now powre out



teares apace, apace, Now powre out teares apace, ij.

ij.



Now stay O heauy case, O sowre sweet woe alas, alas, O griefe, O



ioy, why strue you so? Can paynes, and ioyes, and ioyes, and ioyes at



once in one poore hart consent? Then sigh and sing, reioyce, Then sigh and



sing,

Aye me, ij.

ij.

ij.

O passions

Of 6. voc.

XXXIII.

SEXTVS.



strange and violent, was neuer wretch so fore tormented, Nor ioy, nor griece,



can make my hart contented, can make my hart contented, for while with



ioy I looke on hye, ij. Downe, downe I fall, I



looke on hye, Downe, downe I fall, ij. ij. ij.



ij. with griece and dye, ij.

Of 6. voc.

XXXIIII.

SEXT VS.



Ong haue I made theſe hils and vallies



weary, ij.

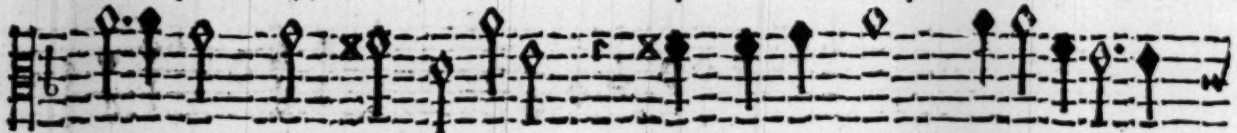
With noyſe of



theſe my ſhrikes, ij.

and cryes that fill the ayre,

Shee



onely who ſhould make me mery,

heares not my prayer, That I alas, ij.

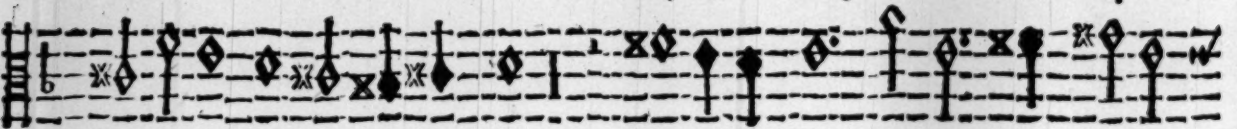


mis-for- tunes ſonne and heyre, ij.



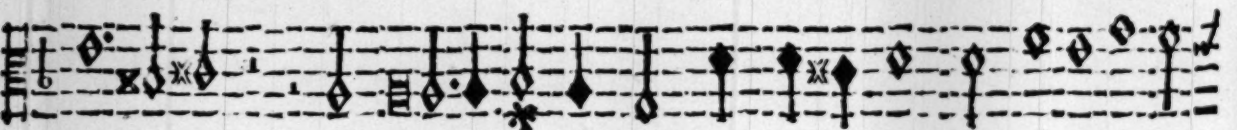
that I a-las miſfortunes ſonne and heyre,

Hope in none other hope



but in diſpaire, O, vn- kinde,

O vn- kinde, vnkinde, and cruell,



O vnkinde

and cruell, if thus my death may pleaſe thee, Then dye I will to

Of 6. voc.

XXXIII.

SEXTVS.



ease thee, ij.

then dye I will to ease thee, Yet if I dye, the



world will thee controule, and write vpon my tombe, O sweet departure, loe here lyes



one, ij.

ij.

ij.

(Alas poore soule) a

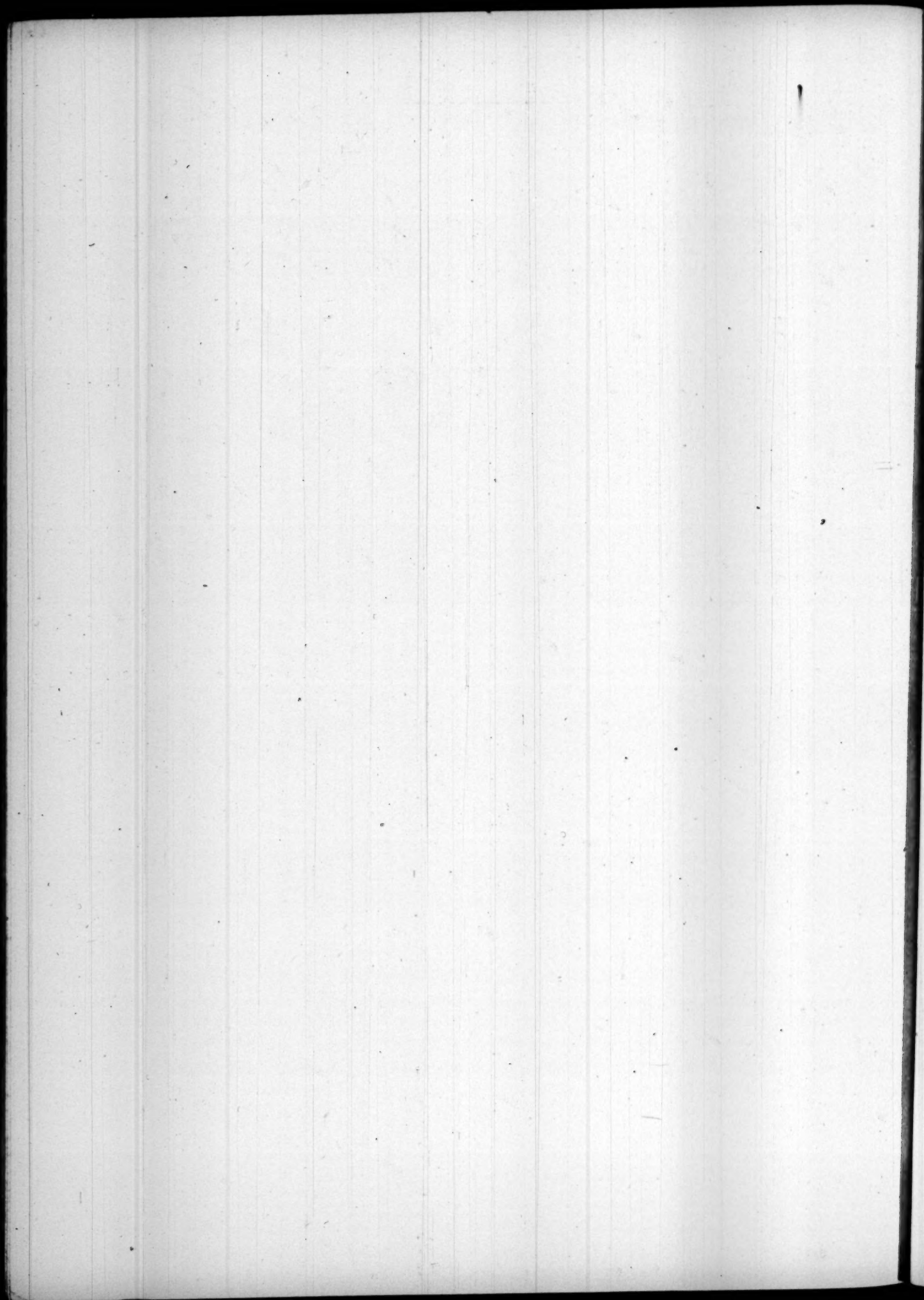


true loues Martyr. ij.

ij.

a true loues Martyr.

FINIS.



6
BASSVS.

THE SECOND SET
OF
MADRIGALES

TO

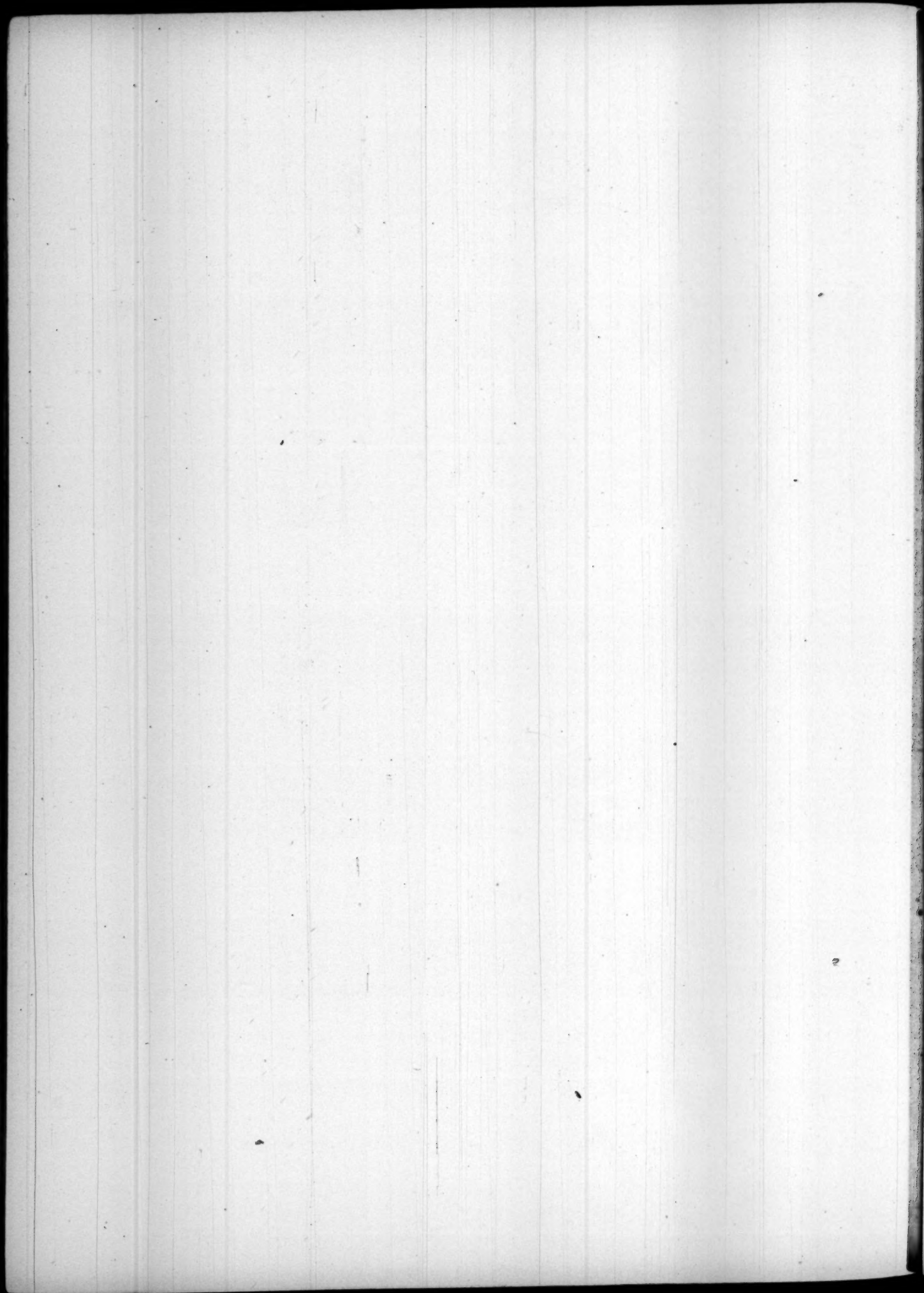
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189
TO THE MOST NOBLE
and Vertuous Lady, the Lady
Arbella Stuart.

Madame.



THE deepe understanding you haue in all the Arts, and
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taine kinde of right, challenge the Dedication of the bet-
ter sort of Labours in that Facultie; especially in these
times when Musicke sits solitary among her sister Sci-
ences, and (but for your Honour) often wants the fortune
to be esteemed (for so shee is worthy) euen among the worthiest. But
besides that generall right, my true and zealous deuotion long since de-
sirous to expresse it selfe in any humble dutie to your Honour, and borne
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THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. Voyces.

C ome shepheard Swaynes that wont to heare me sing.	I
Flourish yee hillockes set with fragrant flowers.	II
Ah, cruell <i>Amarillis</i> since thou takst delight.	III
So light is Loue in matchlesse beautie shining.	IIII
As fayre as Morne, as fresh as May.	V
O what shall I doe, or whither shall I turne me?	VI
I live, and yet me thinks I doe not breath.	VII
There is a Jewell which no Indian Mines can buy.	VIII

Risposta.

Songs to 4. Voyces.

W hen <i>Cloris</i> heard of her <i>Aminas</i> dying.	IX
Happy streames whose trembling fall.	X
Change me O heauens into the Ruby stone.	XI
Loue not me for comely grace.	XII
Fly not so swift my Deere.	XIII
I loue alas, yet am not loued.	XIIII
As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues.	XV
Happy, oh happy he who not affecting.	XVI

Songs to 5. Voyces.

S weet hony sucking Bees.	<i>First Part.</i>	XVII
Yet sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get.	<i>Second part.</i>	XVIII
All pleasure is of this condition.		XIX
Oft haue I vowde how deerly I did loue thee.		XX
Downe in a valley as <i>Alexis</i> trips.	<i>First Part.</i>	XXI
Hard Destinies are Loue and Beautie parted?	<i>Second Part.</i>	XXII
Weepe O mine eyes, my heart can take no rest.		XXIII
There where I saw her louely beautie painted.		XXIIII
Yee that doe live in pleasures plenty.		XXV
A silly Siluan kissing heauen-borne fire.		XXVI

Songs to 6. Voyces.

O Wretched man why lou'st thou earthly life?		XXVII
Where most my thought,	<i>First Part.</i>	XXVIII
Dispightfull thus vnto my selfe I languish.	<i>Second Part.</i>	XXIX
Ah cannot fighes, nor teares.		XXX
Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares.		XXXI
Stay <i>Coridon</i> thou Swaine.		XXXII
Softly, O softly drop mine eyes.		XXXIII
Long haue I made these hils and vallies weary.		XXXIIII

FINIS.

C

Ome shepheard swaynes that wont to heare me sing, Now sigh and
groan, Dead is my loue, my hope, my ioy, my spring, ij dead,
dead and gone, O she that was your Summers Queene your dayes delight, is gone and
will no more be scene, O cruell spight, Breake all your Pipes that wont to found,
ij. with plea- fant cheere, And cast your selues vpon the
ground to waile my deere, Come shepheard swaynes, Come Nymphs and all a
roe, Come Nymphs, and all a roe, ij. to help me cry, Dead is my loue,
dead is my loue, ij. And seeing she is so, loe now I die.

F



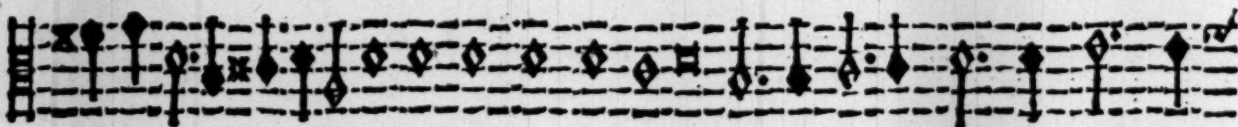
Lourish ye hillockes set with fragrant flowers, ij.



So graced with her deity, whose eyes bedew you with their pearled showers,



whose eyes bedew you with their pearled showers bewayling loues impiety. Happy yee

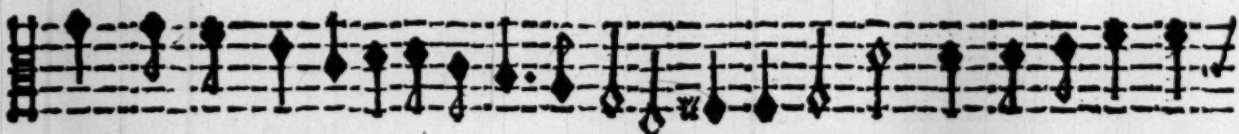


are, be prodigall disposed, disdaine not loues lamenting, Let me but kisse those steps where



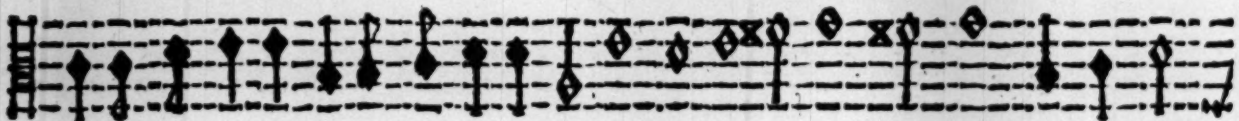
she repo-

sed, to ease my harts tormenting, ij.



then while she flies me, ij.

here I lye and languish, founding my sorrowes,



ij.

ij.

tun'd in notes of an-

guish. tun'd in notes



ij.

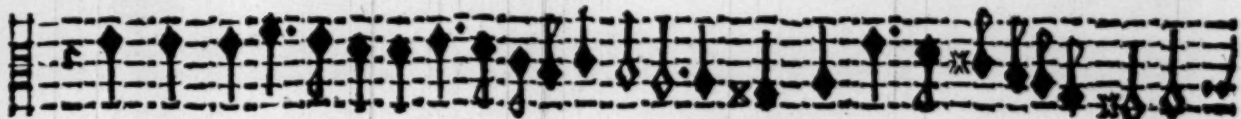
ij.

ij.

of anguish.

AH, cruell *Amarillis*, ij.

since thou takst delight



to heare the accents of a dolefull

dittie, to heare the accents of a

dolefull



dittie, To triumph, ij.

ij.

ij.

still with-

out re-



morse or pittie, I loath this life, Death must my sorrowes right, ij.



And least vaine hope, ij.

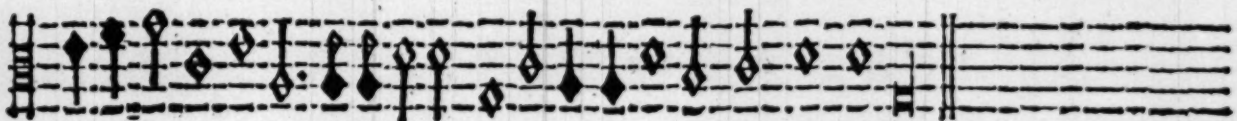
my miseries renue, Come quickly death,



ij.

reue me of breath, (Ah) cruell *Amarillis*, ij.

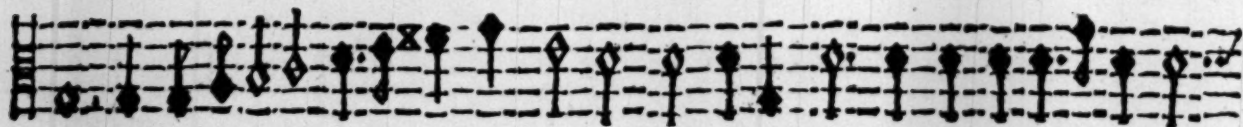
ij.

Cruell *Amarillis*, ij.

a-dew. a-dew.



O light is loue in match- les beautie shining, ij.

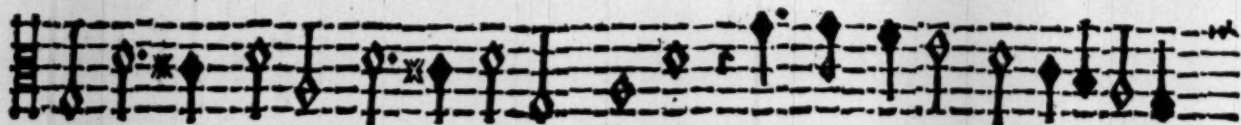


When she reuisits *Cypris* hallowed bowers, Two feeble doves-harnest in filken twining,

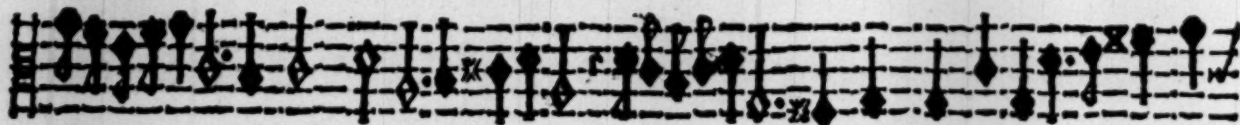


in filken twining, harnest in filken twining, ij.

can draw her Chariot midst



the Paphian flowers, midst the Paphian flowers, Lightnesse to loue how ill it fitteth?



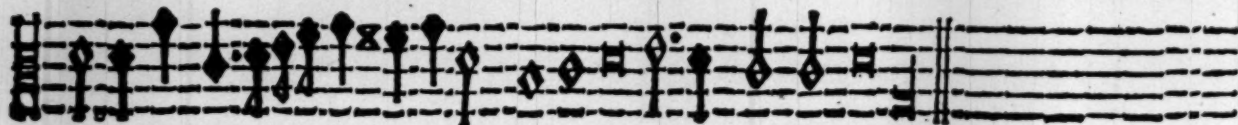
Light- nesse to loue how ill it fit- teth? Light- nesse to loue how ill it fit- teth? how



ill it fit- teth? So heauie on my hart she sitteth. Lightnes to loue how ill it fit-



teth? light- nesse to loue how ill it fit- teth? ij.



how ill it fit- teth? So heauy on my hart she sitteth.

A



S faire as morne, as fresh as May, A pretty grace in saying nay, ij.



Smil'lt thou sweet heart ? ij.

Ta na na no, ij.



But (O) ij. that loue enchanting eye, Loe here my doubtfull doome I



try, my doome I try, But (O) ij. that loue enchanting eye, Loe here my doubtfull



doome I try, Loe here, loe here my doubtfull doome I try, Tell me my sweet, liue



I or dye? (tell me liue I or dye?) Tell me my sweet liue I or dye? O tell me liue



I or dye? Tell me my sweet, O tell me, liue I or dye? ij.



ij.

She smiles,

ij.

Fa



la la, &c.

Ah, she frownes, Aye me, Aye me I dye.



What shall I doe, or whether shall I turne me? Shall I make vn-to her

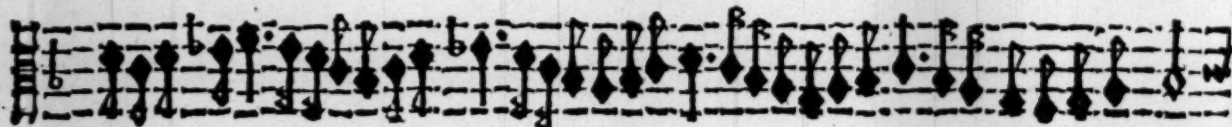


eyes? O no they'l burn me, Shall I scale vp my eies & speak my part? & speak my part? then



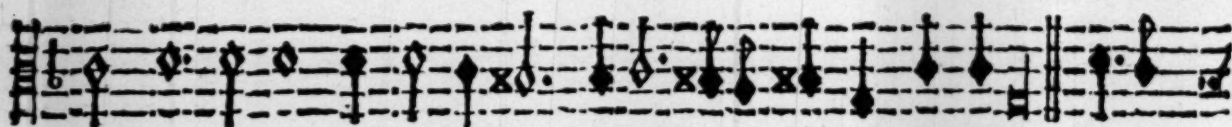
in a floud of tears, ij.

I drown my heart, for tears being stopt will swell, will

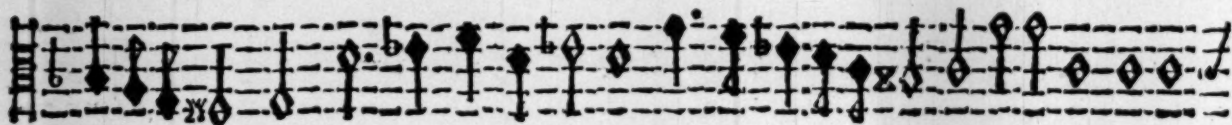


swell

for scope,



though they o'reflow, loue, life, and hope, By beauties eye Ile chuse to dye. At thy

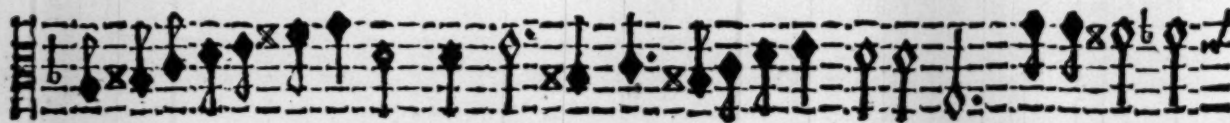


feet I fall faire Creature, rich in beautie, And for pittie call, for pittie call, O kill



not loue and duty, ij.

Let thy smooth tongue fanne on my sence thy



breath,

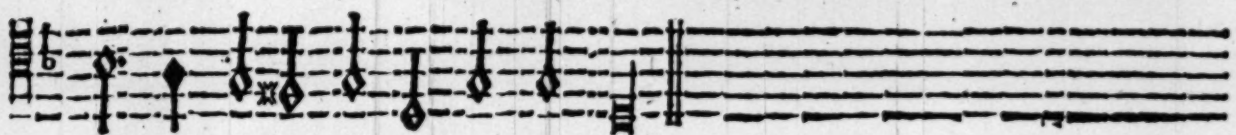
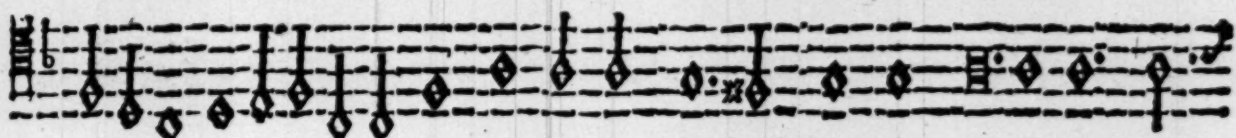
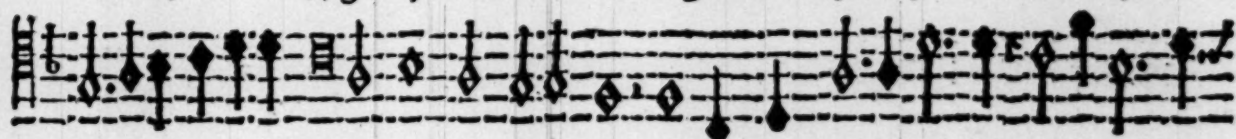
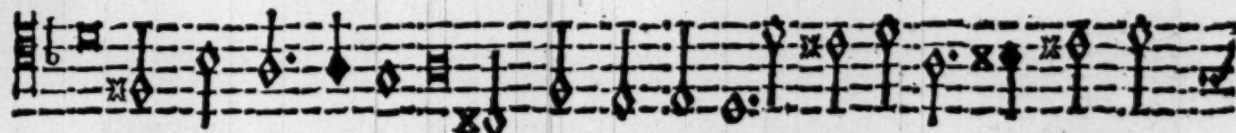
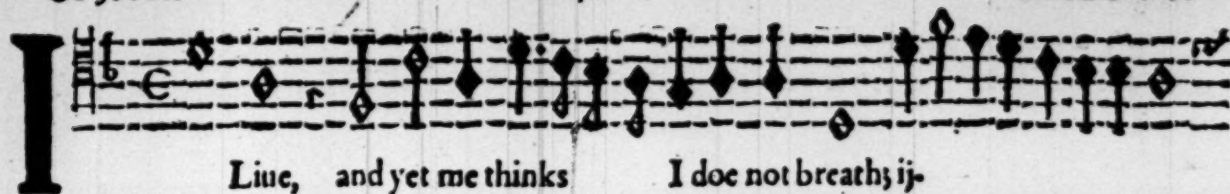
to stay thine eies from bur-

ning me to death. But if mer-cy



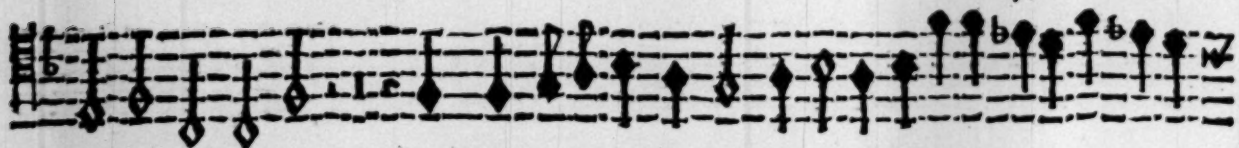
be ex-i-led from a thing so faire comp-

led, ij.



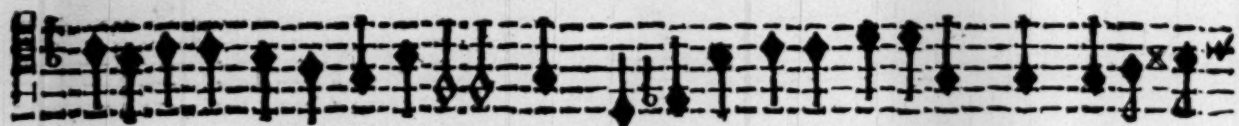


Here is a iewell, there is a iewell which no Indian mines can buy, no Chimick



Art can counterfeit,

It makes men rich in greatest pouertie, ij.

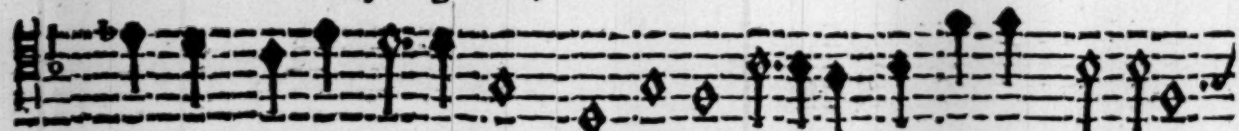


in greatest pouertie, It makes men rich in greatest pouertie, Makes water

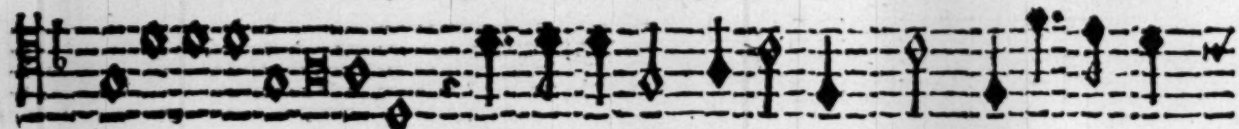


wine; turnes wooden cups to gould; ij.

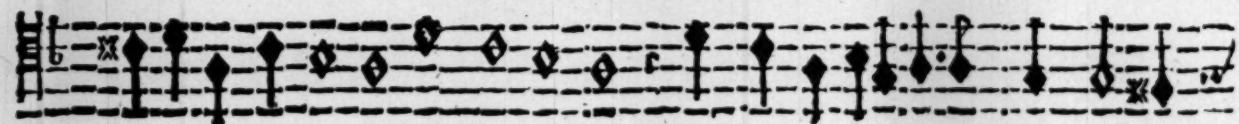
ij.



turnes wooden cups to gould, The homely whistle, to sweet musicks straine, ij.



Seldome it comes; to few from heauen sent, ij.



from heauen sent, That much in little all in naught, all in



naught, ij.

ij.

ij.



CONTENT.

Here endeth the songs of 3. parts.

W



Hen *Cloris* heard of her *Amintas* dy- ing, She griued, she



griued then for her vnkinde deny- ing, Oft fighting, ij. fore and with a



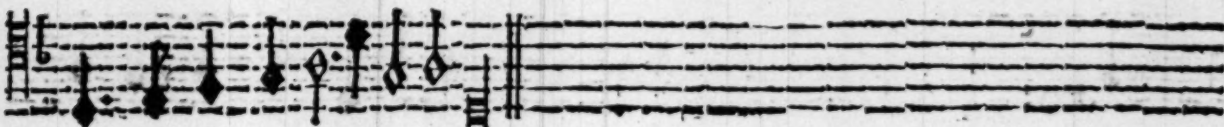
hart vnfayned, I dye, I dye, I dye, I dye, I dye, I dye, ij. I



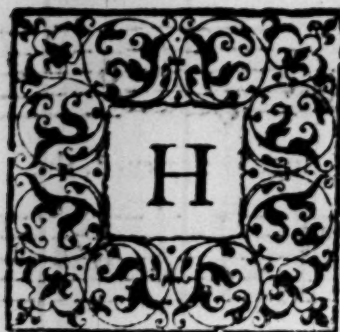
dye, I dye she thus complayned, Whom when *Amintas* spyed, then both for ioy out



cryed, I loue, I loue sweet *Cloris* eye, I loue, I loue sweet *Cloris* eye, And



I *Amintas* till I dye.



Appy streames whose trembling fall, ij.



with still murmure soft-

ly glyding,



Happy Birds whose chirping call, ij.

with sweet



me-

lody delighting, Hath mou'd her flintie and re- lentlesse hart to listen



to your harmony, And sit se-curely in these Downes a part, inchan- ted with your



melody, ij.

Sing on and carroll forth your glee, and



carroll forth your glee, ij.

sing on and carroll forth your



glee, She graunts you leaue her rayes to see, She graunts you leaue, ij.

her

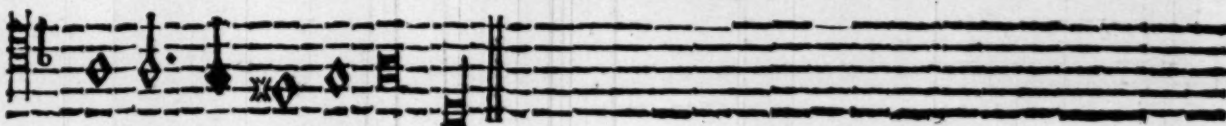


rayes to see,

Happy were I, were I could loue but so delight

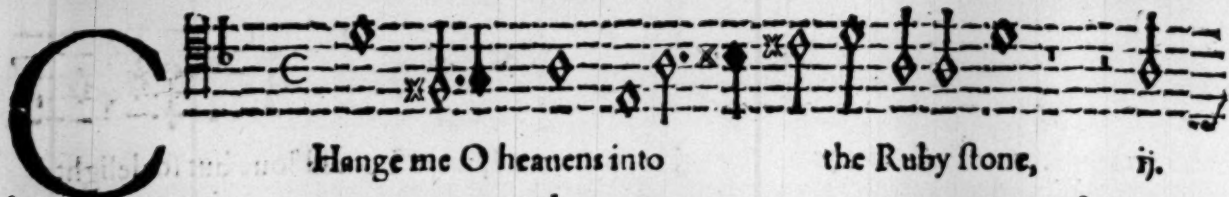


her, But aye alas my loue doth still despight her. But aye alas my loue, alas

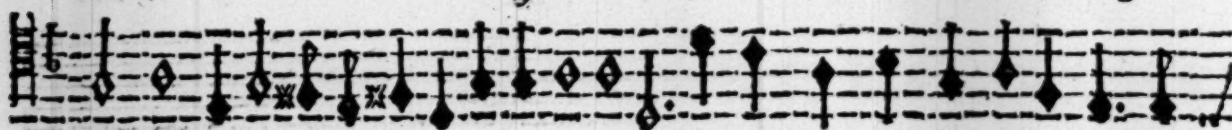


my loue doth still despight her.





the Ruby stone, ij.



Yet leaue me speech to her to make my



yet leaue me speech to her to make my moane, to make my

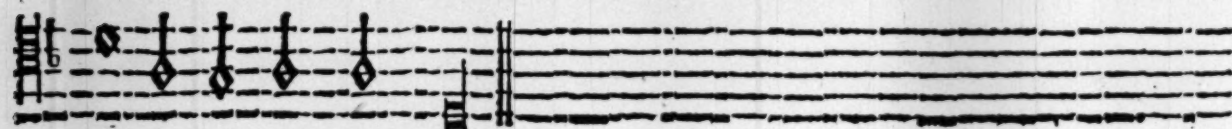
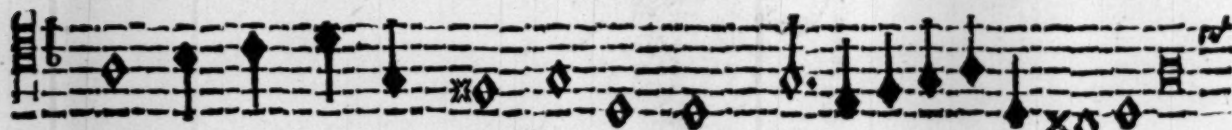


And giue me eyes her beauties to

behold, her



my flesh a stone,



L



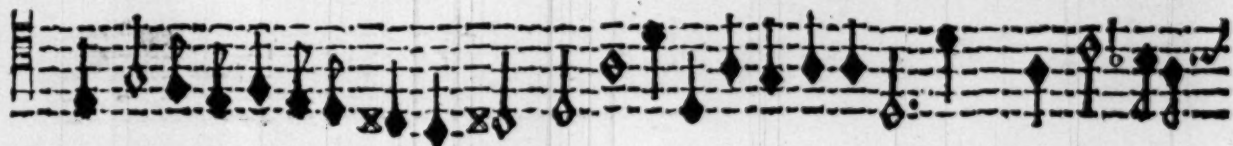
Oue not me for comely grace, for my pleasing eye or faces, Nor for



any outward part, no, nor for my constant heart: For those may faile, those may



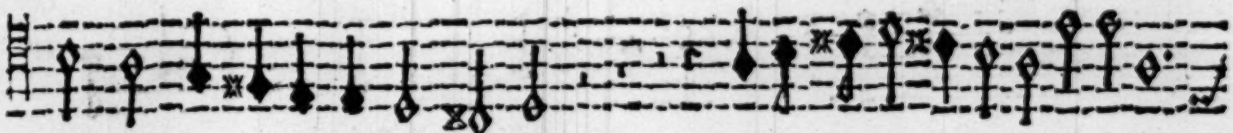
faile, ij. those may faile and turne to ill, So thou and I shall seuer: Keepe



therefore a true wo- mans eye, ij. Keepe therefore a



true wo- mans eye, ij. And loue me



still, but know not why, not why, ij.



And loue me still, but know not why, not why, So hast thou the same



reason still, to dote vpon me euer. to dote, to dote vpon me euer. ij.



Lye not so swift my deere, ij.

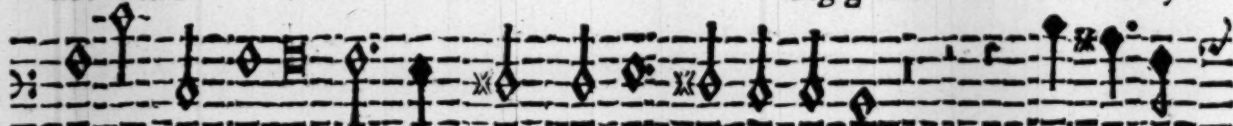


behold me dying, ij. If



not a smi-

ling glance for all my



crying, Yet kill me with thy frownes : ij.

The Satyres



o're the lawnes full nimble dauncing, Friske it a- pace, a-pace, to view thy beauties



glan- cing, Thy beauties glancing; ij.

See how they coast the

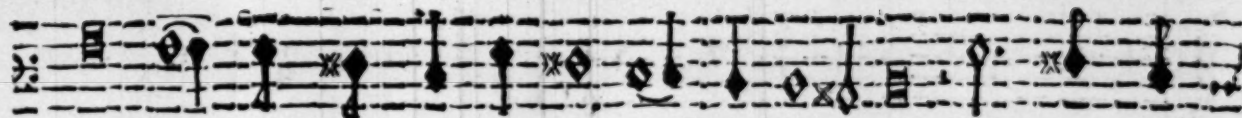


downes, the downes, ij.

ij.



Fayne wouldst thou turne and yeelde them their delight, faine wouldst thou



turne, faine wouldst thou turne and yeelde them their de- light, faine wouldst thou



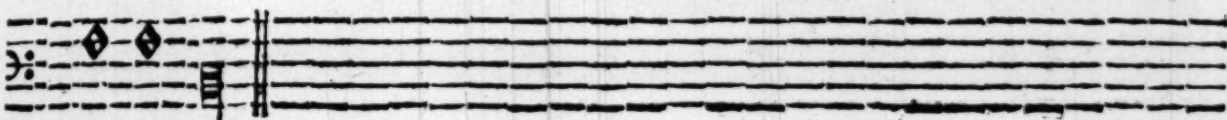
turne, faine wouldst thou turne and yeeld them their delight, but that thou



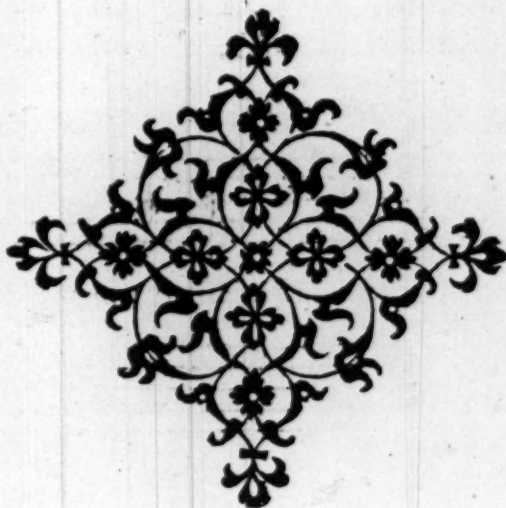
fearst

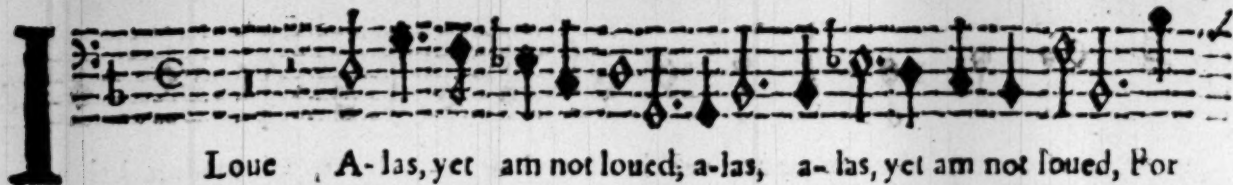
least

I should steale a sight. least I should



steale a sight.





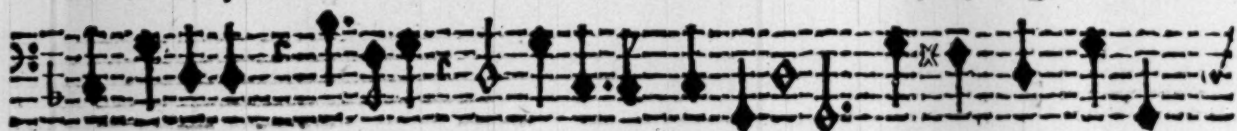
Loue A-las, yet am not loued; a-las, a-las, yet am not loued, For



cruell shee, ij. to pit-ty, ij. ij. is not



moued: My constant loue with scorne shee ill rewardeth, onely my sighs a lit-tle



shee regardeth, onely my. sighs a lit-tle shee regardeth, Yet more and more the



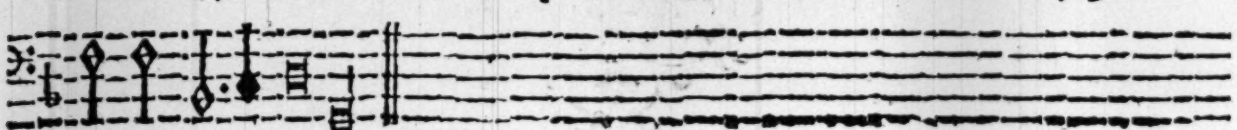
quenchlesse fire increaseth, ij. which to my



greater torment neuer ceaseth. neuer ceaseth. yet more and more the quenchlesse fire



increaseth, yet more and more the quenchlesse fire increaseth, which to my greater

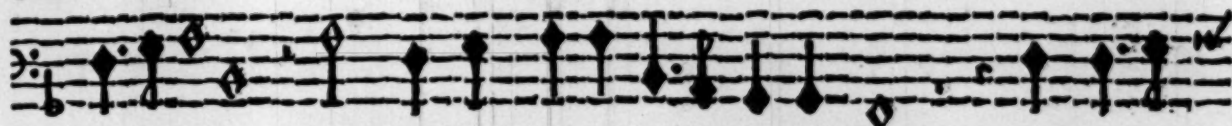


torment neuer ceaseth.

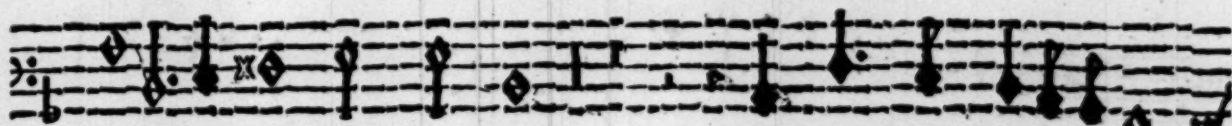
A



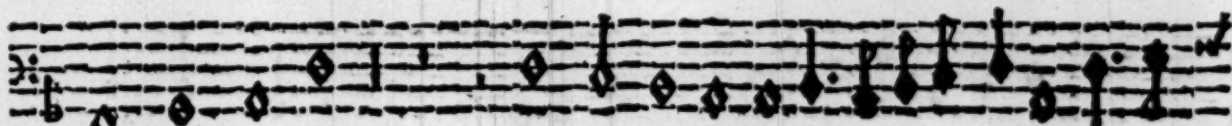
S matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues, faire



Le-o-nil-la, As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues, faire Le-o-



nil-la, So thy fowre-sweet loues: For when young Acons eye



thy proud hart tames, Thou dy'st in him, and li-vest in my



flames. For when young Acons eye thy proud hart tames, Thou



dy'st in him, and li-vest in my flames.

D

H

Apy, oh happy he, who not affecting The end-

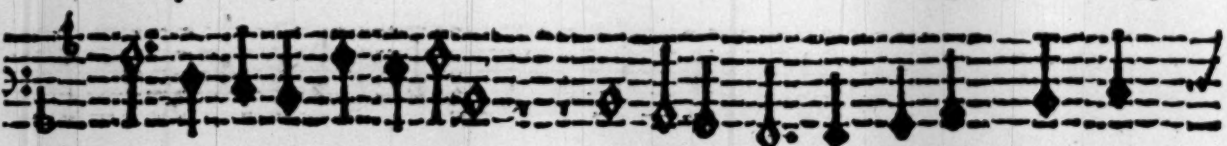


lesse toiles attending worldly cares, The endlesse toyles at- ten- ding



worldly cares, ij.

With minde re-

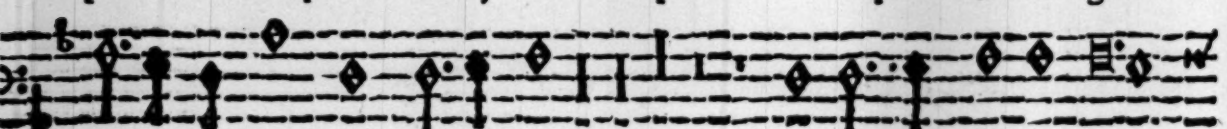


pos'd all discontents reiectings In silent peace, his way to heauen pre-



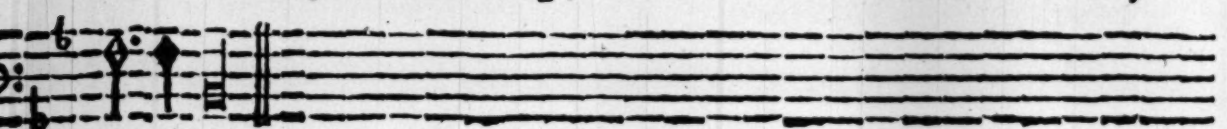
pares, In silent peace his way to heauen pre-

pares : Deeming his



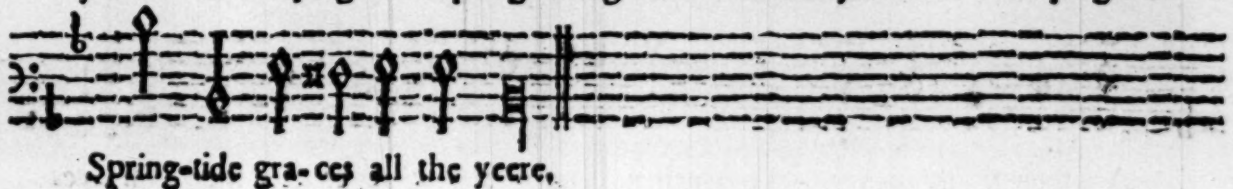
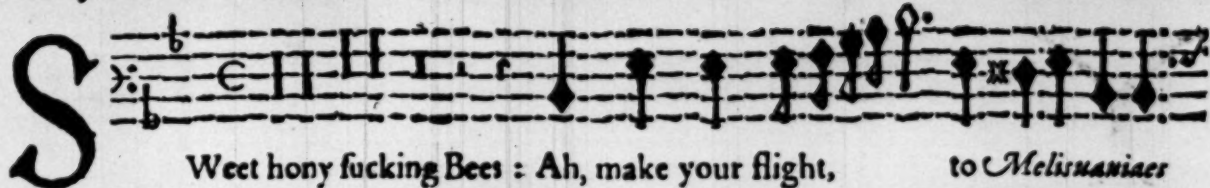
life a Scene, the world a Stage,

whereon man acts his weary

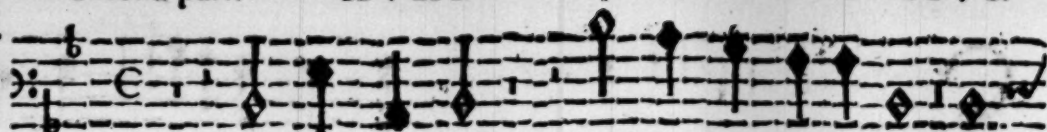


Pilgrimage.

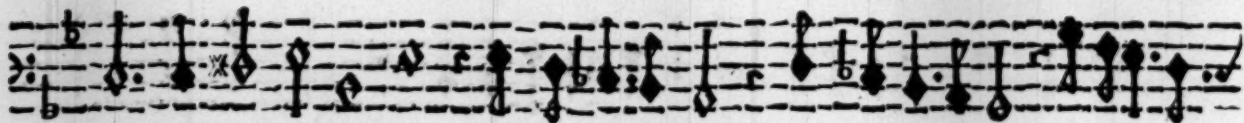
Here endeth the Songs of 4. parts.



Y



Et Sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get, sling



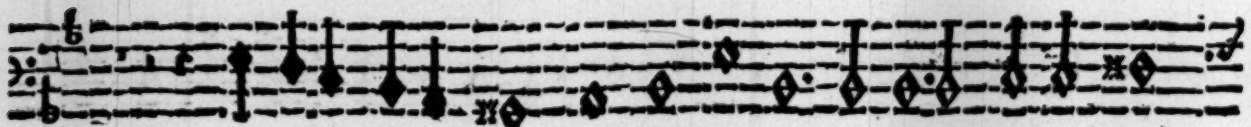
not, sling not her soft lips, Oh beware of that, ij. ij.



ij. For if one flaming dart come from her eye, ij.



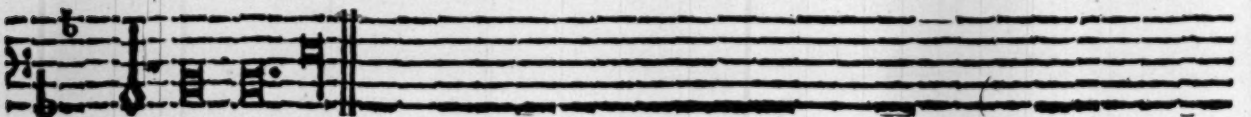
was neuer dart so sharp, Ah, Ah then you dye. ah then you dye. you dye.



was neuer dart so sharpe, Ah then you dye. was neuer dart so sharpe,



Ah then you dye. you dye. Ah then you dye. you dye. Ah then you dye.

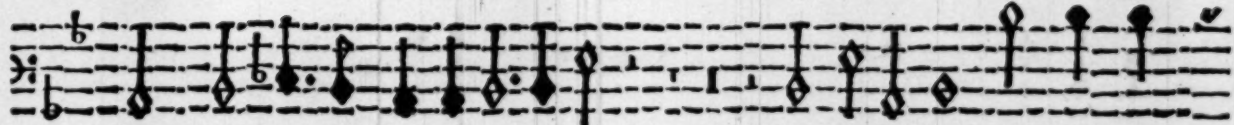


Ah then you dye.

A

Ll plea-

sure is of this condi-ti-on, It



pricks men forward to fru-i-ti-on,

But if enioy'd then like the



humming Bee, then like the humming Bee, ij.

The honie.



being shed away

doth flee, But leaues a sting that wounds the inward



hart, But leaues a sting

ij.

that wounds, the in-

ward



hart, With gnawing griefe, ij.

and neuer ending smart. With



gnawing griefe, and neuer ending smart.



Fr. haue I: How dearly I did loue thee, ij,

And



oft obseru'd thee, and oft obseru'd thee with all willing du- tie, Sighs I haue



sent, stil hoping to remoue thee, ij.

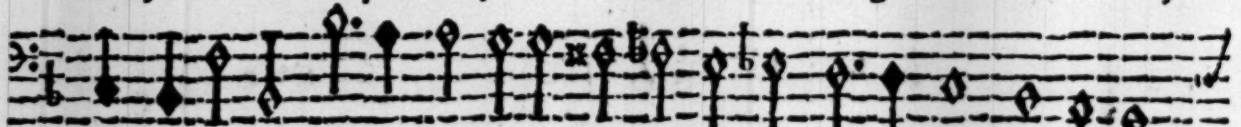
to remoue thee, Millions of



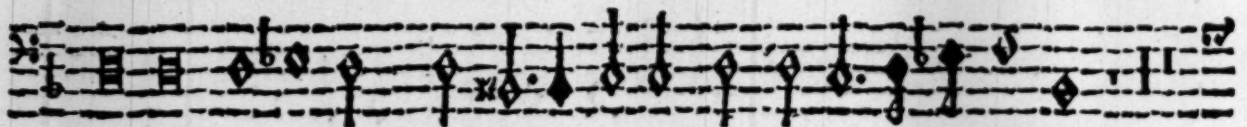
teares, I tendred to thy beautie,

Yet thou of sighs and fil-

ly



teares regardlesse, suffrest my feeble hart, my fee- ble hart to pine with anguish,



to pine with anguish, Whilst all my barren hopes returne re- wardlesse,



My bet- ter dayes doe

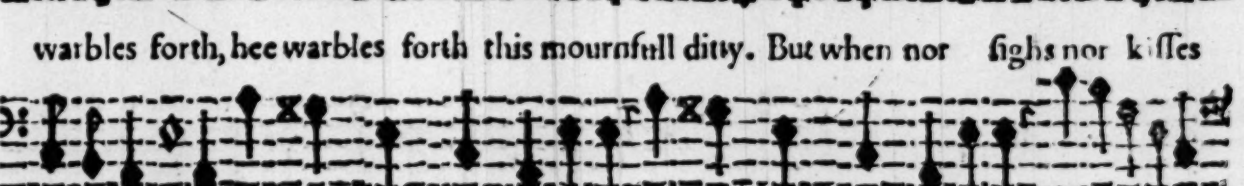
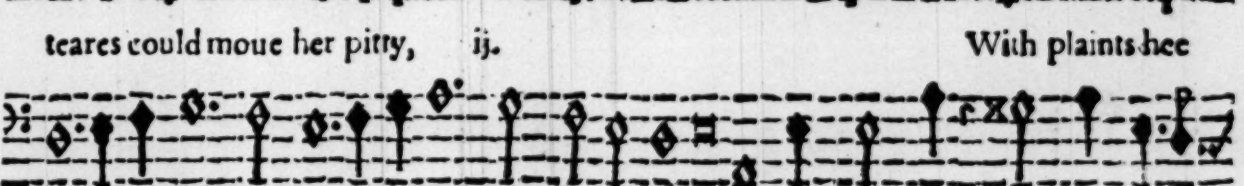
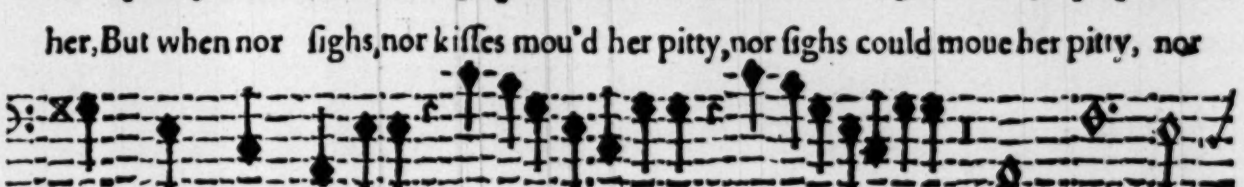
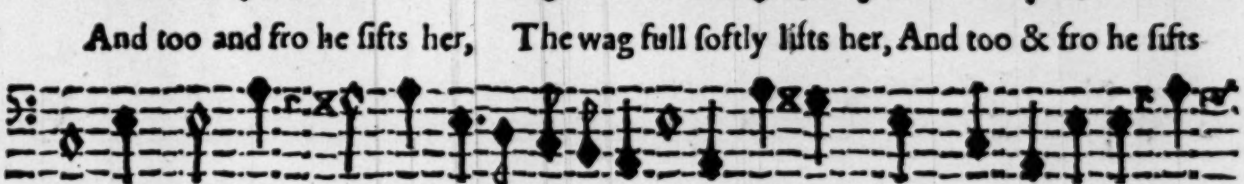
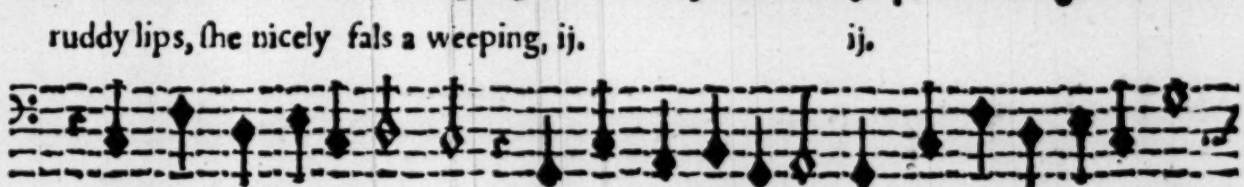
wast, and I doe lan-

guish. my bet-ter

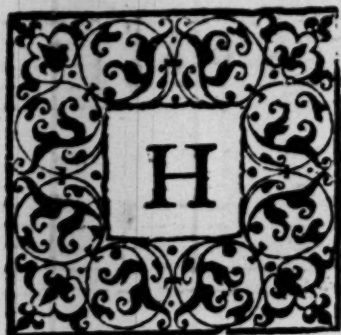


dayes doe

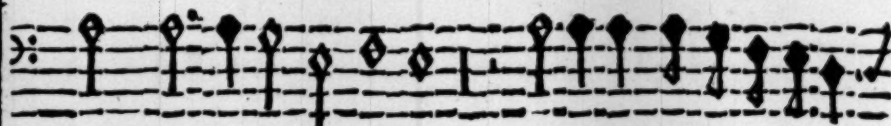
wast and I doe languish.



with plaints he warbles forth, he warbles forth this mournful ditty.



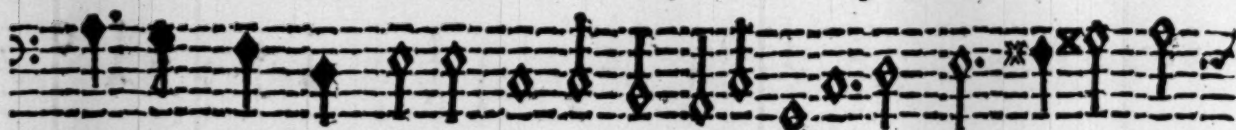
Ard Deslinies are Loue and Beau-tie parted ?



Fayre *Daphne* so disdainfull ? *Cupid* thy shafts



are too vniust- ly darterd, Fond Loue thy wounds be painefull, Fond



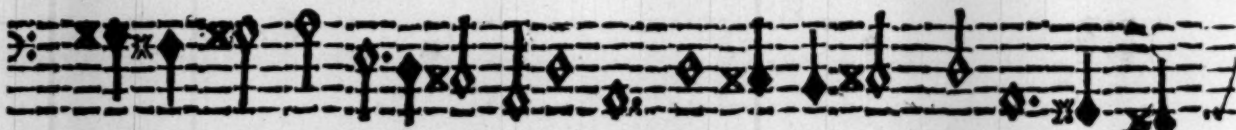
Loue thy wounds be painefull, But fith my louely Iewell is prou'd so coy and



cruell, Ile liue and fro- licke in her beauties treasure, Ile liue and



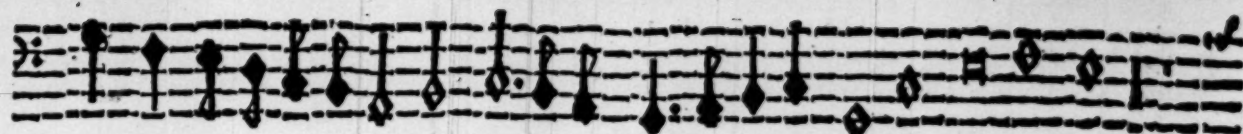
fro- licke in her beau- ties treasure, But languish, But



languish, faint and dye in her displeasure. But languish faint and dye in



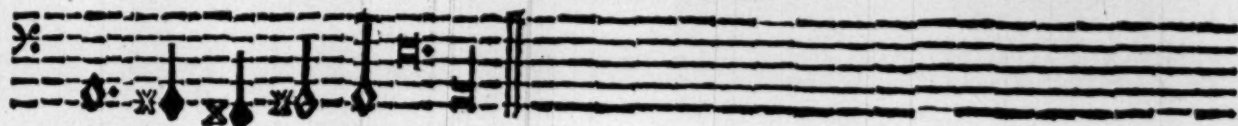
her displeasure. Ile liue and fro- licke in her beauties treasure, Ile



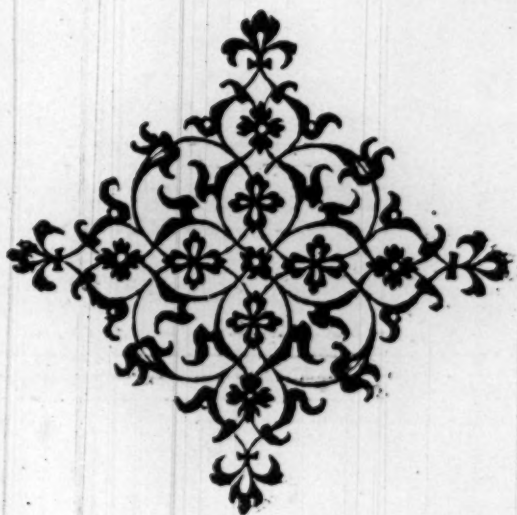
live and fro- licke in her beau- ties treasure, But languish,

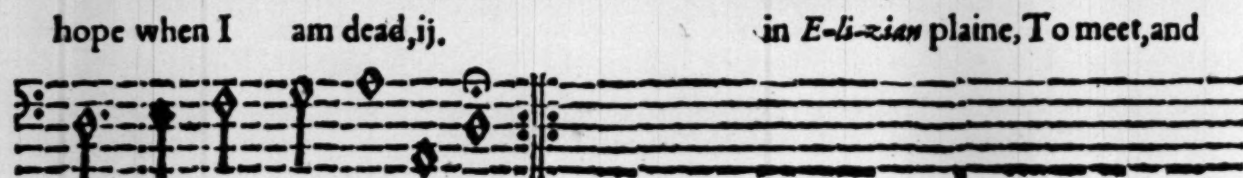
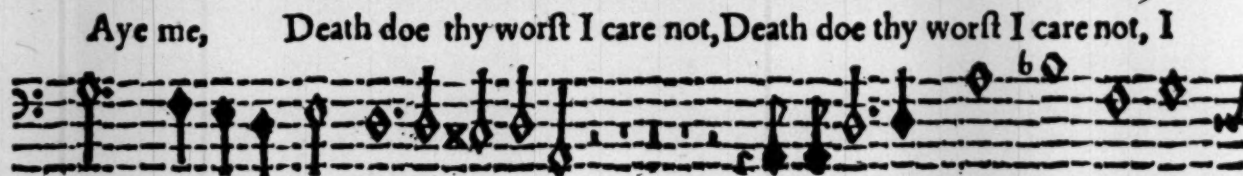
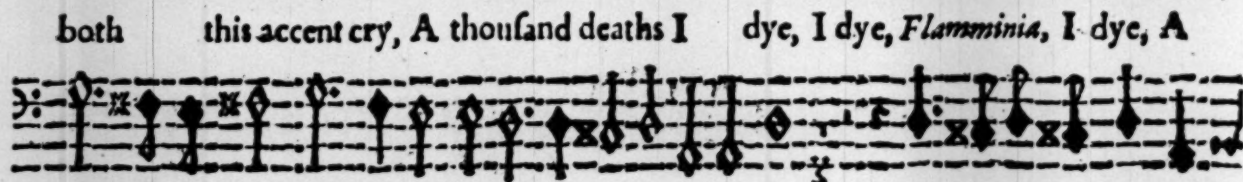
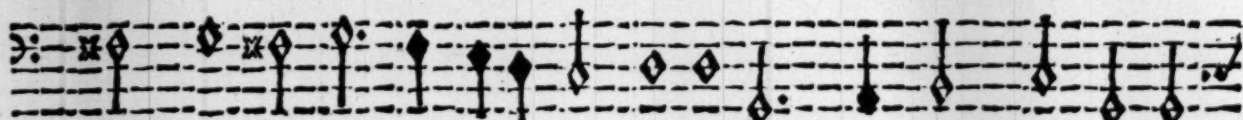
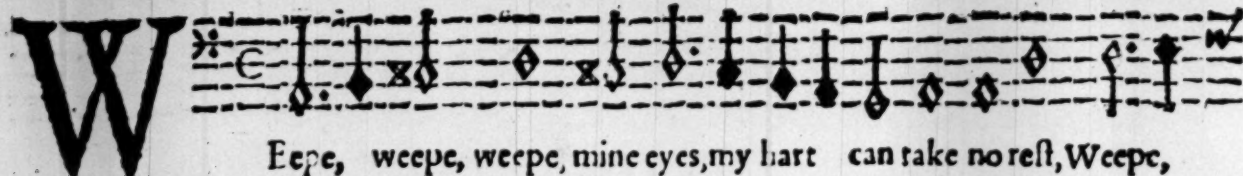


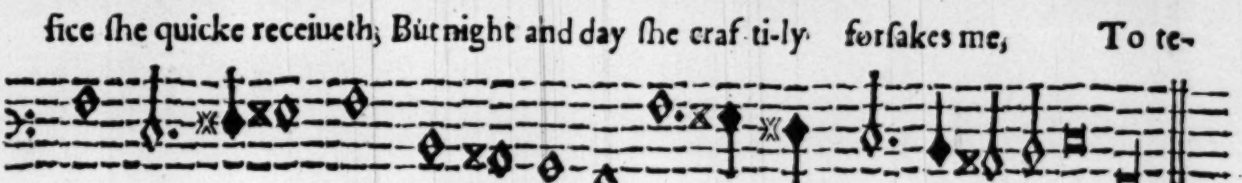
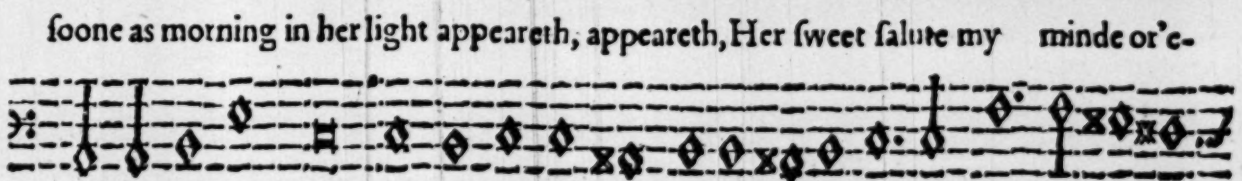
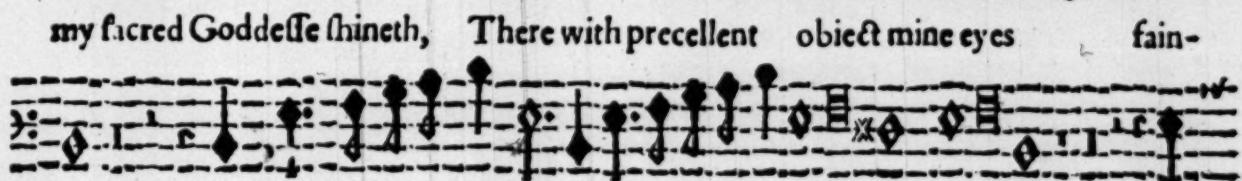
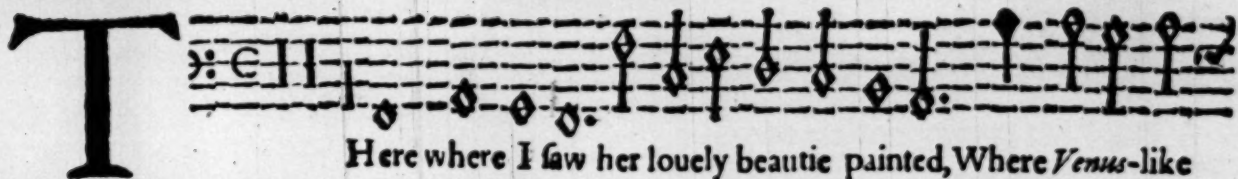
But languish, faint and dye, in her displeasure. But languish faint and



dye in her displeasure.









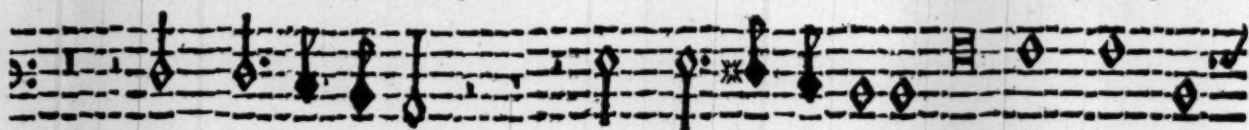
Ee that doe liue in pleasures plen- ty,



Yee that doe liue in pleasures plenty, in plenty, And



dwell in Musickes sweetest Ayres, ij. in sweetest Ayres,



Whose eyes are quicke, Whose eares are dainty, Not clogd with earth,



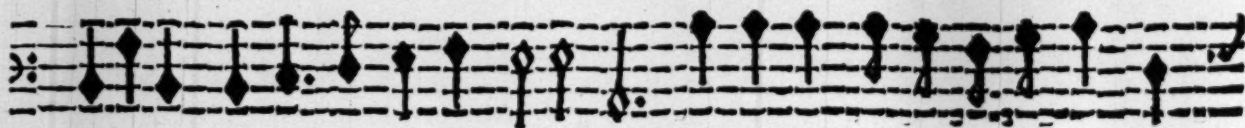
or worldly cares, Come sing this song, made in *Amphions* praise, Who now



is dead, Who now is dead, yet you his Fame can raise, Call him a-



gaine, let him not dye, But liue in Musicks sweetest breath, Place him in fayrest



memory, And let him triumph ouer death, And let him tri- umph



ouer death: O sweetly sung, his liuing wish attend yee, These were his words, the



mirth of heauen God send yee. God send yee.



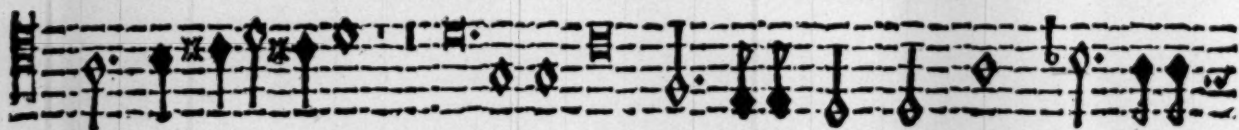
A



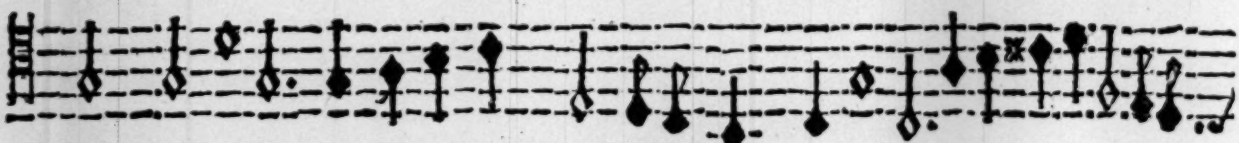
Silly Siluan, kissing heauen-borne fire, scorched his lips for his so



fond desire: I not so fond, but gaz'd whilst such fire burned, And all my hart straight into



flames was turned. And all my hart straight into flames was turn'd. straight into



flames was turned. And all my hart straight into flames was turned. ij.



was turned. The Siluan iustly suffred for his kisse, His fire was



stolne, and stolne things goe amisse, ij. &

But I alas vniustly, but I alas



vniustly, for to haue her her heavenly fire the Gods and graces gaue her, the



Gods and graces gaue her. ij.

ij.

ij.



the Gods and graces gaue her.

Here endeth the Songs of 5. parts.

O



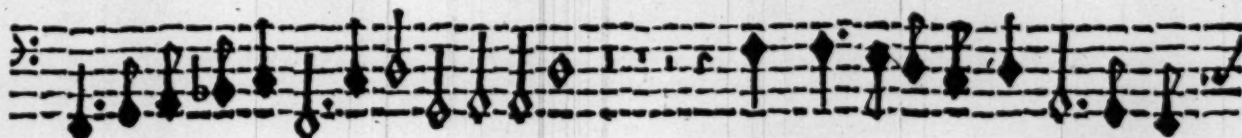
Wretched man why lou'st thou earthly life? O wretched



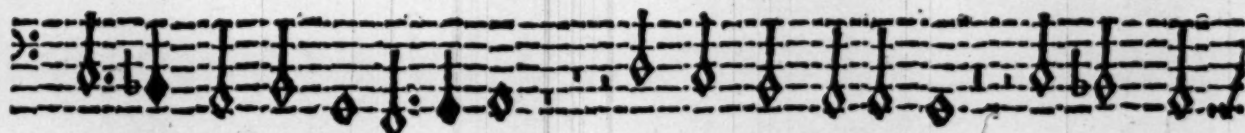
man why lou'st thou earthly life? Which naught enioyes but cares and end- lesse



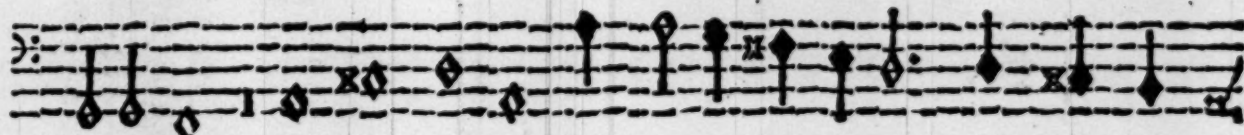
trouble? What plea- sure here but breeds a world of grieffe? ij.



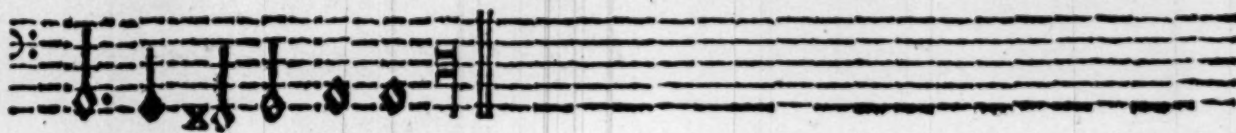
What how- ers ease that



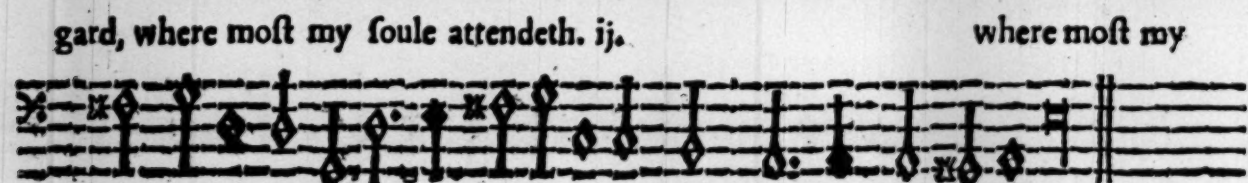
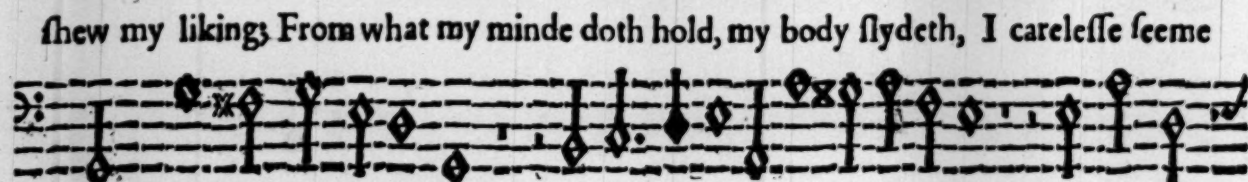
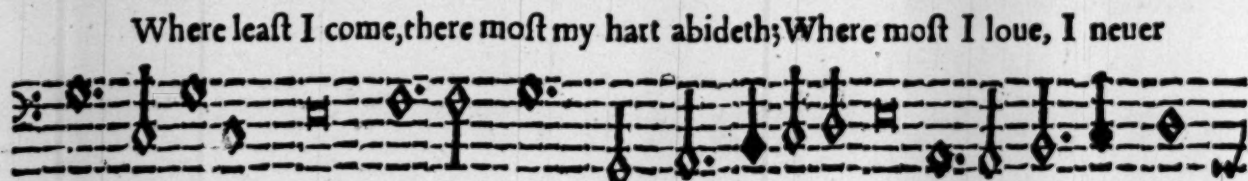
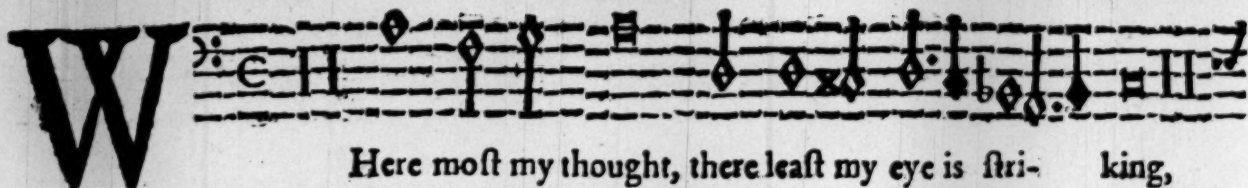
anguish doth not dou- ble? but haue their discontentis, but haue their



discontentis, Then loath that life which causeth such laments. Then loath that



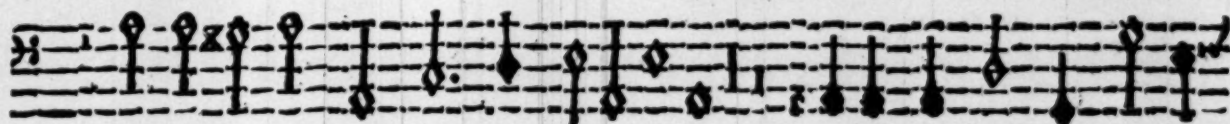
life which causeth such laments.



D If sightfull thus vnto my selfe I languish, And in disdaine, my selfe



from ioy I banish; These secret thoughts inwraps me so in anguish,



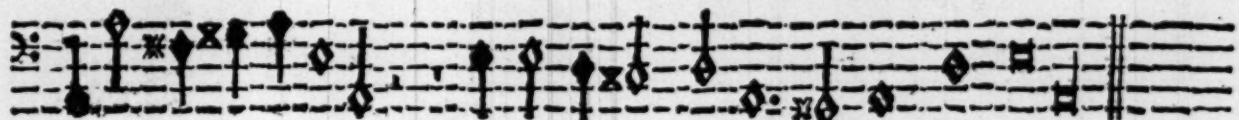
That life I hope will soone from body vanish, And to some rest will quickly



be conuayed, ij. That on no ioy while so I



liu'd hath stayd. And to some rest will quickly be conuayed, ij.



That on no ioy while so I liu'd hath stayd.

A



H cannot sighs, nor teares, nor ought else moue thee? To pittie me,



to pittie me, to pittie me, Who more then life do loue thee, O, O, cruell fates,



ij.

See now away shee's flying, ij.

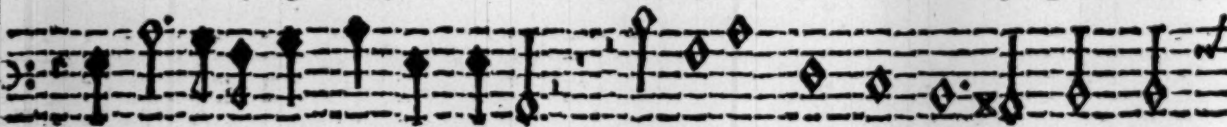
And flye

she will, alas,



and leaue me dying, and flye

she will alas, a- las, and leaue me dying, Farewell,



farewell, most faire, farewell, farewell, Was neuer grieve like mine, nor death more



painfull, O, O, cruell fates, ij.

See now away shee's flying, ij.

And



flye

she will, alas, and leaue me dying, and flye

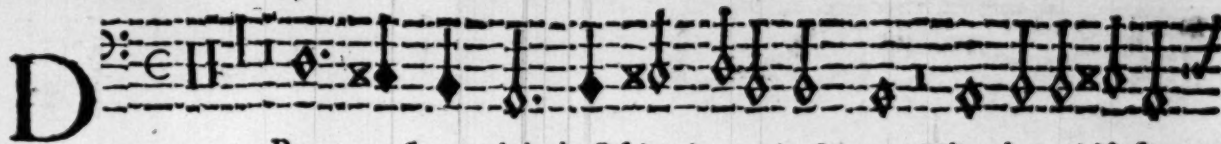
she will alas, a- las, &c



leaue me dying, Farewell, farewell, most fayre, farewell, farewell, Was neuer grieve



like mine, nor death more painefull.



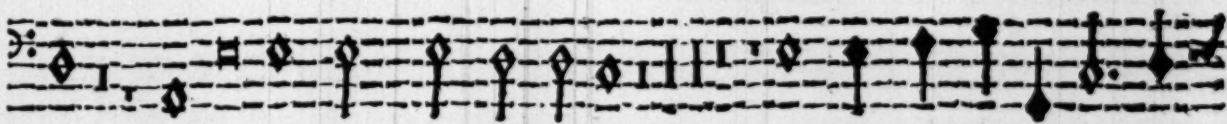
Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares, That doe a- rise from



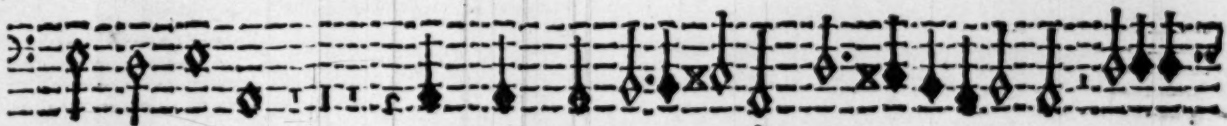
painefull melancholy, My life so ill through want of comfort fares, I conse-



crate it wholly, that vnto thee, to thee I consecrate it wholly: Sweet night draw



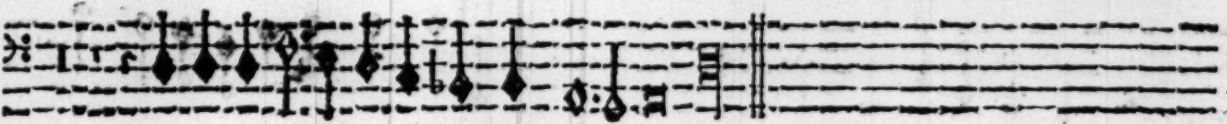
on, draw on, my griefes when they be told To shades and darknes, find some



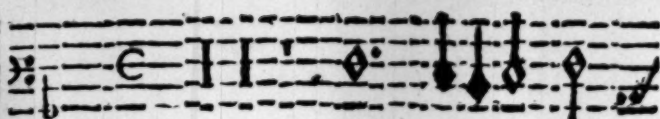
ease from paining, And while thou all in silence dost en- fold, ij.



I then shall haue best time for my complaining.



ij. my complai- ning.



TAY Coridon thou



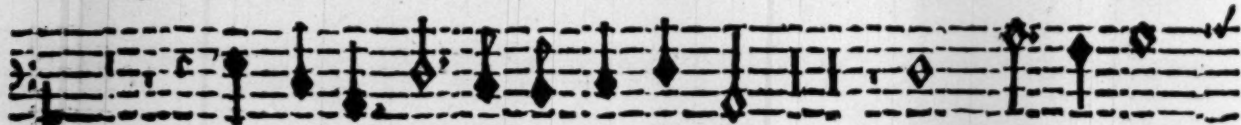
swaine talke not so soone of dy- ing,



What though thy hart, What



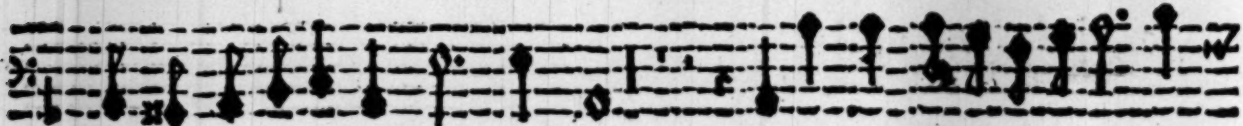
though thy hart be flaine? What though thy hart, What though thy hart be flaine?



She threatens thee but dares not strike, Thy Nymph is light,



and shadow like, For if thou follow her, For if thou follow her, Sheele



flye from thee, from thee, But if thou flye from



her sheele follow thee. sheele follow thee. sheele fol- low thee,



For if thou follow her, For if thou follow her, sheele flye from



thee, from thee,

But if thou flye

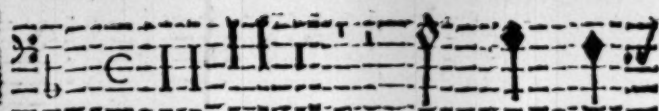
from her sheele follow



thee, sheele follow thee. sheele fol-

low thee.





Ofily, O softly: Now powre out



teares apace, Now powre out teares a-



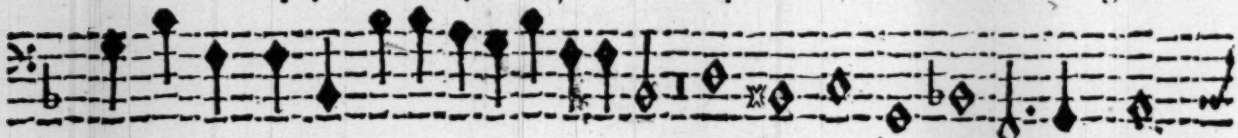
pace, ij. Now stay O



heavy case, Can paynes, and ioyes at once consent? ij.



Can paynes and ioyes in one poore hart consent? Then sigh and



sing, reioyce, lament, ij.

Aye me, Aye me, O passions strange



and violent, Was neuer wretch so sore tormented, Nor ioy, nor grieve, can make my



hart contented, Was neuer wretch so sore tormented, Nor ioy nor grieve,



Downe,downe I fall, for while with ioy I looke on hye, ij.



ij.

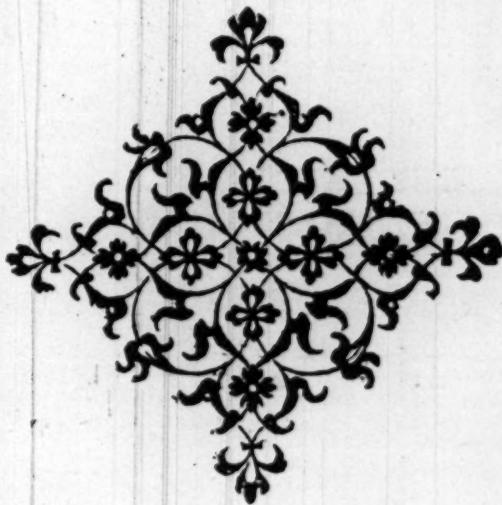
Downe,downe I fall,Downe, downe I fall,



ij.

ij.

with grieffe, with grieffe and dye,



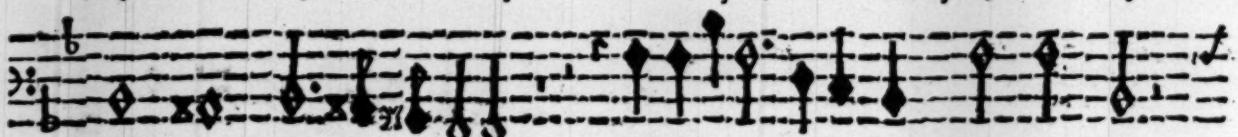
L



Ong haue I made these hills and vallies weary, With



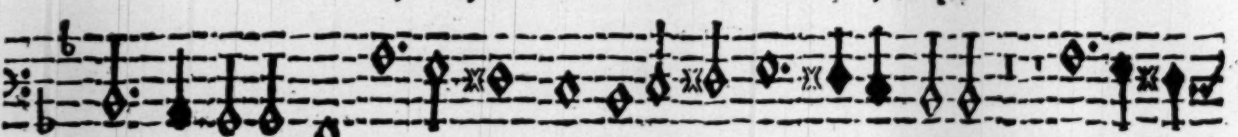
noyse of these my shrikes and cryes that fill the ayre, that fill the ayre, She one-ly



who should make me mery, That I alas, misfortunes sonne and heyre,



that I a- las, alas, misfortunes sonne and heyre, Hope in none o- ther



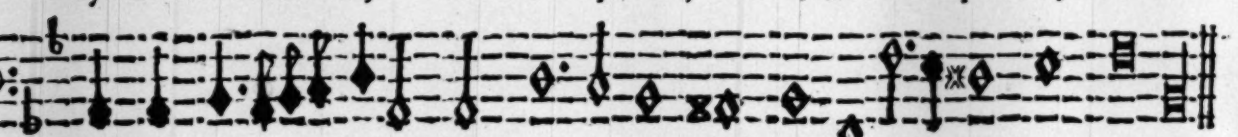
hope but in dispaire, O, vnkinde, and cruell, vnkinde, and cruell, O, vn-



kinde, O vnkinde, vnkinde, and cruell, if thus my death may please thee, Then



dye I will to ease thee, and write vpon my tombe, O sweet departure, loe



here lyes one, (Alas poore soule) a true loues Martyr, a true loues Martyr.

FINIS.

